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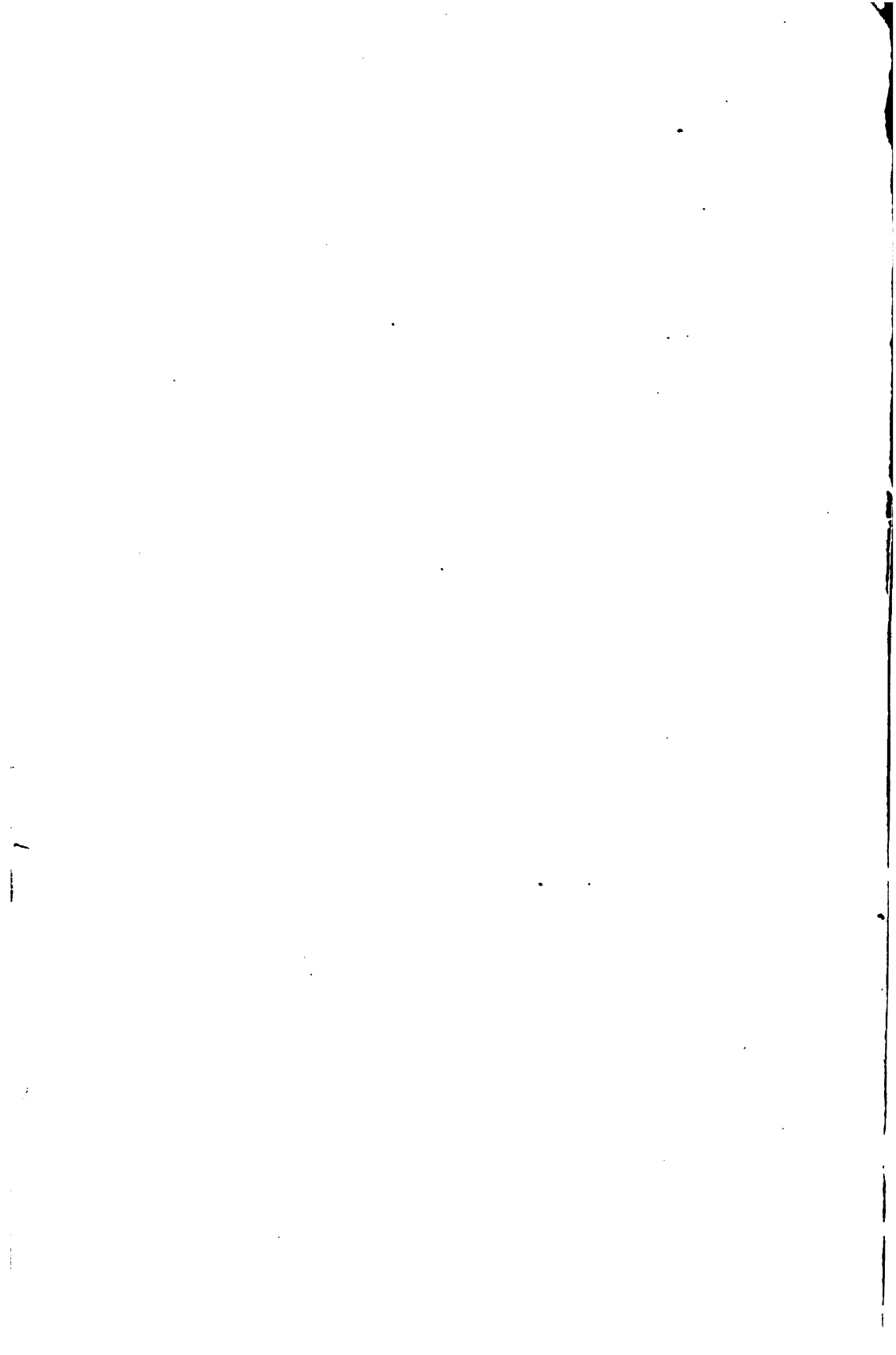
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W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor.*

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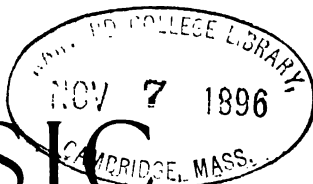
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RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

MUSIC



NOVEMBER, 1896.

THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO LIFE.

BY MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The subject of the Relation of Music to Life opens a wide field for the flowering of human interests. Were the seeds and buds of these human interests warmed and unfolded within the fair field of music, we might realize the beautiful and hopeful imagining of Milton:

"And if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time would run back
And fetch the age of Gold."

It is to this age of gold, to the wise Greeks, that we first turn for an illustration of the relation of music to life. Long and enchantingly might we dwell on the use that they made of music in perfecting the civilization, the comeliness of life, mental and physical, that holds in royal magnificence to this hour, the despair of all that have since walked the way and wrought the work of beauty.

I.

In the homeland of the ancient Greeks, where the priest and the prophet were singers, the common air was filled with what Musaeus calls "Man's sweetest joy," music. And what wealth they found in it! They loved it, they sought it, they taught it, they breathed it, not for art's sake, but for the soul's sake, for the sake of the soul caught for a moment from the eons of time and fastened in the human body.

They recognized in music the sovereign force over the passions of the human soul, and so great was their faith in it

that they made it the mold for the entire structure of the social and art life of their world. The emotions of old and young, of the scholar and the wage worker, were awakened and fed by it. The emotions, the soul in vibration, were waked by music, chastened by music, and became with the Greeks the ultimate boundless wealth of their nation, and of all nations to come.

The truly wise Greeks made delight the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of art, of life. Delight through music, and beautiful motion, which is an important factor in the study of music, was the exclusive preparation of the child for the more purely intellectual pursuits of later life until eleven years of age.

These people made golden play of work, and through it a golden harvest has come down to us and abides with the world. The Greeks found delight through music to be the soil for the young seed to grow, to bud in, and they made delight the finishing touch of all existence.

Not delight without service, for all beauty was for service with them. All study of music for the development of capacity to increase, directly or indirectly, the joy, the service of life. This kindling, this warming and chastening, this golden play of the emotions that came through music, sprayed and flowered on the Acropolis: it flowered in that luminous intellectual life, into which we peer blinded with amazement; it filled the streets of Greece with living gods.

Stone carved in the image of these men and women that graced the streets of the little land of the Hellenes, we traverse land and sea to look upon, the wealth that we gain by the loss of our souls, we pay for the wealth of their souls crystallized in stone. This supremacy of the Greeks in the realm of beauty is the expression of emotions nourished in youth by music.

The relation of music to the life of these people was an actual experience with divinity; it was the working of that power that makes for delight and at the same time for right living. This experience with divinity manifested itself in all forms of beauty. A temple was, in its entirety, a work of beauty. Not one frieze, one fresco, one statue for ornament alone, but all for beauty and for service.

So highly sensitive to beauty did the Greeks become that all art, all life was conceived in beauty, from the simplest utensil of daily use to man made in the image of his God.

This time of great fruition was during the period when

music was the fundamental power in education, when all art was for the sake of the soul. Not until the age when art was studied for art's sake and not for its relation to life did man and art come to the period of decadence in beauty.

II.

Again, the ancient Hebrews, the nation that stands on the granite rock of conduct, of righteousness, this high people paid highest honor and respect to music. The theme of the Hebrew poet is the living God, and he gives for the reason of his song "His word was in my tongue."

His word, the word of the Lord, came to the tongue of the prophets through music. They recognized the importance of music in its bearing upon life. When Elisha desired to have word from God, when he desired to establish working relationship with divinity, he said, "Bring me a minstrel," and the record says, "And it came to pass that the hand of the Lord came upon him." And with the hand of the Lord came the blessing to the land that was yearned for. Through this command, "Bring me a minstrel," we see that Elisha understood the relationship of the human soul with the universal soul. He obeyed universal law, he worked with the law of harmony, he worked with music because music is harmony, and harmony is right relationship.

The glory of this relationship between the spirit in the flesh and the spiritual world is portrayed in surpassing beauty in the scene at the dedication of Solomon's temple. What was the material glory of that temple overlaid with gold and garnished with precious stones, that temple, the beams, the posts, the walls, the doors overwrought with gold, what was this glory compared with the glory that filled the house of God when the singers, the Levites, all of them of Asaph, and the many other sons of music, lifted up their voice, and with their trumpets and cymbals sounded in praise of the Lord?

This multitude of musicians was as one, so great was their uplifting, so completely were they harmonized by music that their hearts sang with the powers on high, and they saw a cloud filling the house of God with a glory so great that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud. Harmonious vibration gave these singers and players an experience of divinity.

That great volume of tone rolled out to the infinite center

and established the relationship of soul to the infinite. The musicians became not only one with each other, but one with God. They did not merely praise divinity, they participated in it.

In this "become one with divinity" lies the immortality of that mighty people. Their development of power through music was so great, the relation of music to life with them was so close, that through it they brought paradise to earth. The glory was not in the cloud, but in the singers.

Saul when possessed by the evil spirit was appealed to by his servants to send for a musician, a cunning player on an harp, that he might be healed. Saul sent for David, and we are told that when the evil spirit was upon Saul that David took an harp and played, and so Saul was refreshed, and well, and the evil spirit departed. Such was the faith of the Israelites in the effect of music on the physical man.

The ancient Hebrews saw in the relation of music to health, to the maintenance of health, and the cure of disease, the relation of universal law to health. Health is equilibrium, equilibrium is harmony. The relation of music to life is so profound, so intimate as to be startling to one unacquainted with its working. Records among the ancient nations abound with testimonies to its healing powers. And the records of the Academy of Sciences in Paris contain instances of most extraordinary cures.

There is no mystery in the healing power of music, it is nothing more than the natural use of natural powers. It is bringing mind, soul and body into right relationship by harmonious expression.

III.

We come abruptly, for the time is short, to the vicissitudes of being and becoming in modern life.

What is and what should be the relation of music to our present life? Music in modern life is more a diversion, a pastime, an accomplishment than a source of development. These are offices not to be despised, but should be an indirect delightful result rather than the object of study.

The contrast of the use made of music by the classic Greeks and ourselves, between the use made of music by the exalted Hebrews and ourselves, is not greater than the contrast of the comeliness of life in beautiful Athens and life in a modern city; it is not greater than the contrast of the profound moral senti-

ment underlying the life and literature of the ancient Hebrews, and the lack of moral sentiment underlying much of the life and literature of to-day. What is the cause of this divergence from the comeliness of life, from the solid foundation of morality for our art and literature? To what may we attribute it but to the assertion of the supremacy of the mind over the soul, to the establishment of arbitrary intellectual standards which ignore the soul of things, which ignore the over-sense faith?

Man has taken things into his own hands. He has said: "I have intellect, by it I will command all things. What I see, hear, taste, touch and smell I will believe, nothing more." The over-sense faith, which is merely the perception of truth—of God, has been ignored. It is the gradual blinding of the inner eye to the perception of God that has broken the relationship of mind and soul and led man away from, and out of, the atmosphere of universal truth and beauty.

Music may lead us back, for it develops more than other arts the sensibility to spiritual forces. "Besides the phenomena which address the senses," says Prof. Tyndall, "there are laws, principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which can be spiritually discerned." It is to this discernment that music leads.

I am not prepared to say that the lack of moral sentiment underlying our civilization is owing to the position given to music, but I am prepared to assert my conviction, based upon years of practical work in music as a developing power of capacity, that if music were studied for the development of capacity and not as an accomplishment; if it were the spiritual food by which our children were developed and nourished for the first, most impressionable years now devoted to school life; that if music were studied in this way by the higher classes, and if it were free to the masses, that there would be less anarchism, fewer strikes, and that we should be much nearer a solution of the labor question, much nearer to a comeliness of life. For music goes nearer to the soul than the word; it moves to aspiration as the word never can move, because it is immediate in its effect and without the aid of reason. Music leads man to the realization that his chief environment is Divinity. Music is a medium of expression by which the soul goes out to meet its own, rolling out into the spiritual ether which is its own substance. There is a great deal of so-called

music which does not do this. Such tones are not music; they are noise.

Science has shown that unspiritualized, lifeless tones are irregular vibrations which on a sensitized paper register irregular, meaningless marks. While tones that have the essence of life register beautiful curves.

Plato says: "Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul on which they fasten mightily." A modern observer says: "Music can manage the whole man."

Cousin tells us that "The peculiar power of music is to open to the imagination a limitless career, to lend itself, with astonishing faculty, to all our moods."

He further says: "It awakens more than other arts the sentiment of the infinite." The testimony to the importance of music in its relation to life is abundant, strong and convincing. The philosophers tell us what music does. They might have added: "This is the effect of music on the soul not benumbed by drudgery in false educational methods"; they might have added that "to such souls, souls approaching a state of petrification, music vitally presented may still 'open to the imagination a limitless career,' it may still 'awaken a sentiment of the infinite,' it may still 'manage the whole man.'"

The inert listener, the benumbed student, are not aware of such influences, and possibly are not influenced more by music than by any other vibration that is pleasing to the senses.

If music is to "open to the imagination a limitless career," if it is to "awaken the sentiment of the infinite," it must become an actual experience, as loving is an experience, as the going out of one's soul in thanksgiving is an experience, it must enter into and feed the spirit as oxygen enters into and feeds the body.

We have, as St. Paul emphasizes, "a spiritual body and a physical body." We are surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere as we are surrounded by a physical atmosphere. The soul awakened by music will draw from this spiritual atmosphere, feed upon it, become inspired by it.

When music becomes an experience the attainment of personality through it has begun; "the sentiment of the infinite is awakened," and character roots itself deeper and deeper in moral sentiment, and life takes on a higher meaning and an

intensity before unknown. But the vicissitudes of being and becoming a musician in modern life are so great that the so-called study of music, music the inspiration, the soul-awakener, music the language of the gods, becomes the severest drudgery and so falls short of its divine ministration to mind, soul and body.

IV.

Music is ignored in much of the so-called music study of to-day. Life, years of life, dollars, millions of them, are spent to acquire the art that, like the poetry of the Hebrews, rests on God.

With a wild instinct and a little knowledge that music does the things that the great of the world have claimed for it, the child is driven to some instrument. For what?

If the relation of music to life were now what it was with the wise Greeks it would be to enter upon the most beautiful experience of its life. It would be to recognize at first itself—its own throbbing life, and then through tone creation, not imitation, to find through the open path of nerves and muscles the avenue for the expression of that self. Through tone and beautiful motion the process of developing mind, soul and body would be begun.

Too often, however, the personality, individuality, self expression is forgotten in the pursuit of means and methods. Too often the student is forced to study signs mechanically and to think of the fingers or the throat and to drudge, to paralyze the spirit in trying to get the organs of musical expression in position, the mind being concentrated on the organs of expression rather than on the idea to be expressed. "Signs" and "throats" and "fingers" and no music, what can such study do toward developing capacity, toward developing the creative faculty, which is the divine faculty? What can such study do for the awakening of moral sentiment, humanitarian sentiment? And such development is surely the object of all true education.

The beautiful use of the organs of expression in music is the result of beautiful concepts. If soul sings to soul it is through the medium of vital technique, it is when the whole being of the singer is awakened to the thought, when the muscles as well as the spirit are under control of a great moral power. Then the action of the organs of expression is as spontaneous

as emotion is. Then, and then only, is the entire being reported in tone. Man made in the image of his God was not made to drudge for beautiful experiences, but to perceive and receive.

The attainments of the ancient nations were such as to warrant a most careful investigation of their methods for our own benefit. From them we must conclude that the first office of the study of music is the development of capacity; that its second office is that of a reporter of the individual. With regard to this second office, the reporting of the individual, the royal road to it is by the practice of expressive gymnastics with relation to voice and instrument. For only when the muscles have free play will the tone production be music, be the fitting expression of musical concept, the faithful expression of the harmonious spirit seeking utterance.

The study of music, pursued with reference to the development of capacity, results in character for the individual and character for the race.

Step by step the hope of the student broadens, at each step he is met by a new idea that lifts him on to the highest possibilities. He recognizes that limitations do not exist, and finite expressions of truth roll on to the infinite. Through an unselfish purpose the student finds that there is not one law for the study of music and another for right living. He finds himself possessed of wealth to give and glories in the giving. The alchemy of spiritual development turns all the tones of the singer or player into golden tones.

The inevitable result of such development is the complete artist and the complete being. A soul thus awakened seeks and finds its place in the world. It finds that there is no life unto itself, it must live unto humanity, and "it sings to God by singing to the souls of men."*

At the conclusion of the paper by Mrs. Cheney, Mr. DiCampi made the following remarks:

I might add a few words to Mrs. Cheney's paper. Her paper so entirely appeals to my professional and artistic feelings, sentiment and convictions, that I really have little to add, if anything. She says all I would have said, but I would like to take Mrs. Cheney's subject and rub it in a little. I can add nothing to what was beautifully expressed.

*Read at Galesburg, Ill., before the Illinois Music Teachers' Association, June, 1896.

In this country the teaching of music devolves upon two classes of teachers, and I want you to understand that I make a distinction, definitely, between the two classes. Humanity is divided into two classes, those who think as I do and those not thinking as I do. There are two classes of professional people. Take for instance the showman who goes around the country to make money, there is the impressario of the opera who caters for money and pays the artist, no matter what price, but he will not go below a certain standard of merit. This man will bring to you artists from the old country or from this country. They find the public ear wants to hear them, but if the ossified man, giraffe, or fat woman appears and says to him "there is twice as much money in hiring me," that man will have nothing to do with them. While he caters to the public, at the same time he will not sacrifice his artistic feelings.

The other class will take an artist who sings and another who dances on a tight rope, or anything whatever that brings money. He does not care. All that he wants is your money. Everything the first man will exhibit will elevate, the other man debase. While both are after money, money is not all of the consideration of the first class. With honest teachers the same distinction appears. There are those that want nothing but your money. If you have a good voice or bad voice they hold out promises of success. We know they do not care as long as they get your money. At the same time there is another class who conscientiously labor all the time. Then there are those who give but half their time to money making, for they want the other half for personal improvement. They tell their pupils exactly what is right. These teachers always study and try to improve themselves.

If there is anything established beyond peradventure, it is the fact that technic, either vocal or instrumental, is a secondary consideration. Music is not made for the eye, it is made for the ear. Not, I will say, for the ear, but for the heart. You must be taught to see, to hear, to realize before you can understand how to go about it. The method is to be left to the individual teacher and individual pupil. No two are alike.

I have no doubt Mr. Mathews, who is an excellent lecturer, will describe and show to you more clearly than I can the meaning of Mrs. Cheney's paper. It is the best thing I have heard in this convention yet.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. W. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

A few years ago if we had been asked to explain in two words our conception of the function of the church, most of us probably would have answered, "Worship and Instruction," or, more likely, "instruction" first and "worship" second and subordinate. To-day many a live Christian man, especially if he be a minister, could hardly satisfy himself with these elements, but would feel that he must add to the teaching and prayer and praise of the Sabbath services, and of the regular week-day prayer meeting and occasional evangelistic effort, varied ministrations to the whole of man, intellectual, social, physical, as well as directly "spiritual." The efforts and results of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Institutional Church and of the Christian Social Settlement are showing us, not perhaps that we are to obliterate the distinction between the sacred and the secular, but that we must treat all the interests of human life as essentially sacred; that the business of the church in the world is to spiritualize all activities, and to bring the thought of God into all the interests of life, to let the love of God so fully enter society through Christ-filled lives that education, recreation and social affiliations, industrial problems, commercial transactions and civic responsibilities shall all feel the mellowing grace and realize the uplifting power of the life of Him by whose name we are called, and in whose name we minister.

It is a law in logic and in physics that as the extension increases the intension diminishes. In the spiritual realm this law does not hold, for every case covered gives added corroboration of the principle, and every application of the force but augments the energy with which that force acts. Its competency is not diminished but increased by its effects: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." The church has never grown poorer by giving herself to the

world. She will find still more glorious riches in a fuller and more diversified giving of herself. Yet the tendency of our present church life and that which we shall see in the near future will not unlikely be to grow less spiritual, in the common acceptation of that term, as she grows more practical. This tendency must be met, not by cutting off any of her external activities, but by nourishing and stimulating her inner life.

For the preservation and development of the distinctively spiritual life in the church the offices of worship seem to be especially suited, and to have been divinely appointed. I believe that in our modern religious life, and especially among churches of our order, this element of worship is not made the practical force that it should be. Few of us, perhaps, realize what a larger provision, relatively, God has made for worship in the book he has given us. A little study recently made with a class as to the liturgical materials furnished and the relative place given to worship in the Bible resulted in a view almost surprising to my own mind.

Throughout the Old Testament the idea of worship is most prominent. This appears in the patriarchal period. Abel's offerings, Jubal's music, public worship led by Enosh and Enoch, the sacrifices of Noah, the altars of Abraham appearing wherever he sojourned, and the sacrifices he was especially directed to make, the priesthood of Melchizedek, the altar-building of Isaac, the worship of Jacob at Bethel and at Peniel, are but typical notices, showing that worship was foremost with all those worthies. None except Noah appears distinctively as preacher or prophet, but all were especially leaders of worship. It seems a very safe proposition to make that the offices of worship were instituted much earlier and emphasized much more than was instruction or preaching.

The same principle appears in no weaker light in the Mosaic and Levitical period. The books of Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers are full of explicit directions for worship, and a tribe of men are set apart and ordained to this special service. The Hebrews desire to go three days' journey into the wilderness, not that they may hold a mass-meeting with platform addresses, but that they may sacrifice and worship. The Passover is instituted as a distinct and emphatic prescribed form of worship, a liturgy of symbolic action. The escape from Egypt is celebrated by choral service, not by speeches. Priestly vestments

and trumpet calls, anointings, offerings and magnificent ritual divinely and minutely prescribed become the vehicle for communicating spiritual ideas, and the means for assistance and development of the spiritual life. In its more mature, and perhaps more highly aesthetic form, the temple service following stands as a distinctive feature of the Hebrew cult; and a literature surpassingly rich, and never since equaled in imaginative, emotional and highly poetic properties, became the special glory of that chosen race, and the rich heritage of all the ages. Certainly it would not be too much to say that throughout the Old Testament scriptures the dominant idea was that of worship. Communion with God rather than instruction by men was the end of all its symbols and services.

It may be thought that these earlier revelations and provisions were suited to the more childish stage of the race, and that in such a stage we might naturally enough expect emphasis upon the elements of worship and song, but that in the maturer development we should look for something more intellectual. We should naturally expect to find in the New Testament a predominance of the ethical and practical, of the didactic, and perhaps of the argumentative, rather than the aesthetic and the devotional. We forget, perhaps, that the New Testament was ushered in by four of the most magnificent songs that ever broke upon mortal ear—the “Magnificat” of Mary—in which wells up and overflows, not only her personal rejoicing in the advent of the Messiah, but the whole Christian world’s gratitude and glory; the Song of Zacharias, the “Benedictus,” which has been a favorite tone in the church and ever will be, and then that song of more than earthly beauty and glory, the one strain caught from the celestial world, the “Gloria in Excelsis,” and the beautiful “Nunc Demittis” of Simeon. This quartette of great songs indicates the more highly idealized expression of the spiritual in New Testament thought and experience.

Our Lord himself recognized the worship of the synagogue and took part therein. He provided for public or common prayer. He accepted the worship of grateful hearts. He kept the feasts of his people and sang the psalms of the ritual. He gave us the great high priestly prayer; He parted from his loved ones with a benediction and received their awed worship in his very ascent.

The disciples received the great out-pouring of the spirit in

preparation for their work while they were waiting in worship; the apostles were ordained with prayer and praise. Fer-vent worship, no less than strenuous intellectual wrestling with prejudice and error, marked the life of that fruitful period. The outgrowth of this life as seen in the epistles shows the commingling of worship with instruction, the worshipful feeling forming the very atmosphere of the teaching. Whole pas-sages in the epistles are given to definite instructions as to the conduct of worship, as in I. Cor., xi.; massive argument, as in the Epistle to the Ephesians, culminates in enthusiastic and exalted adoration. The diffused, implied element of wor-ship is crystalized now and again in definite instruction and exhortation as to worship, as in Eph., v.: 19; Col., iii.: 16; I. Tim., ii.: 1-8, and in many other passages as unmistakable, though less explicit. The Epistle to the Hebrews is largely concerned with the exposition of the true meaning of real wor-ship and with its interpretation and culmination, rather than abandonment, in the light of Jesus's life and work. The epistles of Peter and of John are saturated with the spirit of worship and of praise. Jude is apparently more disturbed at the "spots upon the feasts" than at any weakness of doctrine. The great culmination in the loved disciple's Apocalypse gives the true place to the spirit of worship, which it beautifies with a glorious imagery more than human, as it breaks upon us again and again with the massive refrains of its great "Alle-luiahs," as with harps and voices the celestial choirs ascribe praise to the Lamb, Him who is worthy to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing.

The idea of worship and the provisions for its exercise seem thus to occupy a most prominent place and to have a distinct progress throughout the revealed word.

The early church fostered this spirit, developing worship with doctrine, and as really, perhaps, made worship the basis of doctrine as doctrine that of worship. Our later churches, even of the Reformation, have found the offices of worship vital to the spiritual life, and have in definite ways provided for its systematic cultivation.

In any ecclesiastical system worship must be prominent. It is of supreme importance in our free churches, because they are free. As the fact of our theological freedom emphasizes the importance of cultivating a clear head, a mellow heart, a

sound judgment; all that shall make life itself, instead of the trappings of life; so in our worship, the very fact that we are not held by any traditionary forms, but are left free to use any or no forms, imposes upon us, all the more imperatively, the duty of cultivating the spirit of worship. And the development of free liturgics ought to be the logical counterpart of a fully protestant theology.

Now the place of music in this spiritual culture, especially in our free churches, becomes apparent at a moment's notice. It takes the place of liturgy. Tone is to us what incense and vestments and architecture and all ritualistic observances have been to other portions of the church. Music appeals to the soul in a peculiar way. Hearing is especially the spiritual sense. Tone expresses normality of action. Rhythm and meter are but a more palpable manifestation of the same sense of normality, harmony, ideality and exaltation. Musical tone, through its possibilities of volume, typifies the expansibility of the soul; through the grateful prolongation of the sound it enables us to dwell longer upon the sentiment, and so to assimilate it the more completely. While the polyphonic expression of harmony seems the natural symbol of the deeper, reflective, rationalized emotionality which grows directly from our matured protestant Christian thinking. As a historical fact the harmonic development of music dates from the Christian era. Modern music legitimately belongs to the church.

Practically, then, how may our church music directly minister to the spiritual life of our churches to-day? Such brief suggestive answer as can be made here may appear best by a glance at the different parts of the musical service.

I ask you to notice first that which, I fear, is too often ignored by ministers, the spiritual possibilities of good organ playing. The first sound that greets the ear of the worshiper as he approaches the Lord's house on a Sabbath morning is probably the tone of "the solemn organ." But does it always solemnize? Does it edify spiritually? Do pastor and music committee see to it that this introduction to worship shall be even religious? Is it not too often thought sufficient—perhaps all we can ask—if the organist be outwardly decent, and his performance not too manifestly and strikingly "of the earth, earthy?"

The great property of instrumental music as distinguished from vocal, is that of general suggestiveness rather than specific

expression. Tones convey moods, states of feeling. Music gives a general atmosphere in which definite thoughts take shape, according to laws of association and suggestion. As an introduction to worship, this general office is ordinarily more effective and useful than would be any special intellectual conception or idea, because the people, coming from all sorts of occupations and associations, are not as yet prepared to center their attention upon any one definite thought. They may be drawn into the mood which shall prepare them for thinking, feeling and willing in the line proposed by the service and the sermon.

Thoughtfulness, reverence, tenderness, submission, adoration, yearning, aspiration, joy, courage, strength, triumph, are a few abstract terms representing states of mind that may be directly suggested and definitely induced by the varied tones of the "king of instruments" under the manipulation of a Christian artist in some situations even more effectually than could be done by any of the more intellectual processes of literature, rhetoric and homiletics.

This essential spiritual suggestiveness may be realized in the use of even a weak and inadequate instrument, when played by an intelligent and devout person. And that person need not be a great or brilliant performer.

There are simplified arrangements of compositions by the great masters, expressing reflectiveness, sincerity, purity, earnestness, spiritual aspiration, which can easily be rendered by a player of very moderate ability; and even on an ordinary cabinet organ such selections will suggest these spiritual effects in a way that will be infinitely more edifying for religious uses than the most brilliant execution of worldly conceptions in marches, waltzes, amorous melodies, trifling movements or physically thrilling tone-colors, which might be delightful in a concert, but are wholly inappropriate in church.

It may be there are some good and serious people who do not readily discern the difference between these opposite types of organ music. Corresponding differences, though much less marked, would be plainly recognized and sensitively, critically noted, if occurring in the literary or elocutionary ministrations of the Lord's house.

Vitally connected with the organ work is that of the choir. The singers, perhaps, come a little nearer to our common recognition as actual participants in divine service, because the

sight of their faces and their utterance of religious words, make us more aware of their personal share in the worship. But to this day, in some of our churches, it seems quite a matter of indifference whether they shall be Christians or not. To employ a godless or profane man to read the Bible in the service, just because he happened to be a competent elocutionist, would shock our sense of fitness and decency. But can any one assign any reason except "the traditions of men," why the Scripture, as voiced in the most idealized and spiritualized type of tone-representation, is any less sacred than the same thought uttered in ordinary conversational language? Probably nine-tenths of all anthems, solos and choruses used in our churches are direct Bible quotations, sometimes with slight alteration or paraphrase to suit more rhythmical movement, but more often preserving even the exact literary form. Moreover the passages employed for such use are nearly always among the tenderest and sublimest utterances of Holy Writ.

I do not wonder that one of the most effective of our Chicago pulpit orators testifies that he not infrequently finds themes for his best sermons in the texts of the anthems sung by his choir. That man attends his choir's rehearsal every week, knows what they sing, and no doubt assists in making selections, sees how to adapt all the parts of the service to each other, comes into sympathy with his musicians and brings them into sympathy with him, so that unity of aim and spirit are secured. His singers are all Christians. No one, I understand, preaches in that choir who does not come to the communion table with the other worshipers.

Only let the minister thus identify himself with his co-laborers and bring them into active participation in the real spiritual work of the church, and all the offices of choir music—solo, duo, trio, quartette, semi-chorus, full chorus, solo instruments, full orchestra, if you can get it, with organ—all possible or available means—may be used with proportionate augmentation of spiritual effectiveness.

If choir, and especially solo performances, are found to chill the ardor of worship, to secularize the whole occasion, as not seldom happens, it is because a godless, soulless musicianship is called in to "draw," with little thoughts of how it shall attract, or to what.

I know well the objection that arises when we press this demand for spiritualized ministrations of music. Ministers,

scarcely less than music committees, fall back upon the plea, "We must do the best we can." It is tacitly, perhaps half unconsciously, assumed, first that music is not, after all, a serious part of the church work. It is made a semi-religious affair—a kind of bridging between the world and the church—and secretly, or perhaps avowedly, we are willing that it should retain enough of the worldly spirit and association to make worldly people feel at home. It may be, by the way, that the same philosophy is affecting the essays and orations and critical reviews and literary disquisitions and esthetic effusions by which here and there the pulpit itself attempts to "draw." It is as legitimate in the one field as in the other. Personally, I would be far from excluding any honest attraction, literary, artistic or social, by which men may be won to hear the truth and accept the life; and from my special point of view I shall be satisfied when the same principles shall apply to the choir as to the pulpit; but I am fully convinced that the drawing power of Christ and his gospel will be a thousand fold increased when all the agencies of instruction and worship shall have been thoroughly spiritualized.

Another error in this matter of choirs is the traditionary but false assumption that singers are such a sensitive and senseless class of beings that it is practically impossible to do anything with them except to let them have their way or dismiss them. From twenty-five years of intimate association with this class of people I am prepared to refute this accusation as wholly unfounded and unfair. Like any other class of specialists, they do object to being dictated in the details of their work by those who are ignorant of those details; but almost more than any other class I have known, they welcome intelligent and sympathetic suggestions.

It is not, however, the choir-ministers any more than the pulpit-ministers that make the real worship of the church. These special servants of the congregation of course are primarily efficient in giving the key to the devotions, but the general sense of the people as a whole will always modify and often even neutralize or reverse the effect of both pulpit and choir, while the corroborative and culminative effect of the congregation's mood and response is, in worship as in oratory, the object and the end of the whole work.

Intelligent taste and devotional sympathy must therefore be secured by the congregation. To this end the hymns

and tunes assigned to the people will be most studiously regarded. The literary nature of hymns as lyrics, simple, reflective or enthusiastic, or as more or less dramatic, will be noted by the minister, suggested to choir, and taught to congregation, in social meetings and song services. This may be done as legitimately as any notice may be taken of literary form or textual criticism of the Bible itself, and perhaps with as good results. For what is a Christian hymn but the embodiment of some biblical truth in poetic form, often not more poetic than the original, only different. Such biblical truth in form of a hymn often comes, or may come, closer to both feeling and understanding because it embodies the experience of some other man, contemporary or modern, and its grateful form and musical setting endear it to the heart and incorporate it with the life.

For the cultivation of the devotional spirit, then, it is of utmost importance that both hymns and tunes be pure in form, refined in tone, elevated in spirit, earnest in purpose. We may justify, for their peculiar uses, the physically exciting and rationally trivial or absurd ditties and jingles which may be accompanied by clatter of tambourine and thudding of drum; we may allow the occasional and special usefulness of many of the so-called "gospel hymns," without admitting that for the regular worship of the church and the normal culture of the spiritual life we should accept anything but the best and highest.

Adaptation is the only law, but we claim that the best means are adapted for the highest ends.

Nor is the highest style impracticable. Such noble poetry and music as are combined in the Plymouth Hymnal can be so introduced and cultivated that it will be loved and enthusiastically sung by any congregation of average intelligence and taste.

What has here been said has more than hinted that the responsibility for the use of the best means and methods of worship in the church rests primarily with the minister himself.

As to the doctrinal and practical teachings of hymns, who is in so good condition to judge as the minister? It is his duty to recognize and to utilize this teaching power of hymns as being among the very best embodiments of biblical truth in experiential form and idealized expression. The exhorta-

tion to the Colossians should not be a dead letter to our churches: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." And the standard applies as justly to those "spiritual songs"—almost always directly biblical—which are sung by our choirs in the form of voluntaries of various kinds. The authorship of a hymn, its literary qualities, its emotional content and spiritual uses, especially as connected with the other parts of the service in which it is used, all these are points on which the minister should be ready to give light and inspiration. But hymns and anthems, solos and quartettes, as sung, depend almost wholly upon their poetic and musical qualities. The ordained leader of spiritual things should be trained to the discernment of these qualities. It is possible for him to familiarize himself not only with the grammar and the rhetoric, but also, and especially, with the philosophy of musical interpretation; so that, possessing an intelligent sympathy with the labors of his musicians, he may in alliance with them raise the church music to a high plane of intellectual and spiritual edification. The minister should feel himself responsible for the doctrinal bearing and devotional effect of all the music given in his services. But in order to discharge this part of his duty he must know something about poetry and music. It is not enough that he have a general desire to make the music contribute to the religious good of his people; he must see to it that it does this. An occasional song-service, with a well developed hymn-sermon, will be helpful in unifying pulpit, choir and pew, and in vitalizing the entire service.

Church music to-day presents a serious problem. There seem to be two extreme tendencies. On the one hand there is a reaching after something that shall "draw" those who are unconnected with the church, and "hold" those who are but slightly attached; and it is thought the music must be highly artistic, even though it be heartless and godless. On the other hand we find a strong tendency to popularize the singing of Scripture texts and religious sentiments, regardless of those properties of solidity and chaste beauty which the more cultivated and sensitive demand as the suitable expression of true religious feeling.

Now, there must be a way to harmonize the best elements in these opposing factions, to combine genuine spiritual in-

struction and edification with the satisfaction of the truest aesthetic feeling. I believe the solution is not far to seek. In our rich literature of sacred music, ranging from the majestic oratorio chorus and the gorgeous *Te Deum* down to the plain hymn tune and the simple but sincere lyric song, we have abundance of adaptable material well fitted to give to the great mass of the people deeper satisfaction than they find in the luxurious display of the opera-house or the more refined pleasure of the chamber concert or even in the thrilling rendition of the grand orchestral symphony. Does this seem too great a claim? I believe it is justified by the fact of the greater number of listeners in the churches, and by the consideration that the most common as well as the deepest feelings of the heart are touched by the sober but inspiring strains of Christian song as they are not by the fictitious and the emotionally extravagant; just as pulpit oratory, made doubly practical by addressing the "business and bosoms" of men, draws, in the aggregate, larger throngs than all the philosophical lectures, platform entertainments and campaign speeches.

But in order to thoroughly accomplish this natural function there must be both rational interpretation and enthusiastic rendition. There must be the theological point of view and the poetic inspiration. "What is it then? I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." Ideally we should have a ministry thoroughly educated in music; we can and must have, at the least, some musical intelligence on the part of our clergy.

Before we shall realize our ideal, one other thing must be done. As the minister should have something of the musician's view, so must the church musician be led to the minister's point of view. In either case something can be done by individual and self-directed effort; much more might be accomplished by systematic instruction and culture. A training school for church musicians, in which Christian men and women, already proficient in music technically, shall come to know and appreciate and utilize the literary and ecclesiastical bearings, and the devotional, evangelistic uses of music, is the "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Musical and poetic training of the ministry, together with religious training of musicianship, will throw the arch over the chasm which too largely and too shamefully separates art and piety.

DISCUSSION FOLLOWING THE READING OF MR.
CHAMBERLAIN'S ESSAY.

Mr. de Campi—I think we, as musicians, can all say “amen” to Mr. Chamberlain’s paper, Mr. President. I think none of us would controvert the position taken by him.

Mr. Chamberlain has asked us if we thought he was a theological crank. A polite question always requires a polite answer. I say no, unless common sense would make a man a crank.

This question of religious music is one that is almost impossible to handle. What makes music religious? Suppose I take a piece from an oratorio and play it on an instrument; is that religious? Most people would say yes. Suppose I take a piece of profane music and put religious words to it; they would say that would make it religious. A great deal depends upon the feelings of the person who hears it. I will treat this subject in a very few words from the standpoint of the operatic stage. It seems strange, but I will do it. Mr. Chamberlain just now told us of that gentleman who sang religious music in the style of one who sings heroic music or love songs. Now, I totally disagree with him there; it would not do even for that. That is simply a piece of affectation. In making a speech, for instance, the tone of the voice is a reflection of one’s sentiments—one’s soul. Interpretation is nothing but emotion put into sound; the English is the same on the stage or in the parlor. If your heart is not in it; if you are simply imitating, simply posing, as not only choirs but ministers do, there, even in that case, your position will be false and everything falls flat to the ground. Our choirs are composed very often of people who think of themselves first. They do not expect to hear the clapping of hands when they have finished, but they are catering to that element. Such a choir is worth nothing at all. Solemnity does not depend upon drawling, but it depends upon earnestness. As Mr. Chamberlain says, nine-tenths of the choirs are not taken into consideration by their pastors.

The discussion closed for lack of time.

THE COMMON SENSE OF PIANO TEACHING.

BY EMIL LIEBLING.

The topic as announced on the program is, I think, totally misleading. I may possibly have a thing or two to say about piano playing before I get through. When I accepted the invitation I hardly anticipated appearing in a dual capacity and I have not put down anything in such a way that I would exemplify it by the term easy.

I feel particularly at a disadvantage in following the very idealic and convincing attitude which Mr. Tomlins takes in his discourse. The various points which I have jotted down are eminently practicable. I presume most present are music teachers.

I have put down a number of questions seemingly of little moment, but which are being put all the time, such as "How do you get up a class?" "How do you get rid of a class after you have gotten it up?" "What had I better charge?"

All these things are, after all, a matter of a great deal of importance. Those who know me know that I am never aggressive. I fall in easily with the views of others. I wouldn't for the world have any one assume that I am here to blow my own or any one else's horn. I talk no methods or ways of teaching. I have confined myself a great deal to the practical aspects of piano teaching. Faith may move mountains, but it will not teach piano. When you are told that a certain amount of muscular force, strength and facility can be acquired without muscular practice, I, for one, cannot take any stock in it. Every muscle of the human body is naturally weak. When people speak of stiff fingers they confound it with weakness. The young man who rows or goes bicycling must develop certain muscles. You don't think of it. It would seem perfectly useless to say anything about it, but there is after all prevalent a general drift in musical teaching which is inimical to its best interests. All muscular practice must be intelligently directed, but it cannot be done away with. One cannot merely think they can play octaves and accomplish it.

I am very often asked as to the mode of payment. It is

best to be paid in advance. The pupil has it off her mind. It doesn't trouble her any more. It is best to insist upon a certain part being paid in advance to insure a sufficient continuity of work so as to be able to produce some results. It is really for the interests of both parties concerned to be paid at least a term in advance.

The same with professionals taking part in public concerts. When you are asked to play for church festivals and the like of course you are glad to get a bonus. There has never been a great calamity in the world—a tornado, cyclone or whirlwind—but another calamity follows at once in the shape of a benefit concert. The people who get it up have ample time. They have nothing else to do, but the musician is the one who has finally the real brunt to bear.

Another point to performers in a professional way. Never take part in a performance with amateurs. The amateur has the best chance.

As to how to get up a class, it is rather a difficult matter for one person to tell another.

As to the price, a great many go into a town with a margin. They get started in with a liberal allowance of twenty-five cents a head. They think they can work up. The world will always take you at your own valuation. If you are a two dollar man in a five dollar town they will pay you two dollars. I don't know as to the five dollar man in a two dollar town.

As to coming down on your price, that is also a matter of dispute. You inform your pupil your terms are \$50 per term. The average person thinks it is their religious duty to try and beat one down. The pupil says, "Well, I thought of appropriating \$40 for it; \$50 is a good deal." It is hard to think of \$40 walking out of your office, but that is something that must be learned. To refer, then, to the question of reducing your terms. The very people to whom you reduce them don't believe you. I don't believe there is a first class teacher here who hasn't some pupils whom he teaches for nothing. I know I have. With others we are apt to extend their time, or give them more time than they pay for. We want to know when we do an act of benevolence.

There are teachers and teachers. A good deal of teaching is done on what I call the tontine plan. A great deal is paid in and a sort of indistinct guarantee held out for twenty years hence. You are not told you will learn a great deal now, but in the dim distance.

I fully appreciate that there might be a great deal of benefit in the competition which will take place for a prize, but I myself have doubts as to the benefit for the many. The twenty, say, who compete for this prize, spend the most of their time on the piece they are to play. There is only one out of the twenty who will win it. Only one gets it; the other nineteen get left.

Music has, especially in this country, taken such rapid strides that it is really a necessity nowadays. We professional musicians make a feature of it for our own use.

I have attended the public examinations at the schools in Vienna and Berlin and the playing there was not a bit better than the playing at our schools in Chicago.

As far as private teachers are concerned, we have better work done every day by our first class teachers than in Europe. It is an acknowledged fact to those who are in a position to judge.

A pupil wants to go to Europe. We are glad to have her. We give her letters to Moskowsky or other musicians of prominence. They go over there, but when they come back they either do not play at all or they do not play as well as when they left. They sometimes stay over there so long they forget what we taught them. And some malicious person might urge that if they do not play at all when they return that a good many more had better be sent.

The class of music played in this country is also better than that played by amateur players in Europe. Men like Moskowski are astounded by the programs here. They commence with the conventional Beethoven Sonata, then some Schumann, some Chopin, and then perhaps two or three modern things, always a Liszt Rhapsodie or Fantasie.

Now take the programs in this country by the artists, by Mme. King, you will find the modern authors are recognized. In this country we are obliged all the time not only to keep our constituency but to reach out for him. And this will apply also in teaching. A music class will turn itself over in about three years. The pupils you had three years ago will be through with you for an unlimited variety of reasons. Some get married, some die, some never die. Some have had enough; the teacher has also. Now, during these three years unless you have created new business you will be left high and dry, and while there is a great deal idealistic about music, there is a

great deal that is practical about music. I would not be understood as underrating the ideal side.

It would be better if all teachers would sail under their true colors. If I am a piano teacher I will announce myself as a piano teacher, but if I want to teach the ethical portion, I must put on my card, "Teaching of the soul, extra."

If a person studies purely for their pleasure, I wouldn't think of giving them the same course of studies as one who wishes to become a professional. I would give her a course from Handel or Scarlatti, say. It comes down to the simple thing of selling people the goods they want to buy. I know that all this sounds commonplace, but nevertheless it is a fact that people come to your office to buy a certain class, the same as they go to Marshall Field's. Some want cotton, some silk. Our pupils do not all want the best.

Of course teachers address themselves in various ways to their pupils. Some address themselves to the pupil's intellect, some to the imagination. I think the latter the safer, but not always the most useful for the pupil.

It isn't a good plan to be too positive in changing existing methods. You don't gain anything by it and the pupil is thoroughly discouraged. She says to herself, if she thinks at all (some do): "Is it possible I have been wrong all this time? I imagined I had learned something. I wonder if this man can be right?" It is a question whether the pupil giving up her former way will do better after adopting your method.

When a pupil comes to you and says, "Why do you give me such an easy piece?" say to her, "Why don't you play it better?" That usually settles her.

Now, starting from the supposition that piano playing is a technical matter, what are we to do to get this awful thing of technic? We have had key-boards and machines invented to show us our iniquity in not being able to play legato. I tried one of them and found I could not play legato. It sounded legato on the piano, but not on the other instrument.

We might translate this word technic into execution. Execution is a better word. Execution is simply finger force facility. A friend of mine said in one of his articles that it was hardly worth while to pay a teacher five dollars to be told such simple things. I agreed with him. I thought it should be ten dollars.

If I did not think I was treading on delicate ground I

would discuss the question of being able to play for your pupils. It seems to me that example is, if not everything, yet a great deal. When a student desires to study art she goes to the Art Institute and she draws from casts, and when she wants to learn how to color she goes and studies from nature. It is never a matter of explanation so much as a matter of example. When, however, as we very frequently see, total incompetency arrogates to itself the privilege of explaining to pupils the highest ideals of piano playing and assuming to give to pupils ideas of the most colossal playing, it is anything but right.

Now, there are a great many problems, like the mental attitude of the pupil. In teaching you must study your pupil. A girl who comes to you in a self-satisfied frame of mind will underrate the value of your instruction. The pupil who discounts won't believe you. She discounts you. With such cases you must deal firmly. Pupils are apt to forget. If they prepared their lessons perfectly from one week to another the teacher's occupation would be gone.

A great deal of time is wasted in scale practice. If pupils will practice a limited amount of scale practice and put intelligent practice into what time they do put on it they will accomplish more. I do not use the scale in the accented way, nor do I use it in the intervals of the tenth, third and sixth. They are not used any more in modern composition. Let us confine ourselves to those found in modern composition.

Every teacher has his or her own method developed through experience.

After scales and appoggios we give the pupil studies and etudes, intended to familiarize the pupil with the notes afterwards found in pieces. In the study of Bach it is very much like the mode of torture which they used in middle ages. When a pupil has studied her scale studies, her Bach, when she has done that, she has really done nothing. That's encouraging. That is the work she has done for herself. She will not play the scales or her studies for others. She may, if she has a grudge against anybody, play some of Bach. You need technic, and you must get the technic first.

Music teaching as such is really a business and we have to learn it. A music teacher is like a young doctor. They have to kill off a great many before they learn how. It takes time to learn how to teach music. When one commences to teach

the young teacher wishes at eight o'clock in the morning that the work were over. After you have taught a little while you will wish the day was over at noon, and, after you have taught a great while, in the evening you will wish the day had just begun. It is with the teacher as it is with the young girl who says at sixteen, "Who is he?" at twenty, "What is he?" and, I think, end up by saying, "Where is he?" •

Some of the most gratifying results which I have had in my work have been obtained by utilizing the same technical material in a variety of ways. I may say there are entirely too many marks of expression in our modern editions. As to the grace note there is a diversity of opinion. I myself teach the grace note as preceding the note which it is intended for. When a pupil finds it difficult in a case where there are many grace notes to get the grace notes, I have her play first the piece without the grace notes and then add them. There are exceptions. Some of these exceptions we find in modern music. In the last measure in the Introduction to the Invitation to Waltz it would be perfectly proper to connect the grace notes with the rest of the chord.

Now, I will simply condense the whole by saying this: If you think you can play and can play, you are a big man, a big artist. If you can play and don't think you can play, you are silly. If you can't play and think you can play, you are foolish, but if you can not play and do not think you can play, you had better die right off.

THE PERMANENT ELEMENT IN MUSIC.

• BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

When I announced the title which stands upon the program I intended to trace the representative element in music and to point out the relation existing between music and a poetic conception, whether a completed story or a mere suggestion; and the means by which music establishes such a relation. But upon further reflection I found that this would take us too far, and would involve too much research for the time at my disposal. Instead of this I wish to speak of the exact opposite of the representative element in music, namely, the musical element itself, which also I might call the permanent element.

There is in music a deep and singular relation between it and our feelings. Why a certain chord or succession should impress us as sad and another as joyful it is not altogether easy to explain. The joyful element is commonly a combination of quick pulsation and major chords. There is also something in the preponderance of certain strong tones of the scale. The sad element, also, is partly a matter of slow pulsation, and partly a matter of imperfect harmony, the minor chord containing contradictory elements derived from different roots.

At its highest and noblest, music exercises a singular and profound power over the imagination and carries within it spiritual qualities of great power. Music with its unlimited capacity for variety in rhythm, melo-harmony and intensity, is capable of representing spiritual states with an amplitude exceeding that of any other art. In fact, music is the one art of our own time; an art not yet finished, but continually producing new and nobler things; an art appealing to mankind with a fullness and upon a wider scale than any other.

To the average untaught hearer a piece of music with a story is more intelligible than one without. Many suppose it to be something greater, and they hold what they call "classical" music to be something difficult, abstruse and hard to understand.

Now the attitude of music toward a story is capable of being either one of three: The music may exist for itself alone as

music, or (2) the piece of music may have an explanatory or suggestive title, as "Evening," "Morning," "The Storm," etc.; or (3) the music may endeavor to conform fully to a story, accompanying it with changing shades of expression and description.

Evidently the last position and the first are farthest apart, and lead to totally different results. Descriptive music had its origin in opera, where in the course of dramatic representation every sort of situation and feeling come sooner or later to expression, the music having for its task to intensify the dramatic moment and make it felt by the hearers. In this kind of musical description, where every unusual combination of musical elements finds itself explained by the dramatic action upon the stage, many things pass which would be incomprehensible or at least seem overdone in a piece of instrumental music.

Saint-Saens well says that a musician has the same right to give his piece a title that the painter has to give a name to his picture. He says that everything depends upon association. To one ignorant of the Bible the picture of an unclad man and woman in a garden would be that and nothing more; it is only by the aid of association that one makes it out to be Adam and Eve. This aid of association he claims as legitimate for the composer as the picture, as is well attested by the multitude of pieces with suggestive names. And when everything is done it all comes back to the question whether it is good music. If the music is good, the title does not matter; if the music is bad, no title will save it.

The composition of descriptive music following a story is a very old art of composers—old as most of the things in our modern music. Sebastian Bach has a piece called a "Fantasia upon the Going Away of a Friend." In the first number the friend announces that he is going away, and the music shows how we feel about it; he beseeches the friend to delay his departure; the departure; the return. All short pieces very graphic. I fancy it may have been a bit of play. But Bach has many other passages of what we might call quasi descriptive music, music which might have been written to a story or to a dramatic situation. Such are the Chromatic Fantasia and the Fantasia in G minor preceding the great organ fugue in G minor. Here and in many other places in Bach there are bits of recitative, unusual chords, long sequences of enharmonic

changes and suspended effects, indicating an emotional condition of tension, a story unfinished, a story full, perhaps, of dramatic interest. All these are interesting in their way, and if time permitted it would be agreeable to retrace them. But there is something better.

There is an open question how far music is a matter of association and how far a matter of intuition from the inner soul itself. A certain class of development philosophers find in association, or in racial memory, the germs of everything of musical expression. Others, and the speaker of the morning is unquestionably among them (Mrs. John Vance Cheney), believe music to have been an art developed out of the innermost and spiritual qualities of the soul; an art only partly developed as yet, and still less intelligently availed of by those of us who play with it. An art capable of bringing to expression not alone the deepest and most sacred things of the human spirit, but able, perhaps, to reveal to us things beyond the crude human spirit, or representing that spirit in its moments of highest inspiration and divine influx.

There are several facts which look towards the latter possibility in music, chief of which appears to me the very curious one that so long ago as the time of the Greeks, when their music was extremely poor upon the tonal side, they developed a most beautiful aesthetical conception of the art. Pythagoras taught his disciples to attune their souls before retiring at night by singing a hymn. While Plato admits that it is very hard to find out what instrumental music is about, he is clear that it has great power and educational force. Aristotle and Plutarch have many beautiful passages relating to this art.

Without stopping to trace this question, I state now my central position, which is that whatever the possibilities of music, and whatever the force it may bring to bear upon human hearts and lives, the best of it lies in that part of the art which is music pure and simple, and is not hampered by a story to clear up or even by a title or suggestion. This principle I hold very important in musical education, whether in the education of the individual or in building up a public taste. Everything turns upon music itself.

There is a large automatic element in everything that we do. Some things we do; many others do themselves. In music the range of things which do themselves is very large. A composer often builds better than he knew—but sometimes also much worse. Alas!

I remember that Mme. Carreno told me of a little frouselly headed man with lovely great eyes, who rushed up to her after a concert at Leipsic, when she had played Grieg's pianoforte concerto, thanking her for having played it so beautifully. He said that he never before knew how beautiful it was. She had brought out beauties which he himself had only half realized.

The permanent element in music is the purely musical, the spiritual expression which the tonal art arrives at when it is free and pursuing tonal fantasia. The composers who are greatest in this department are precisely the great composers, and their works are the staple of musical education—when there is any musical education. At the head of this art is Bach, whose works after a century and a half remain fresh and enjoyable; and not only enjoyable but stimulative for study and for musical awakening. Yet here we come upon two elements again: Everything turns upon the musical idea which Bach took for his starting point. For every musical idea contains in itself certain possibilities. Some have large possibilities, some have small. Haydn, for instance, was a composer who was very handy in treating a musical idea, but the idea itself rarely has much in it. Mozart had comparatively little power of development, but relied upon melody. Schubert relied upon melody, but it was a melody of almost supernatural refinement and sweetness. Beethoven had both melodic sweetness and thematic development. He therefore strikes the deepest chords and carries us with him and delights us in the moments when he has brought his fantasia to its greatest poetical heat. Schumann is intensely musical. While many of the Schumann pieces bear titles of a suggestive character, it is said that these were put on afterwards. Much the same, no doubt, as I remember in the case of the pretty "At Evening" organ piece by Dudley Buck. In this there is a verse suggesting a pair of lovers standing in the moonlight. Just at close there is a pedal point upon the tonic, the tonic coming in with detached notes instead of remaining sustained. A lady to whom Buck played it in manuscript said that these notes must be where the father put his head out of the window, saying: "Go home, home, home." To the composer this was merely a pedal on the tonic, and the short notes were the running down of the rhythm. I fancy that many of the suggestive titles in Schumann's works may have been put on in this way afterwards, in order to suggest to the player a situation and so a manner of playing.

But Schumann is at his best and most inspiring when he is entirely free, as in the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the *Novellettes*, the great *Fantasia in C*, the *Kreisleriana*, and the like. So also with Beethoven. While there are evidences that he was always trying to make his music graphic, and in almost every one of his sonatas was thinking of something more than first and second subjects, thematic treatment and lyric passages, he is nevertheless primarily musical. The player who takes a Beethoven sonata seriously and plays it first for exactly what it is, without mental pre-occupation, merely undertaking to get the notes, the proper movement, the expression, both indicated and implied, is in a fairer way to arrive at a good interpretation of the work than the player who takes it with a lot of pre-occupations of some story Beethoven is said to have had in mind.

Accordingly, the selections which Miss Sarah H. Wildman will play for us, are all taken from pieces which have been composed musically—without any suggestion of story. To begin with one of the most modern, here are a few variations from a theme by Paganini, by Brahms—a work involving great difficulties from a technical standpoint. The theme, as you will see, is rather vague. The first variation involves curious work in sixths for both hands. The second takes the right hand part of the first for the left hand and writes a new right hand part. The third gives the theme by suggestion in accents.

(Miss Wildman plays the Brahms Variations.)

In Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* we have an example of what I suppose Ruskin would call the imagination associative working freely in music.

The theme is a very serious air. (Plays.) Now, in general a variation is a new version of a theme. In the older and more strict practice the harmony remained unchanged, the rhythm and melody being ornamented and diversified in a variety of ways. In this we have nothing of the sort. Each new variation is like a new picture, called up independently, the theme if appearing at all appearing only in fragments and in subordinate positions. The first variation, for instance, opens with a soft and staccato motive in the bass, which is treated imitatively, each voice in turn coming in with it. Only in the third measure do any notes of the theme appear, and they in a subordinate voice. The effect as a whole is most beautiful, and while its relation to the theme is remote, the new picture

called up is very original and has in it a highly expressive fancy. The third variation takes the theme for bass, and upon this as *cantus fermus* develops a new melody and treatment. The third variation has little or none of the theme in it; it is an entirely new piece, but in singular sympathy with the first part. The fourth variation is in octaves, and so on. The point is to notice that each one of these lovely pieces opens a sort of new world, in which while everything is in harmony with the deep seriousness of the theme, every new picture is like a vista into a fresh landscape—a breath out of a new quarter of the spiritual Eden.

(Plays.)

By way of opening we have a Gavotte of Bach, in which the musical motive is treated in a variety of ways, always with novelty, and so is produced a very striking and fascinating piece.

The remaining two pieces are the Chopin Polonaise in E flat and the Tausig arrangement of Weber's Invitation to Dance. The latter is a delightful waltz with a vein of sentiment. It is one of the first idealized dance forms, and in Tausig's arrangement seems to me much improved. The Chopin Polonaise is one of those pieces which illustrate the interworking of automatic musical motives and ideas, poetically actuated, and the external fancy for trimming and embellishment. Along with much of the poetically heroic and chivalric element peculiar to Chopin and Poland, we have here also something which is mere piano playing, where agreeable passage-sequences of no great depth, or even of conspicuous originality, combine to afford a pleasing effect.

If I were asked in what manner I supposed the greatest poetical movements of music had been come by I should say I cannot tell. If we take one of the great slow movements of Beethoven, such, for instance, as the *Largo* of the second pianoforte sonata, we find that the impression of seriousness and depth in it are well represented by the slow motion, the pure chords, the place where they stand upon the piano, and so on. But in what manner Beethoven was able to employ plain chord effects, which have in them nothing very original or unusual and yet produce so astonishingly deep and serious and at the same time noble an impression, I should be obliged to say that this is, as a friend lately said to me, "the prerogative of genius." We find in these cases the very same elements

as in all the others: A musical theme duly treated musically, relieved by a second theme, and the principal theme returning again. Yet the whole in such a way as to suggest that it grew rather than was composed. And here we return again to our first position. That since it is impossible to say, exactly as in our own bodies, whether the soul is the result of the organization, or the organization the result of soul, our best way of coming to know the beautiful is to first study it just as it is, the tonal treatment and substance. Then later its depth and beauty will grow upon us; we will rise to understand and feel it, and at last our souls be filled with whatever of nobility and inspiration our mood may enable us to take.

The highest element and the most permanent in music is the purely musical.

Read at Galesburg, Ill., June, 1896.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. JOSEPH TONELLO.

Ladies and Gentlemen: When Professor Bentley kindly sent me a letter of invitation, requesting me to give you a welcome on behalf of the musicians of Galesburg, I felt deeply grateful to him, and to the other members of the committee who conferred upon me such an honor. But at the same time I saw all the difficulty of the task, and how many drawbacks were on the way and said to myself, "It is impossible, I cannot do it. I am not a speaker. I have a foreign accent and perhaps every one in the audience could teach me how to use the English language more properly."

I considered, moreover, that my poor voice, my imperfect accent and uncertain style in an address to artists, especially to musicians, would certainly not befit the occasion being the reverse of musical; and would be, perhaps, the only unhappy feature of this important convention; and I was tempted to resign both the honor and trouble of the attempt; but the letter was too kind. Some of my friends insisted, and as I had always taken great interest in everything artistical, and most especially musical, so finally I accepted. If any of the Galesburg musicians will have any complaint to make, please address them to Prof. Bentley.

Therefore, in the name of the artists and music lovers of Galesburg, I welcome you. I welcome you musical friends because it is a great honor to receive such visitors, so distinguished in the divine art of music. But most heartily I welcome you because we are highly pleased at your visit.

Business men like to meet business men, politicians like to meet politicians, scholars or learned men like to meet people who are in the same walk of life; and likewise artists and musicians like to meet artists and musicians. I am sure that for musicians who are worthy of the name, for those I mean of higher culture and deeper musical thought, there is no greater pleasure in the world than communication with artists. The delights of a truly musical soul are of a peculiar and mysterious nature. It feels the need of hearing, of being

heard, of meeting, of being associated with others of the same sympathies, in every manner possible; and a true lover of music prefers to be made acquainted with a real artist than with a prince. I know several who would be proud to shake hands with Verdi, Gounod or Mascagni and wouldn't care for kings or queens or emperors.

What is this mysterious correspondence of souls, this unconscious sympathy which influences the artists' souls, draws them together and makes them feel happy when they come in contact one with another?

It is not only the need of listening to the wonderful exhibition of musical art, though this has its special attraction also; it is properly an intense desire of being brought into actual communication with the artist, of listening to his words and of drinking at the fountain of wisdom, which is the result of his genius and study.

There is, I believe, in a musical mind, a secret source of magnetism which lies latent, unsuspected, and only manifests itself in all its ardent nature when it comes in contact with another equally sympathetic.

Hence the delightful moments peculiar to the artist's life. I have no doubt that all music lovers understand what I wish to express, and find it is really so. I am certain that the majority of my audience have experienced this some time.

As for myself, I can truly say that I have felt the sympathy for artists of every kind, and especially for musicians, from my tenderest years; and yet then I had no knowledge of music whatever; mathematics, history, Greek, Latin, took almost all my time; but it seems I had the intuition, the perception of musical beauties, and I felt as if I were hypnotized when in the company of artists. While they were talking on musical topics I would spend hours listening to them; though of their subject I understood not a word. I caressed their hands, looked fixedly in their eyes, as if I could drink their souls; it seemed to me that they were superior beings, quite different from the other people. And, later on, I remember the delightful hours I have spent with artist friends who used to come during the summer vacations from Paris, Milan, Rome, Florence, to visit me in the Alpine village, which was my happy abode after I became a priest. A part of some days consecrated to excursions, every morning was given to music; they were early matinees in which the best part of the new

operas, the new publications of some importance were sung or rendered on the organ, cello or violin. Then followed remarks, criticisms and discussions.

I have recalled those musical treats several times with sincere regret, but I have great hopes that this artistical convention will fully repay me for my too long fast.

And for this I give you a special welcome on behalf and in name of myself.

We welcome you, not only on account of the honor you confer upon us by your presence, and the pleasure your visit affords us, but we welcome you also because this same visit will be, I am sure, a great benefit to our musical people, will give a strong impetus to the progress of music in the place.

I know the deep impression such musical meetings leave in the different places where they are held, having observed it in different towns in Italy and France and Switzerland where special societies of artists are formed. They are musical banquets that richly feed the souls of those who possess musical tastes and talents. Of course some of the musicians of Galesburg will bring to the banquet many a good thing, but you are to furnish the more substantial and the best part of it from the storehouses of your knowledge, genius and experience. You are to benefit us by impressing on our minds and imaginations some of the highest forms of artistical beauties yet unknown to us; some of the profoundest secrets of the divine music.

During this convention under your guidance and leadership we are to discover new lands; we are to go through fields yet unexplored by us, in creations, in methods, in criticism, in taste, in expression, and when the feast will be over, looking backward we shall undoubtedly realize that the musical horizon of Galesburg is wonderfully widened; that we have taken a great many steps in the path of progress; that in the lapse of three days we have, through your lectures, suggestions and artistic renditions, learned more than we could in a far longer time by torturing our brains over rules and methods and books.

It is a fact that an opinion given by an adept in music, a lecture by an experienced teacher, a rendition by a great artist, may in a great many cases bring a revolution, sometimes a complete revolution of ideas in a musical soul. This has been the case with me. Some fifteen years ago I came in contact

with one of the leading musicians and composers of which Italy is proud, and I have always retained the good effects of that meeting.

Some of our musicians have both time, means and opportunity of going to Chicago or other large cities occasionally and of assisting at great concerts, of listening to the best pianists, violinists and singers of the world, but some have not, and these most especially are grateful to you, and in name of these chiefly I welcome you for the musical treat you will give us during the few days of the convention.

And now I want to greet not only the visitors but all the members of the convention, all those who have taken interest and tried to make it a success.

I firmly believe that the work of these societies and conventions, though slow and silent, will have an exceedingly beneficial effect; that by and by it will give the American people a just conception of the high standard that has been reached by the musicians of this country.

This of ours is certainly a great country in every respect, but up to this date the greater rush has been for life and dollars. Art, of course, has not been forgotten, but the fact that a great many Americans have crossed and crossed yearly the ocean on their way to Germany, France and Italy for musical education proves evidently that American people are not convinced they have at home schools and teachers good enough for them.

Allow me to speak frankly. This going to Europe was necessary years ago. It is necessary even nowadays for some who wish to have a more thorough and complete education in art, and it will be always of great benefit as long as the American ambient is not filled with music, will always be a good thing as an instructive trip. But I say that at the present, with so many foreign teachers who have brought with them the musical spirit and beauties of their countries; with so many American teachers who have been abroad and treasured up every good tradition of the old and best musical schools; with so many American teachers who are undoubtedly not inferior to a great many of foreign countries, this rushing to Europe for musical education is something scandalous.

I said there are exceptions. But I am sure that ninety out of a hundred who leave this country to be taught abroad

should stay at home and would learn more and become better artists, and more serious musicians studying diligently, practicing hard under the guidance of our splendid teachers.

We have instead many young pupils who go to the old country and take their lessons sometimes from teachers far inferior to American teachers—and then amusements, races, excursion trips, sport, lively life take the best part of the time which should be given to serious study and practice. I have known foreigners and some Americans doing exactly what I say. The consequence is that when such people come back they know almost as much as when they left, sometimes less. In a certain town I was introduced to a young lady who had been in Italy to study (*bel canto*) singing. She was very glad to meet an Italian. She could speak some Italian. She talked of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, of the blue sky, of the lakes, of the mountains and a great many other things. Then I was invited to listen to her beautiful singing. Oh, heavens! One would rather have thought she had been taking lessons from the Indian artists of Buffalo Bill. It was simply horrible.

When nearly four years ago I left Italy for this country I really believed I should not find much music in America; but having during this time great opportunities of assisting at concerts, commencements, etc., in large cities as well as in small towns, I have been exceedingly surprised in noticing real artists among the people as well as among the teachers; and I wondered how, in spite of such skillful instructors, there were still so many going abroad for their musical education.

Last evening in this hall I heard a splendid rendition of one of Liszt's pieces by a lady, and on inquiring who she was I was told she was a music teacher in Ottawa. I was much struck by her performance, and I said to my friend that if every small town in American were supplied with three such teachers and every large city with half a dozen like Sherwood and Liebling, and every musical school had a quartet like this of the Northwestern University, I would not hesitate to deprive of American citizenship everyone who should go abroad under the pretext of finding better teachers, unless, indeed, he would prove himself superior to the great body of our distinguished artists.

Ladies and gentlemen, I love my old home, I love my new home, too, but above all I love truth. Now the truth is

that music is making an immense progress in America, thanks to the knowledge and work of her musical teachers. The truth is that America will rapidly march to the standard if all teachers, all lovers of music would associate more, would form one body, one great family of artists, putting in common all the treasures of knowledge and experience in art. This will considerably elevate the musical culture and concur to form always better teachers. Good teacher, good pupil; great teacher, great pupil; artist teacher, artist pupil.

Let me, then, greet you once more, you visitors, you lovers of music, all you members of the musical teachers' association.

I greet you because by your work in music you are preparing a new glorious day for America, the day of her home rule of her autonomy and independence in musical art. In that glorious day the children of America sitting among the musical geniuses of the world in the Olympus of art, upon being asked, "Where did you make your musical studies?" will answer, "We were brought up at home, we were raised on the laps of our mother country, we received all our musical education in our own America."

MUSIC AS AN EDUCATOR.

BY P. C. HAYDEN.

The presentation of the masters' pieces of music by the artists who meet at this place to carry out our programs is the chief delight of those who attend these annual meetings. It is these artistic creations that call together the people composing our audiences and make possible the success of our state and national associations. The holding of these concerts in different parts of the state from year to year would amply justify all the labor involved in maintaining this association and in arranging the yearly program. By them the relations which exist between the artists and the great listening public become closer, and to the listeners is given new conceptions of the value of good music and a broader knowledge of the wealth of musical literature. Our conventions are always strong in the artistic expression of the masterpieces of music.

But this is not the only, nor should it be the most valuable feature, of our meetings. While we cannot value too highly the enlightening power, the teaching value, of this delightful voicing of the musical thoughts of the world's masters, we shall not fulfill our mission as teachers if we do not gain for ourselves and for the public a clearer grasp of the part that music plays as a factor in modern society; of its connection with education, amusement, business; of its mission in solving the great problem of the common life of the common people.

How far does our work in music touch and enrich the lives of the masses? I fear we cannot give a truthful and altogether encouraging answer to that question. The music that we are working for is not the music that the masses are listening to or singing. The truth is told when we say that the masses of our people most often hear the commonest forms of rhythm and melody expressed by the strolling band, the street musician's popular air, and most often sing the gospel hymns or the trashy Sunday School songs. And I would not say that these forms of music are worthless if this

is as far as certain people can reach or understand. Even the rhythm of the drum corps has its pleasing charm, and in the sickliest melody we may find some redeeming element of rhythm or tune. There is a divine spirit in the flowing movement of a pleasing rhythm that appeals to all human nature for good, and the poorest melody or most tiresome harmony cannot wholly destroy its powers. I have a great respect for the old Greek saying: "The mother of poetry is music, the mother of music is rhythm, and the mother of rhythm is God."

But we must agree in desiring an improvement in this condition of low musical taste, and I wish to discuss one phase of the subject in my brief paper to-day.

The acquirement of music is regarded by certain classes as a luxurious accomplishment, to be added as an ornament to a good education, if it can be afforded. So long as music is regarded simply as an ornamental luxury, having no intellectual significance, and the acquirement of skill in music as the putting on of a graceful accomplishment which makes no demand on the mental faculties, we may look for little improvement in musical intelligence among the masses.

Some music teachers even, perhaps unconsciously, have encouraged the idea that the brilliant performance of fine compositions upon some instrument or with the voice is the only high end in music, and the belief that only the few can hope to attain such heights of acrobatic excellence is widespread, deep-seated and founded on ages of experience.

We cannot expect all the people to be interested in the study of this greatest of arts so long as this false and narrow view of the uses and benefits of music study prevails. That many intelligent and cultured people now hold this view is certain, and their indifference regarding the universal study of music is based on this belief.

The question, "If only the few can reap the benefit, why should the many undertake the labor?" will always be answered one way by the masses. I do not pretend to say that this faulty view of the value of music study is a formulated one, deliberately advocated by teachers; or that it has defenders in arguments either verbal or written. I do think, however, that the view opposed to this false theory is not maintained with sufficient zeal by the musical profession. If we believe that the study of music is educational, just as the

study of numbers is educational, we should teach it, talk it, write it. In so far as an error exists concerning so fundamental a principle as that touching the educational value of music as compared with other studies, we have no proper foundation on which to build, to create a demand for the universal study of music. It seems to me we must demonstrate the value as a discipline to the mind of music as a branch of study. We must secure a lodgment for this doctrine of educational value in the minds of the people. I believe that this conception of music study will appeal to the masses and will lead ultimately to much greater results in the development of the specialist.

No civilized being doubts the beauty of music or questions its value to those who excel in it, or denies its power to refine, to sooth, to inspire humanity.

If we can now show that the thorough study of music as a science and as an art is of unmeasured educational value even to those who never will excel in it as performers; that it is the one art, the one science that above all others may secure the keenest efforts, the most intense application of the average intellect, we shall have secured a vantage ground from which we may direct a campaign to conquer Americans for the universal teaching of music as a necessary branch in all the schools, colleges and universities of the land. Under these improved conditions an advanced course in music for those who desired it would be the rule and not the exception.

The conception of music study which I would place in opposition to the faulty one now so largely holding the public mind is this: That the proper study of music as a science and as an art is more educational in its effect upon the mind than the pursuit of any other one study in the whole realm of science, art or literature.

I believe that as music teachers we should take our stand on this proposition. That we should advocate it publicly and privately, and if occasion offers to maintain it in debate with pen or speech.

The mass of the people can not be expected to accept this proposition if we have any doubt about it ourselves. They cannot be expected to formulate and proclaim it if we remain inert and silent. On the other hand, the devotees of our noble science, of our glorious art, may set up their own standard with the assurance that they may themselves fix the estimate at which it will be rated by the world at large. The public

may not at all times rise to the standard set by the musicians, but they will never rise above it.

If the members of the musical profession believe and teach that the study of music is education; that it develops the powers of the mind in a greater measure than the pursuit of any other one study; if they themselves recognize this truth and proclaim it as the fundamental doctrine in their professional creed, it will some day be accepted and acted upon by the public in their relation to music as a branch of education.

Having made the statement that musical study is educational, let us state briefly what we mean by the words education and educational. The accepted and moth-eaten formula for defining education is something like this: "We see what education means from the definition of the Latin word 'educō,' from which it is derived. Educō means to draw out, etc." The expression "to draw out" tells me nothing that corresponds to my idea of what the word "education" means. I would say briefly education is mental activity.

Action of the intellect, action of the sensibilities, action of the will, action of the body under control of the will is education. Without a self-controlled mental activity there is no true education.

If this definition of education is true it opens the way for us to successfully maintain the transcendent direct and indirect value of music in education.

Indirectly music stimulates a mental activity which is carried over to all the studies pursued in conjunction with it. The mind grapples all subjects more firmly and expresses itself through them with greater virility, because of the quickening, vivifying influence of some phase of music study. This statement needs no amplification. The influence of music has been enlarged upon so often by the great poets and by numberless sentimental essayists that prudence bids me turn from the consideration of the indirect to the direct value of music in education.

Which of the faculties find exercise in the study of music? We may almost say that all of them are exercised in the study that leads up to a ready understanding of written music and an ability to express it with voice or instrument. The eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, the throat, are all called upon for action. The ability to recognize, retain and compare tones, to remember the mental effects of a certain tone or combinations

of tones, to observe the sign and instantly know its meaning of pitch and duration with accuracy; to clearly think out the meaning of the composer and the proper means of giving it expression—this ability requires an intense activity of the mind. Such an activity would hardly be possible except under the stimulating influence of the music being studied; the music itself inciting the mind to the completest employment of its powers.

The most reasonable theory of mind that I know of teaches that the Ego, the whole soul, expresses itself in every mental act; that the whole "I" engages itself in memory, in reasoning, in sorrowing, in rejoicing. No external influence at our command can equal music in its stimulating power upon the operations of the mind. In the pursuit of knowledge of the science and art of music the most mature powers of brilliant minds may find ample field for mental effort, while every earnest effort of the young and simple to master the problems of music gives a mental uplift and a discipline to the mind which will make it more ready to grasp a new problem in any department of learning.

The study of music possesses all the value as an educational force that I have claimed for it. It is possible, however, that much of this value may be neutralized by poor teaching. The same pedagogical principles must be applied to music that are demanded in successful general teaching.

An adequate analysis of the complex subject of music must precede good teaching, and pupils as well as teacher, should have a clear idea of what element of music is being considered; whether technique, notation, keyboard, or tonality. To be sure all these things go together, but only when they are taught separately with a clear idea of which one is being taught, with the thought and effort of the student directed to one point, do we get proper results. Good teaching in music is not different psychologically from good teaching of numbers. It depends as much on skillful use of the principles of good teaching as it does upon a grasp of the subject itself. Good teaching depends on method of presentation far more than upon a profound knowledge of the subject to be taught. If our pupils are to get the highest educational good out of their musical studies we must be as earnest students of teaching as we are students of music.

This paper is merely suggestive in its scope. It makes no

pretense at completeness or thoroughness. It simply calls your attention to a phase of the music work which seems to me very important because it opens a way to put us in touch with every one who believes in education and in the complete development of all the powers of man.

The American people believe in education and through that sublime faith, if the musician is faithful to his highest convictions, we may hope to see music take its proper place as the study universal in the educational system of our nation.

A LIVE AMERICAN SINGER, MME. HENSON.

BY EGBERT S. WAYNE.

Madame Medora Henson was once a Chicago singer, but lately, by the grace of God and the genuine discernment of Londoners, concerning which Karleton Hackett writes so forcibly, she is now an Englishwoman, living in London and coming back to America now and then to fill engagements. I have just had a very interesting conversation with Madame Henson, which contained so many points interesting to Amer-

ican music lovers that I cannot forbear to place as much of it on record as I can at this moment recall.

It is now perhaps five or six years since Madame Henson first went to London to seek a career denied her in her own country. Among the letters of introduction she carried was one to Sir Arthur Sullivan, and he asked her down to a birthday party he was presently to have. At the party she sang and later asked the distinguished conductor and composer

for an engagement to sing in his "Ivanhoe" then nearly ready. He answered that he already had seven sopranos on the list for the first parts, all retained at good fees, and he felt that he would have to give them all a chance before trying any new singers. Nevertheless, Madame Henson took home with her a copy of the work and mastered the leading soprano role and incidentally learned the whole opera, and went twice to see it. About three weeks after the opera had been put on an influenza struck London and every one of the seven possibilities for the first soprano role went down before the blast. On Monday D'Oyley Carte came rushing in a cab to Madame



Henson's house with the astounding proposition that she should go on as Lady Rowena that very night. "But I haven't had a rehearsal," said the singer. "Never mind," answered the manager. "You have seen the opera, have you not?" "Only twice," she answered. "But you know the part, do you not?" Madame Henson modestly admitted that in order to be ready for just such an emergency she had made good use of the vocal score which the author had given her. "But I have no clothes," said the singer. This difficulty was met by the proposition that she try on those of one of the sopranos about her size. Accordingly she went to the theater, experimented with the clothes and found that they were somewhere near what she wanted. Then a few anxious hours doing for herself the finishing touches of the role. And at length the performance after how many hours of anxiety? And the performance was a success. This speaks well for American "sand"—a commodity which Madame Henson has in excellent profusion, as many of her adventures show. I asked her for other instances.

"Well," she said, "there was one time when I had four great festivals upon consecutive weeks and had declined a fifth because I did not care to undertake so much work in so close succession. On my way to London after the fourth festival I got on the train a telegram asking me to go right on to Cardiff where Tinel's "St. Francis" was to be given the following week. I had studied the role, but had given it up after about half learning it, because I did not expect to have occasion to use it. When I got the telegram I immediately sent a wire on my own account, asking for a copy to be sent me to the train at Crewe, a junction point we were presently to reach. It failed to be delivered in time, so I went on down to Cardiff without a copy of the book. On Sunday afternoon the copy reached me about nine o'clock p. m., and I put in two very hard and anxious hours before going to bed. The next morning I was at it again, and at ten o'clock there was full rehearsal with the orchestra and chorus. When I got to the hall there was Tinel himself to conduct, and there was also an audience, among whom I recognized the Prince of Wales and several other very important personages. I had pretty good luck with the rehearsal, and at the end the Prince of Wales was kind enough to speak to me himself, thanking me for as-

sisting them in an emergency, and complimenting me on my work. The performance passed off with great success, and you can imagine my relief when it was well over and no bones broken."

"What sort of a work is this 'St. Francis'?" I asked. "It is a lovely work," she answered, "but in places it is very difficult indeed. I once asked Nordica whether she would sing in it, and she answered: 'Sing in St. Francis? Not for all the money there is in the festival. I spent a week trying to get that dreadful rhythm through my head, but all in vain. I will never sing it.' I will confess," Mme. Henson went on, "that it staggered me, and if I had not been pretty sure of my mathematics I would certainly have come to grief. Imagine, the time signature is 6-4. You sing half notes, but you count two; the conductor is beating six. If there is anything better calculated to put a singer out I would like to ask where you find it."

I asked her what sort of work she was mainly doing in England. She answered mostly festival, oratorio and concert, opera having not as yet afforded her so much of a field. It came out incidentally that owing to Mme. Nordica's absence most of the season in the United States, and Albani being in Canada for certain festivals, Mme. Henson herself has a standing peculiarly her own, and in fact about at the head of the line. "Is there much to do?" I asked. "Much to do?" she answered. "You can sing oratorio in England five times a week." "But," I said, "they do not engage you over and over do they?" "Do they not?" she answered. "I sang last winter thirteen times to practically the same audience in Manchester. Some of these were oratorios, some orchestral concerts, and last of all I was there with Dr. Richter in two concerts, mainly of Wagnerian music. The audiences for these different engagements were drawn practically from the same people." Among the numbers in which she most distinguished herself at these concerts were the scena from "Der Freyschuetz" and the duet from the "Walkuere," with Mr. David Bispham (pronounced Bis-pam).

One of the more prominent of the immediate engagements will be with the Liverpool Philharmonic in Cowen's "Transfiguration." This will be on Nov. 11. She also has the Sheffield, North Staffordshire and Worcester festivals. At the North Staffordshire festival she will sing the soprano role in Elgar's

"The Light of Lights." Mr. Elgar is a very good composer, living at Malvern, England. The "Golden Legend" of Sir Arthur Sullivan is another work in the same festival, in which Mme. Henson sings. Occasionally Mme. Henson takes a second part. She did this in the Leeds festival in Sullivan's "Golden Legend," at the request of Mme. Albani, who had the leading role and desired to have Mme. Henson with her.

"Speaking of appearances," said Mme. Henson, "I once did the very curious thing of singing the soprano and mezzo soprano roles in the same work at the same concert. It was in Verdi's "Requiem," and the contralto had fallen ill upon the stage, when of course it was not possible to secure a substitute. At the request of the conductor I sang her part in addition to my own."

Among the American engagements which Mme. Henson will fill later in the coming season are the following: With the Apollo Club in Chicago in Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and Rheinberger's "Chrysostus." She also has engagements with choral societies in Milwaukee and St. Louis, but at this moment does not know what she is to sing; also with one of Mr. Summy's chamber concerts. She has a very curious and interesting as well as honorable engagement for the Bach festival in the Crystal Palace, April 11, when she will sing the soprano roles in the B minor Mass, the St. Matthew "Passion Music," and the air "My Heart Ever Faithful."

Speaking of their singing the Messiah so many times over in England, Mme. Henson says one could sing "Messiah" six times a week. I asked her what cuts they make in the "Messiah" over there.

"Cuts, is it?" she answered. "They do not omit a single word or note from one end to the other. In some places I am told they even intone the advertisements on the cover. When I first went to rehearsal for a 'Messiah' performance with Sir Joseph Barnby's Albert Hall Choir, I asked: 'Sir Joseph, will you please tell me what cuts you make?' 'What is it, my dear?' asked the great leader. 'What cuts do you make?' I repeated. With a tone of solemnity fit to bury the dead, and with grief like that over a prodigal son, he answered: 'We never cut the "Messiah." We sing every note of it. This is the rule all over England.'

In private life Mme. Henson is Mrs. Wadlington Cook, a musician and pianist, who has charge of the Boosey ballad

concerts. Mr. Cook is said to be one of the best accompanists in the world, and a gentleman of charming gifts and ability. He expects to appear in America this year also, but I have not particulars at hand.

A RIDDLE.

(Heine. Translation by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor.)

A flower her eyes uplifted
To yonder radiant star
With dewy tears half blinded;
The star shone, ah, so far.

The flower her head is drooping,
Her petals soon are gone;
The star in far-off radiance
Shines ever on and on.

An answer to my riddle
I'd fain to thee impart.
Thou art the star in heaven,
The flower is my heart.

SUBSIDIZED OPERA IN AMERICA.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

Subsidized opera in America. Utopian as this may sound, in no other way can opera be successful. By subsidy has opera been established and maintained in Europe; by subsidy will it be established and maintained here. Yet to the average American, "subsidized opera" in this country seems nothing short of chimerical. Whence comes this deeply-rooted conviction that the only way in which opera can be properly established, as the experience of all the opera-giving nations has proved, is impossible of realization here? Because ever since the first opera company was brought to these shores until to-day it has always been administered on another basis, and we have taken for granted that it was impossible to give opera in any other way. The whole evil lies just in this: Opera has always been looked on as a business enterprise. Indeed, as has been well said, it has not been conducted even like a business, but like a speculation.

What has been its success on this basis? Before considering it in any higher relation let us examine for a moment its history as a business. Since Garcia brought over the first company, way back in the "twenties," to Abbey and Grau, it has been an unbroken record of final ruin for the manager. Nor should the blame be all laid at their door. Some of them were especially well adapted to the task. Shrewd business men, one or two even excellent musicians, thoroughly understanding the peculiar demands of opera, yet not a man of them but severed his connection with opera a poor man; unless we except Abbey and Grau, and their opera management is more than eloquent. Abbey's first attempt was some ten years ago when he determined to drive Mapleson from the field. He did so, and himself lost more than two hundred thousand dollars in that one season. That was indeed a Phyrriic victory. When after several years he had the courage to again tempt fate, we all know how his endeavors ended in last year's total failure.

These men all gave the best performances of their time.

Abbey and Grau in particular have each brought here the celebrities of the world, and in individual artists Paris, Berlin or Vienna cannot for a moment compete with New York. And season after season there was but one story to tell—financial loss. Yet on a smaller scale but in our own language and at moderate prices, Parepa Rosa, Emma Abbott, Clara Louise Kellogg and many others gave opera successfully, and we have daily evidence that light opera flourishes like the green bay tree. Then why have able managers giving magnificent performances of the masterpieces, aided by the first singers of the time, all failed? Because they attempted the impossible. Opera to be adequately given, to have artists, orchestra, chorus and stage setting up to a high standard, such as the public demands, requires an outlay so enormous that, no matter how economically administered, the music lovers are not able, unaided, to pay the necessary prices. The opera in Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Rome or any great city in Europe could never last a season if it depended entirely on the money received for tickets. Yet all the component parts of an opera house, artists, orchestra and all cost very much less there than here. In spite of this there would be a great deficit each season were it not for the subsidy. If this be so in those nations where the love for opera is admittedly greater than it is as yet here, and where everything costs less, **what hope that we** can ever have permanent and adequate opera until we adopt a similar plan?

As it is, none of our managers have ever attempted to give opera without what amounts to a subsidy. But it has always been asked and given on a wrong theory. The manager has represented to some wealthy music lovers that opera properly managed "would make money." That if they would subscribe a certain amount to guarantee him against loss he would promise that with a judicious selection of artists and operas he would not only repay them what they subscribed, but probably with interest on their investment. So the manager went ahead, gave his season, but somehow the profits never appeared. Each season ended with mutual recriminations in which manager and guarantors joined, while even the public sometimes raised its feeble voice. Nor could it be otherwise. When men enter on a business enterprise they are exasperated if after the fairest promises each year shows a loss instead of gain. The guarantors blame the manager, the

artists, the operas, the public—in short, everybody except their own disinterested selves. The manager in turn blames everybody, and shows what wonders he accomplished in spite of the intermeddling of ignorant busybodies (the guarantors). The poor public even takes a hand, censuring everything in general and the high prices in particular. Altogether it is quite like a finale in comic opera.

How long will it take people of sense to realize that, after a system has been tried in every possible way for more than half a century, yet shows an unbroken record of failure, there must be something radically wrong? It is well enough to condemn the high prices, but they are merely the inevitable result of high salaries. These in turn are but a part of a system wrong at the foundation, and wrong throughout. As it stands to-day, if the manager does not bring certain "celebrities" the season is foredoomed to failure. These "celebrities" demand what years of stupidity have taught them to consider "American prices," that is from two to three times what their services are worth anywhere else. Then his ruin is assured. To pay them he must charge what is practically a prohibitory rate for the great mass of music lovers. Then to force success come the "star casts." Some opera, any opera regardless of its intrinsic value, is suitable provided it contain a certain number of showy roles. Then by casting a "celebrity" for each one of them the management galvanize it into a show of popularity. "The Huguenots" in this manner has been one of the best "money makers." People flock to hear it, apparently knowing nothing and caring less about the music, but possessed of the one idea that for the price of a single ticket they could hear "Melba, Nordica, Scalchi, John and Edward de Reszke, Plancon and Ancona." This is not from love of music, nor even love for the artist as a great singer, but a sort of curiosity worship, not unlike that which draws people to the monstrosities in the museums.

Unless a singer makes a "hit" and so becomes a "drawing card," no matter how sterling his worth, he is quickly relegated to "off nights," and next season another is engaged in his place, in the vain hope of getting together such an "all-star aggregation" as shall fill the house at every performance. There is of course no hope that we may hear new music, the management will risk nothing but a repetition of approved "money earners." But these even can be depended on only

when certain singers are in the cast. "Carmen" is worthless without Calvé, and we do not even try to imagine "Faust" without John de Reszke; the mind revolts at the mere idea. Yet after a time even these supreme attractions fail to stir our sluggish taste, and there begin "all star" performances again. And still the managers fail.

What is to be done? Europe is ransacked for its greatest artists, they spread their choicest pearls before us, and we refuse to impoverish ourselves to hear them. What can be said? That we are hopelessly unappreciative and unmusical, in fact not unlike other animals who are said to be unable to recognize pearls? Not a whit. It is an emphatic and often reiterated warning to all, that the American people will neither be bulldozed nor cajoled into paying an exorbitant and unnecessary amount even for opera. The sooner those interested realize this fact the better. If they wish further proof the way is wide open for more failures. If fifty years have not sufficed to convince them perhaps a hundred will.

It is not by extravagant prices to hear celebrities that opera can be brought near the mass. The German, the Frenchman, the Italian, need no such bribe to entice them to the opera house. Not until love for the music draws them thither does opera mean anything.

Opera! What does it stand for? What does it mean? What useful purpose does it serve in the community that its home should be thrown open to the public? Just that of a great orchestra, a gallery of painting and sculpture, a public library. Like these the opera is one of the educating forces of the day, and should be considered from the same high standpoint. The library and the gallery have won their recognized place in civilized life; no one thinks of questioning them. The orchestra has its place half won. The opera house in America is still a nebulous possibility wrapped in the mystery of the future.

Let us for the present disabuse our minds of questions about practicability. Let us only consider whether the theory be correct, and rest assured that if it be in good time we shall see it an accomplished fact.

It may be taken for granted that nothing can serve two masters; nor opera, art and Mammon. It may also be considered a fact that opera in America has known no other god but Mammon. As there has never been enough to satisfy

his demands only stray crumbs have ever fallen to the lot of art.

The gallery and the library are too firmly established, too far in advance of the present demand for opera, to be of value in illustration. The orchestra, however, is just a case in point. Our resident orchestras have so recently become a part of our civilization, are so allied to opera in character and purpose, have been established on lines so nearly like those that opera demands, that we cannot do better than consider the principle on which they have been formed. The Boston Symphony, the oldest and most firmly fixed, will best serve. The organizations which had preceded it and had so educated the public taste of Boston as to make it possible, had for one reason or another fallen into decay. There followed a few years during which there was no permanent organization, and the music lovers were anxiously casting about for some feasible plan whereby they could again enjoy that noblest form of music. For it is a fact, which tells more plainly than anything else could, the value of noble music, that no community that has ever had a resident orchestra has ever again been content to live without one. Finally one true lover of music, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, determined to give his native city the benefit of a great artistic experiment on broad artistic lines. He believed an orchestra to be one of the greatest of educational forces, and as such he planned that it should be brought within reach of all capable of appreciating what it had to tell. So the corner stone of his structure was moderate prices, such as all with any love for music in their souls could afford to pay. Next his orchestra must be complete in every part, as nearly perfect as could be, that it might adequately fulfill its purpose. Of his success in forming an orchestra it is needless to speak. The interesting part to us is his method of making the orchestra "popular," and paying the expenses. Music Hall, the orchestra's home, seats, roughly speaking, three thousand people. The seats he divided into two classes to be sold for the season, the more expensive at twelve dollars, the less at seven dollars and fifty cents. As the season consisted of twenty-four concerts the most expensive seat cost but fifty cents for each concert. Such was the generous plan on which he had formed the orchestra, that though every seat in the house were sold for the season, there would yet be a deficit. This he stood ready to pay, and did pay year after year, to the

extent some seasons of as much as sixty thousand dollars. Out of his abundance he was willing to contribute a princely share that all might enjoy a princely feast. How well the public of Boston has appreciated his generosity in spite of the jeers and wise sayings of the knowing ones is a matter of history. The orchestra has grown into such popularity that the original purpose has been in a measure defeated. The demand for tickets is such that now all are sold at auction, even as high as one hundred and thirty dollars premium being paid for a single twelve dollar seat. But such a gratifying result could never have been, had not Mr. Higginson believed in the power of music and nobly stood by his belief year after year in the face of what might well have seemed a disheartening deficit.

The purpose of that orchestra should be the purpose of every art; to educate, to make life better worth living. It is the simplest kind of a proposition that this is impossible unless the art be brought within reach of the great mass. The value of a public library or a gallery is never reckoned by the amount of money it makes, but by the number of people it reaches. So, too, should the value of an orchestra or an opera house be estimated. A library or gallery cannot be maintained without endowments, nor an opera house without a subsidy. An orchestra does not require nearly so great an expenditure as an opera, yet it cannot be supported without a subsidy. How, then, can an opera be expected to maintain itself merely as a business by what the current public pays? It cannot. It never has nor never will, here or anywhere.

In spite of the subsidy necessary for an orchestra, we have at least eight firmly established. The Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, the Damrosch, Seidl and Philharmonic of New York, the Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Buffalo orchestras, and many smaller and less permanent. Perhaps the main reason for their continued success is the entire absence of the money making desire. They are supported by the music lovers for the art alone; the only desire is to administer the finances as economically as is consistent with the standard to be maintained. Business management there must be. But in place of standing like an incubus paralyzing every effort for art, with eyes only on the box office, as in opera, the manager is relegated to his proper position of caring for purely business matters. To successfully care for all these intricate de-

tails requires especial capacity and should be adequately recompensed. To be adequately recompensed for work done and to speculate on the wealth and taste of a community as a business venture, are, however, very different things.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has for years had the services of a most able manager. The innumerable and highly important details of his department have been most excellently cared for, and beyond question much of the practical success of the orchestra is due to him. But the vital questions, those concerning the conductor, the personnel of the orchestra, the music to be played and the prices to be charged, these were all decided by those whose only interest was for art. There is in this a difference so great between the establishments of our orchestras and our opera that they may not be compared. But a complete change of basis can make the one permanent and successful as the other is. Not until the business management and the directorate of the opera are completely separated is there hope for opera.

Then what prospect is there that so radical a reform can be brought about? Many seem to labor under the impression that the only form of subsidy is governmental, and having demonstrated to their own satisfaction that such is impossible in this country, consider the matter settled. Not at all. Had our forefathers waited for government aid we should have neither libraries, galleries, nor orchestras. Their beginnings were all due to far-seeing private gentlemen. To that same generous spirit the opera in turn must look for aid. Indeed, it is to them that we are indebted for what opera we have to-day. The Metropolitan Opera Company is made possible only through the subsidy granted by the box holders. But though they have granted this subsidy the entire management has always rested with men who were giving opera merely as a business venture.

Our men of wealth. Think of the vast sums they control; the princely manner in which they have already endowed schools, colleges, libraries, galleries and orchestras all over the land! There remains yet one other struggling for recognition, the opera. Will not some one from his abundance provide that it, too, may become a power among us? Need the value of what it has to tell be dwelt on? Are there enlightened men and women who feel that its influence is other than ennobling? There are, to be sure, men and women of wealth

who care nothing for music. There are those, too, who never read Shakespeare nor the poets. We need not consider them. But is there a man who has been stirred to his depths at some magnificent performance of opera, who has not felt that it satisfied certain emotional demands of his finer nature that naught else could reach? Is there not some one among them who will feel the generous impulse to make such an experiment in opera as Mr. Higginson made for the orchestra?

All who love music are not people of wealth. They may hear magnificent performances of all the masterpieces for orchestra; all the oratorios. But from opera they are practically debarred. The great mass of the people is full of appreciation for the arts. The writers, the painters, the sculptors, the poets, the musicians almost without exception come from their ranks. All else is within their reach. Bring opera there, too, and see if they fail of appreciation any more than their brothers in Europe.

The thing once brought to mind and carefully considered is not so difficult of accomplishment. It does not demand a great company that shall give special performances every night in the week, and travel all over the country at ruinous expense. Let it be localized and begin modestly. Most important of all let it be made permanent for a reasonable period, say three to five years, at moderate prices, and see if the public spirit of each city be not so aroused in such a manner as shall make it a fixture.

When the yachting honor of our country is at stake what magnificent amounts are expended to defend it. The sums required for building the several boats, only one of which can be chosen, would subsidize opera in half a dozen cities. Will not our men of wealth one day feel at least a portion of that interest in opera they do for yachting?

Suppose this should come to pass, how should a practical beginning be made? Let us take our own city and consider what might be done here. First of all let it be considered an experiment in establishing opera on a basis for art and the people, and let time enough be provided, for the original mistakes may be rectified and all be adapted to the conditions here. Let plans be made for a season of ten or twelve weeks. There is a home ready to hand, the Auditorium. This is usually idle several evenings each week and could be engaged for three performances a week, which is ample. In Munich at the

Court Opera there are never more than five, usually but four performances each week. An adequate orchestra may be formed of resident musicians. Artists there are without number. There is, to be sure, but one de Reszke. Yet opera managed to exist before his birth, and is to-day thriving in many parts of the world without him. A truly magnificent company could be formed to-day of English-speaking singers: Melba, Nordica, Eames, de Lussan, Sybil Sanderson, Duma, Ben Davies, Hedmont, Bispham, O'Sullivan, Ludwig. Were more desired they would relearn their roles in English in a month's time. There was one relearned a part always sung in Italian, and sang it in English with great success on twenty-four hours' notice. Directors we have resident, the peers of any. As for the chorus, think of the hordes of voice students who would joyfully accept such positions for the education of it. Should there be some dramatic crudities at first it would go hard if a season's training would not at least make them worthy of rank with their artistic ancestors of the Metropolitan Company. Think of what our singers have accomplished during these years when they have been driven abroad for experience and opportunity. What might we not expect if in their own home and in their own tongue they could master their art?

What would be the expense of such an undertaking? A season of English opera was given in London last winter where such operas as "The Valkyrie" and "The Mastersingers" were given with great artistic and financial success, and not one singer received as much as one hundred and fifty dollars a performance. Last winter when John de Reszke and Melba sang together here, leaving out of account what supporting artists, orchestra and chorus received, it cost two thousand seven hundred dollars. Is it a wonder the manager fails? The same operas could be adequately given here for less than is required for these two artists alone. It is not a question open to doubt. It has been proved on the barren soil of England.

To make opera a success here in America we do not need "celebrities" who demand exorbitant salaries any more than they are needed in France or Germany. But we do need opera sung in our own tongue, by our own singers, at moderate prices. Above all, it must be understood that it is to be permanent; that a full

opportunity will be given both the artists and the public for acquaintance and friendship. How many of the best of German musicians attracted by our orchestral establishments have come to this country, thrown in their lot with ours and become naturalized American singers, to the lasting benefit of music! Let there be a career offered singers here and they would flock to our shores. Then the stupidity of "American prices" would die a natural death. There are great artists to-day who would gladly accept engagements to sing here in their home at such salaries as would make opera possible, but they are debarred. Unless they are "celebrities" and come in the one great company they are completely shut out of their own homes. All the materials are ready for any generous man who dares to use them.

Never was a new departure made that the majority did not predict its dire failure. But this of opera has been so prepared that there is the greatest prospect of success. The people have been demanding something of the sort for years. The public press has agitated the question. It is the subject of conversation everywhere that musicians meet. Will not some be desirous of the glory of standing as the founder of our opera?

For after all there is such a thing in America as civic pride. The people of Chicago gave a memorable proof but a few years since. Let them but once have an opera on which to pride themselves and they will make it the peer of any in the world. Never has opera thrived in any land except it appealed to the people in their own homes and in their own tongue. So will it be with us. France and Germany were content to learn of Italy. We have patiently studied of all three. But now that we know our lesson let us, too, stand upon our own feet as men. Gentlemen of wealth, the way is open to you again to be the benefactors of our nation. Will you accept the duty?

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MR. BRAHMS AGAIN.

BY LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

Johannes Brahms is once more in contention, and it appears he is still giving offence to some of the critics. Brahms' first great offence was in his "discovery" by Schumann, who called him the "Neue Messias." This unfortunate happening was followed later on by the hot words of that man of strong opinion, Hans Von Bulow, who announced himself as a firm believer in the new master, and audaciously and alliteratively named him one of a great trinity of B's, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, the latter a traveler in new paths.

This triune musical deity is not worshipped in perfect faith by Mr. Henry Finck, and in turn by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, a more recent adverse critic. The gentlemen deny the right of Brahms' companionship with the great masters, Bach and Beethoven, and even go so far as to claim that Schumann's discovery was over-estimated, and that Brahms, far from ranking with the great masters, is being "found out;" that is, "exposed" and proven a very tyro in composition, a man without musical concept or expressional idea.

The latest of these "exposures" of Mr. Brahms is from the pen of our otherwise genial and talented fellow countryman, Mr. Kelley, who, in the "Looker On," recently affected to tell us "why Brahms fails to inspire us."

Perhaps Von Bulow was hasty in deifying Brahms and putting him in such excellent company on the musical Olympus (or is it Walhalla?), but really Brahms is not to blame for his devoted friend's exalted and exalting ardor in his behalf, and if the critics of to-day wish to deny the real discovery of "new paths" in Brahms' work there is still no call for attempts to prove that the great symphonist is not a worthy composer. Yet Mr. Kelley, following the steps of Mr. Finck, would really have us believe that Brahms does not give us pleasure, and that this is because he does not make music which will stand the tests of science or of good taste.

Mr. Kelley's title is somewhat presuming, for it starts us in his "exposure," with the assertion (implied) that "we" are not

fond of Brahms' music, while in fact there are many, very many musicians and amateurs, who find musical comfort in the works of the man of Hamburg, and it may be safely said that a great deal of his music finds popular appreciation, especially judging from the reception of his lovely songs.

So it will not be unfair to claim that Mr. Kelley has made a mistake in his grammar, and must be understood as intending to use the pronoun in first person singular instead of plural, thus making his critico-exposure paper read "Why Brahms fails to inspire me," or it may be that "us" could be transformed into "Mr. Finck and me."

Settling this little point, then we may look into the exposure, or, as the essayist has it, the "finding out" of Mr. Brahms. Mr. Kelley holds with Mr. Finck that Brahms' music does not "sound well."

Let us experiment for a minute with the "deadly parallel" logic. In the "Pianist and Organist" of last month Mr. Kelley has an excellent paper on "The Art of Fault-Finding," from which we quote the following: "It is in all probability impossible to find an unvarying criterion by which one can measure 'and weigh the merits of a work of art.' * * * "We can "see how important it is that the fault-finder should, as far as "possible, put himself in sympathy with the artist." Mr. Kelley also quotes M. Anatole France as follows: "There is no "such thing as objective criticism; we are shut up in our personalities, as it were, in a perpetual prison. In order to be "perfectly frank, the critic ought to say: 'Gentlemen, I propose "to talk about myself with regard to Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal or Goethe.' It is a very good pretext. Such is subjective "criticism, and we can see how important it is that the fault-finder should, as far as possible, put himself in sympathy with "the artist."

From all the above it will be seen that Mr. Kelley really counts individual gratification on the part of the critic-listener as of very little importance in estimating the value of an art product; and from his own reasonings we learn that because a critic does not find a composition to "sound well" is no true reason for condemnation, for, far from revealing intrinsic worthlessness, it may only argue a mood, a caprice or a false standard of judgment. In other words, poor taste on the part of the critic; and from his own reasoning we therefore conclude that Mr. Kelley's (or Mr. Finck's) distaste for Brahms'

music proves nothing against it, or against its claims for beauty. Besides this fact, this negative argument supporting the claims of the believers in Mr. Brahms, there also remains the very positive fact that to the majority of musically-intelligent listeners Brahms' music does "sound well."

But Mr. Kelley, after all, is not so simple as to put himself entirely at the mercy of the "parallel;" he gives reasons for his particular judgment of Mr. Brahms.

In these, however, it cannot be claimed by the most devoted admirers of Mr. Kelley or the bitterest anti-Brahmsite that the essayist is very convincing, although much erudition is shown.

Mr. Kelley, following the example of Mr. Finck, and, indeed, fixing his theories on the latter's charges, holds that Brahms employs themes for ideas; that his music lacks dramatic characterization; lacks sensuous beauty; in pianoforte music it lacks the true piano characteristic (the Chopinesque arpeggiated style); and that his orchestral coloring is "austere and reticent." All of this sums the great composer up most disastrously, and reveals him almost a charlatan.

Laying aside all those points of Mr. Kelley's charges against the music of Brahms, which are so clearly matters of taste or of subjectiveness, we may perhaps with benefit take a brief look at the remaining and most important items of criticism: First, the paucity of idea; second, the unscientific manner of pianoforte and orchestral writing, resulting in non-Chopinesque figures in piano works and austere, reticent color, in the orchestra. As to ideas and their real value in musical composition, who can decide? When we see the stupendous structures of Beethoven, with foundation figures so slight in importance; when we see what is done by Wagner, with themes of two or three tones, which gain their force through rhythmic variety and harmonization, rather than any peculiar tonal significance or beauty; when we see so much of really soulful music wrought out of mere scalewise melodic sequences, of what significance is it to say that a composer uses themes instead of ideas?

What is a theme if not an idea? It may not be original, but after the fifth symphony with its theme of two scale tones we may well say that themes count for little alongside of ability in development.

The figure quoted by Mr. Kelley in thirds, fifths and sixths (a plain horn figure), which the critic claims to be a favorite musical expression of Brahms', is, to be sure, a common-place

figure, so trite, indeed, that the simple statement of it is but little more suggestive of a work's importance than the quotation of a scale or plain chord. What we want to know is, how is this old text used? What is its "answer?" What its rhythmic and harmonic figuration and variety? Beethoven opens his lovely *L'Adieux* Sonata with this figure, and it plays a most fascinating roll in the Schumann concerto first movement, and as Mr. Kelley says that he, with others, is "forced to admit the enormous technic" of Brahms, it is a natural conclusion that he knows the art of development, and since such men as Schumann and Von Bulow found delight in this music, it is but fair to assume that the fault is with the listener, rather than with the maker of the music, notwithstanding the triteness of some of Brahms' themes.

Mr. Kelley admits the "enormous technic" of Brahms, yet tells us that he (Brahms) lacks a comprehension of the acoustic laws with which good music must comply, so that in his piano music especially he fails to "sound well," because his style is not light, arpeggiated, as is Chopin's. The examples cited are particularly ill adapted to prove this assertion for, thought Mr. Kelley fails to tell us the fact, the Weber Rondo in C and the Chopin F Minor Etude are transcriptions for left hand, and necessarily these pieces thus changed as to position on the keyboard for the sake of left-hand study will lose their original color, and inevitably sound more sombre, thicker. Mr. Kelley's reference to these two piano pieces savors of insincerity, for they are in no sense indicative of Brahms' real style of composition, as the works were limited first by a judicious adherence to the original composition, so far as melodic and harmonic structure are concerned, and, second, by the still more trying circumstance of transposition of the melodic part to the lower end of the piano.

Mr. Kelley goes to great pains to show wherein Brahms fails to reach us with his orchestral color, which he calls "gray, austere and reticent." The scientific explanation of the proper and improper distribution of chordal tones are all clear, and no doubt correct, so far as theory can take us, but, after all, they bring us to no definite conclusions, except that A prefers chords not closely built near the bass and with sparing use of thirds, while B finds no difficulty in clearly hearing these heavy and closely woven harmonies, and rather enjoys them.

Chopin's style is clear, and, in a harmonic sense, bright and

lucid to us of to-day, and Mr. Kelley calls it the real and only true style, especially for piano; yet Moscheles declared Chopin's style bizarre and incomprehensible, with harmonies too thick and clumsy for his liking. Then, again, many critics have sneered at Chopin for this very quality of clearness, and his arpeggios have served to name him a "trivial," "lady-like" salon composer.

All of us who have heard much of Chopin realize that his was a peculiarly pianistic music, but with all of his harp-like tendencies we have found much of deeper intent in his spirit, and when he is revealed in the fullness of his genius, even his arpeggios step far away from any tinkling humor.

Chopin, however, as Mr. Kelley suggests, seldom used full chords in the bass, and this has proved to be a great charm in his composition, but to say that, because Chopin handled his chords thus open and in their most brilliant positions, does not argue that such a condition is the only true one. Aside from the piano color of his work there remains the fact that Chopin never learned to shape his thoughts for orchestra at all, and to refer us to him in our estimation of the genius of Brahms, is to ask us to compare two radically different creative conditions.

Chopin's powers of musical expression were limited, his style was elegant and his thoughts poetic and highly emotional.

In the development of thematic matter he always lapsed into elegance of piano figuration, often with very little of depth, and it must be confessed that his most brilliant writing was throughout of a sameness of outline. Chopin's genius cannot be called versatile and it appears doubtful that had he lived longer and entered into broader fields of writing, such as choral and orchestral compositions, he would have enhanced his fame to any degree.

That Brahms' piano works will ever reach the popular favor already accorded to Chopin is doubtful, but to compare these two men and to draw conclusions as to Brahms' powers by contrasting his works with works of Chopin can never bring us to any true findings as to the former's worth. Brahms has entered every field of composition, and always with distinction. Chopin in his own style stands pre-eminent, but his limited field leaves him as limited as a standard upon which to base judgments of others.

The assertion of Mr. Kelly that Chopin revolutionized piano-forte composition, and especially because of his scientific hand-

ling of choral masses, particularly in arpeggiated figures, is certainly an over-estimate of the historical value of Chopin's work, great as it was. Even the sentimental Thalberg understood perfectly the nature of the powerful lower strings of the modern grand piano, and his writings show as keen an appreciation of brilliant, scintillating grace in passage figuration as does Chopin's, though of course lacking in the poetic spirit and general breadth and variety. Chopin's path was not new in this direction, although it was greatly broadened and developed many new ideas.

Mr. Kelley will at least concede that the acoustic laws governing the vibrations of a pianoforte string, which he so clearly expounds in his essay, must be known to Brahms and his indirect charge that this composer commits an offense against science (perhaps unwittingly) is not substantiated by the evidence presented.

The examples of dissonant tones resulting from the use of chordal masses taken from Brahms' scores, appear horrifying, but no one who can comprehend the statements of Mr. Kelley, and his examples, will recall any such effects as are shown; for instance, as the resultant dissonances of a close chord of C in the lower bass staff, with its clashing of major and minor seconds, augmented primes, etc. All of this, however, appears plausible in print, and would seem to be a crushing argument against Brahms, but the question at once arises, "Do these effects follow as shown in the explanatory cuts of Mr. Kelley's paper?"

There will be found very few, if any, listeners to Brahms' music, who will admit having heard any such cacophony as Mr. Kelley would have us believe is an element in Brahms' music and as shown by his illustrations.

This study of "harmonics" into which Mr. Kelley has dipped so deep has led many writers into difficulties, there are so many conditions controlling these overtones that it is never safe to establish or to attempt to establish a code of laws for all conditions from results in evidence in one condition.

Harmonics is a problem of the organ builder, who goes so far as to supply overtones by the use of mutation stops, mixtures, etc., so also he gains body of tone by the use of doubles (16 ft. tone).

The music page shows nothing of the possible brilliancy or sombre quality which will follow the playing of a close common

triad of C written for the middle of the organ key-board. What would Mr. Kelley do, if he had to compute the resultant harmonics to this chord, with its 16 ft., 8 ft., and 4 ft. tones with 12th, 15th and mixtures?

According to his theory, so elaborately worked out and urged against Brahms, such a chord would sound as a choir of howling dervishes making especial riot. How is it then that a grand organ played "full," gives us musical pleasure, indeed inspires us? The answer is "in the balance." The builder, if he knows his business, subdues the harsher conditions, blends the qualities or colors, "voices" the pipes, so as to avoid undue prominence of overtones and gives a softness to the heavy doubles which destroys their obtrusive character.

It would be folly to show a reader this chord and upon the same musical staff note the theoretical overtones, and upon the appearance of this dissonant mass, proclaim the chord as unendurable as it appears. Yet that is the character of Mr. Kelley's chief argument against Brahms.

To play Brahms is a more than technically difficult task; it requires great mental power, not only that the mere fingering of his piano work is unusually difficult, nor that the meaning is below the surface, but the fullest possibilities of the piano-forte (as far as now known) must be revealed, and this requires keen "color feeling" and subtle power on the player's part. Those deep, close chords, so full of mysterious romanticism, require something more subtle than the ordinary pounding touch, and here again we find the true artist player as before the artist organ builder, and we know him by the color balance he controls.

Brahms' piano music does sound well (as to color) when Paderewski or Joseffy is at the piano; they can and do prove that the music is not "muddy."

So also in Brahms' orchestral music (which Mr. Kelley concludes is largely transcribed from piano scores) the heavy sombre chords are not carelessly or ignorantly thrown in, they are there for real purposes, and if conductor and players will search for balance, through a proper co-ordination and subordination of the various voices, many of these dark appearing harmonies will "sound well" and not only musically or sensually enticing, but especially in the case of the more serious of Mr. Brahms' works, prove romantically significant and of emotional purpose.

After all, Mr. Kelley's philosophy of fault finding (as quot-

ed above) and his close investigation of Brahms' music specifically, only prove the futility of objective music criticism.

We are never able to define the limits of "new paths;" we seldom recognize genius that travels untrod ways, until we have ourselves learned the spirit of the new lines. There are extremes that appeal at once to us. We know cheap, trivial, vulgar stuff from that which bears the stamp of sincerity and good musicianship; we know the effects of color balance; it may be said that we know at once the voice of genius, yet with all our musical culture, we estimate the value of music mainly by the fact that it pleases us or does not do so.

Brahms' adverse critics call his music austere, non-inspiring, and altogether unmusical, but their arguments usually amount to no more than an expression of its effect upon themselves.

We have never known of either Mr. Finck or Mr. Kelley as a piano virtuoso, and consequently when one of these gentlemen says that he has "just completed a review of a number of Brahms' works," we are in doubt as to the interpretation; therefore, conclusions drawn from the thick appearance of the bass chords, and their theoretical sound according to laws of physics, carry no more than a purely subjective weight in argument.

But Mr. Kelley frankly says that this "scientific" test is only now applied after twenty years of effort to appreciate the music of the master in dispute. If then, we have shown the weakness of the scientific test, there remains nothing but the impressions of Mr. Kelley to combat.

Mr. Kelley is one of our representative composers, a man whose earnestness and sincerity, as well as whose fine musicianship, musicians have found frequent occasion to commend. As a colorist, Mr. Kelley is in the advance van; he delights in vivid hues, which are at times almost garish; many critics have named his work vulgar, which it certainly is not, but it all reveals his temperament as of that type which delights in high, brilliant tints. His subjects are unique, often approaching the sensational, yet always decorous and withal delightful.

Brahms is almost ascetic; he is lucid enough to people who enjoy philosophical musings in tone. Many people find him romantic to a degree, and he is looked upon by his admirers as a legitimate successor to Schubert and Schumann.

Here for instance is an opinion of Brahms by that eminent composer and theorist, Ebenezer Prout, a high authority in England on orchestration. The quotation is from Mr. Prout's

paper, "The Orchestra in 1800 and in 1900," read recently at the conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, Edinburgh:

"Brahms, who may be, in many respects, considered as the direct successor of Schumann, is far superior to him as a writer for orchestra. As a composer Brahms shows an interesting combination of the classical and the romantic schools. His method of harmonization and his complex rhythms, with their frequent syncopation and cross-accents, are distinctly romantic; his treatment of form, and still more, his instrumentation, are classical, and in a measure even conservative. I said above that his orchestration showed the influence of Schubert. I do not imply by this any direct imitation; but Brahms shares with his great predecessor that exquisite feeling for tone-color, that insight into the genius of each separate instrument, that makes Schubert's scores so delightful to read or to hear.

"By some of his combinations Brahms gets entirely new tints from the orchestra. Listen to the opening chorus of the 'Deutsches Requiem,' 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' and notice the effect obtained by the suppression of the violins throughout the movement, and the division of the violas and violoncellos, with the addition of a few sustained notes of the horns—a tone-color subdued without being too gloomy, and admirably in keeping with the sentiment of the music. Or look again at the funeral march which begins the following chorus: 'For all flesh is as grass.' Here the muted violins and violas are divided into six parts, and doubled by the wood-wind, while the kettle-drums *pianissimo* have a strongly marked rhythmic figure. These are but two examples out of many I could give from Brahms' scores. His symphonies, especially the second (in D) are full of delightful effects. In one of his works, the Serenade in A (Op. 16) Brahms has shown that, like most of the great masters, he does not need a very large orchestra to obtain charming effects. The Serenade is scored only for two each of flutes, oboes, clarionets, bassoons, and horns, with violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, no violins being employed; but there are few works which contain more charming coloring than this."

Mr. Kelley fails to find any of this in Brahms. He has searched for 3rds and 6ths and concluded that Brahms has no ideas; his orchestral color Mr. Kelley does not enjoy and he would wish us to believe that there is no good in the great composer.

The essayist has passed by those lovely songs, that majestic "German Requiem," the many beautiful piano pieces which have not "thick bottoms," those lovely early orchestral "Serenades," the piano quartette, even the brilliant Hungarian Dances, not to number the many beauty spots in the symphonies, etc. Mr. Kelley has forgotten to pay tribute to the undoubted sincerity of a great man, to his staunch devotion to the purest of ideals.

Chopin, the man of one style, who never reached beyond the pianoforte in his creative work, is lauded as exemplar. Brahms is condemned as deficient in dramatic characterization, a form of expression which he has sedulously avoided in his sincere advocacy for pure music without sensational or emotional accessories. Brahms, 'tis true, will not be affected, but the field of criticism is somewhat clouded by such essays, and when a composer of the highest rank is assailed by a fellow-composer, who stigmatizes his brother-artist as a mere tyro, a user of students' "bettel-terzen" (beggars' thirds), etc., etc., it appears a proper thing for the writer of such a scathing critique to add, as Mr. Kelley has done in this case, "an apology."

Brahms may not prove so great an influence in the world as his discoverer, Schumann, and apostle, Von Bulow, predicted; this, time alone can tell, but he has already proved himself the supreme mind in recent symphonic work and with Tschaikowski and Dvorak, stands as one of the three real symphonists of his generation.

It is not our purpose to show particular cause for the world's appreciation of this great man, but instead, to try to show wherein Mr. Kelley has failed to prove his case against him.

The few examples given and the scientific reasoning applied to them are not conclusive; they do not display the facts; they only express an individual opinion and state isolated conditions.

We have more faith in Mr. Kelley's music than in his logic, and if he will wish to convert the world to an anti-Brahms faith, he will need to show a deeper consideration for the Hamburg composer's work, and prove to us that his eye and pen are not on hypercriticism bent.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

It seems curious to me that certain distinguished American musicians should have cared to go upon record as having "found out" Johannes Brahms to be no great composer, and as having failed to inspire them. This is what that excellent critical writer, Mr. Harry G. Finck, of the New York "Evening Post," and the clever American composer, Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, have lately done in "The Looker On."

Undoubtedly Brahms is a nut for the on-coming musician to crack. As pianoforte composer he shows a new technic for the instrument and demands great finesse of touch; add to these qualities that he is liable to run into very unusual forms of ideas, and you have a combination of qualities liable to leave the best intended efforts in doubt as to whether the music is beyond the player or the player beyond the music. If one happens to feel that way in Beethoven, as in some of the later sonatas for instance, there is the assured fact of the Beethoven reputation. It is almost certain that the music is still beyond the player—although this point has also been disputed within a recent historical period. But Brahms is as yet no Beethoven, even if the late clear-seeing, irascible and erratic Hans von Bulow ranked him with Bach and Beethoven as one of "the three great B's." Brahms is still alive; many of his works have not reached the concert room often enough to become familiar and to be felt at their true expression. Hence it is still in a sense an open question whether posterity will occupy itself in enlarging the Brahms halo or in paring it down to a due proportion.

Still, I do not see how any good musician can fail to see that Brahms is the foremost of living masters of music. His ideas are larger, his treatment immeasurably more masterly and his tonal fantasy more novel than any other composer can show. When the symphony in E minor was played at the Chicago concerts last winter there was a genuine appreciation, especially for the slow movement, which almost gained the compliment of being redemanded. When Mr. Joseffy played

the pianoforte concerto it made a delightful effect. The songs are universally admired. And even if one were inclined to call Brahms less sensitive to the musically beautiful than Beethoven or Schubert, for instance, there is, in the wide range of his musical fancy and the unquestionable vigor of it, a quality which betokens mastership. If we find Brahms lucid, beautiful, poetically sensitive and singable within the limits of the song, should we not on a priori grounds predict similar qualities in these larger and more elaborate tonal fantasies, to the adequate performance of which so very few interpreters are as yet quite equal?

While I do not myself profess to understand the whole of Brahms' works, and in point of fact have heard but a small number of them, there is in such masterpieces as the Variations upon the themes by Paganini, Handel, and his own original opus 21, evidence of mastership of the first order. A composer able to do these things, able? nay, throwing them off as play! is capable of anything in the musical line. And so where personal knowledge stops I go on by faith, expecting later to know more about all these other creations.

Brahms deserves all this that Finck and Kelley are giving him—and more. He has committed the unpardonable sin. He has been original. When artists commit this sin they are brayed in the critical mortar during their whole lifetimes; in order that a mushroom reputation may grow more rapidly as soon as they are dead. Some men once admirers of Brahms have given him up. Dr. Mason is one of these. Originally the foremost of American supporters of the master from Hamburg, he is now upon the other side. He thinks that Brahms has gone too far. I do not understand whether it is that Brahms has written too much or lived too long. But his one-time supporter is so no longer. Mr. Thomas, on the contrary, whom the young William Mason introduced to the Brahms cult, is still the fast admirer of Brahms as the very greatest of living masters. Indeed, he considers that in the highest sense Brahms is the only living symphonist.

Brahms is a curious product of the age. At the very moment when he is ready to condemn Wagner and the Wagnerian methods, his own harmonic processes are little, if any, less advanced and revolutionary. This, however, is a large question—too large for present consideration.

The truth is Brahms is still a little ahead of us. There is

rapidly coming on a race of young pianists able to play his works, and when interpreted by such masters as Joseffy, Paderewski, Godowsky and the like, Brahms has a strange and masterly charm. It is a new world into which he takes us—just as Schumann said. Sudden glimpses into illimitable vistas, suggestions of sentiment, a headlong flow of Olympian power, moments of tenderness which Schumann would have recognized as one of those occasions when for the first time congenial spirits understand each other—these and many other beautiful novelties come to realization in the compositions of Brahms.

* * *

Speaking of the race of pianists capable of dealing with the works of Brahms, it is time. We are nearing the end of the century. At the middle of this century Liszt had reached the zenith of his powers as pianist and as writer for the instrument. He was alone. The talented boys by his side were able to play here and there one of his works; but there was absolutely no one who could reproduce the whole of the Liszt mastery of the pianoforte. This mastery was greater and far higher upon the artistic side than is commonly supposed. Along with the interlocking passages, so brilliant when well done, and so inexpensive to the player, there are many moments where a refined and sensitive tonal sense comes to the front. The tours of force were to afford contrasts. But Liszt was not a player who habitually played fortissimo. This is sure from the works.

I suppose that Liszt must have been himself the inspirer of all the advances since. Take for instance that astonishing piece of musical condensation and fullness, Bulow's pianoforte score of Wagner's "Mastersingers," or Tausig's still more monumental condensation of that marvel of musical complication, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Here the two masters but followed the way which Liszt had long ago shown in his transcriptions of Berlioz's symphony and overture, and the little known arrangement of the overture to "Tannhauser." In these arrangements, which are even now beyond the powers of any but pianists of a very high order, the qualities which are demanded are finesse of touch, illimitable technic, and an exquisite sense of musical values. The same qualities come to expression in Bulow's transposition of the great quintet from the "Mastersingers." What he has done is to put the en-

tire piece upon the keyboard, under the fingers of the player; and when well done it is like a dream, full of refined and exquisite sensibility, emotional, palpitating—the very soul-throbs of Walter and Eva.

In this kind of playing the musical idea and the feeling behind the musical idea are the sole objects of attention. Technic is taken for granted. The display of the artist lies in his entirely sinking himself and his art, and of raising on high the immortal creation of Wagner, the five parts of which sing themselves with individual feeling under the quiet fingers of the pianist. Never a moment for display, no climax, merely an exquisite subsiding in the short coda—what could a virtuoso have been thinking of to imagine that a piece of this character could be mistaken for a “piano solo?” Yet it is to precisely this sort of piano playing the world is coming. It is the same art as that of Bach in his ever-fresh preludes and fugues—pieces which under dry names cover a world of sentiment, imagination and free tonal fantasia. In these also a like abstinence from display; a like exalting of the purely musical expression.

It is time, I say, when the century is nearly closed, that this new art of piano playing should become disseminated among the masses.

* * *

Speaking of new things, I had the pleasure lately of hearing Mr. Godowsky read the Concerto by Ludwig Schytte, in which Mr. Rosenthal will make his appearance. The work is very brilliant and musical. Schytte is a Danish composer, I believe, and in the second movement of this work he is a little like Grieg and Svendsen. It is simple, naive, and effective. The technic is very largely of the interlocking variety, in which running passages, seemingly of extreme difficulty, are produced by the co-operation of the two hands and at comparatively little expense to the player. In point of brilliancy it resembles the Liszt concerto in E flat, which, however, in its third movement is more difficult than any part of this of Schytte. The finale of the Schytte concerto is extremely brilliant, and I shall be very much surprised if it does not produce a great effect.

* * *

I have been trying to get a quiet hour to talk with Mr. Sherwood since his return from Chautauqua. As is generally

known, he has a cottage there and for two months every summer does a great deal of teaching and lecturing and playing. In the latter he covers his usual wide range, from extreme classical to the most advanced modern works—not forgetting the appealing American composers who have dedicated to him some of their works.

Mr. Sherwood has been, during the past ten years, one of the most potent factors in the general advance of this country in taste for piano playing. Along about 1876 to 1886 Mme. Rive King and the fascinating Carreno were in the foreground, while Sherwood was ranked as a scholarly player of classical principles. But the classification was unjust, Mr. Sherwood being then, as now, a virtuoso of distinguished merits, whose lot it has been to have to do pioneer work. All of us who know and admire his art regret that his opportunities for playing with first-class orchestral surroundings have not been more numerous. But this has been all the better for the country, for it has necessitated wide ranges of recital work, and appearances in many small towns where foreign artists are never heard. In fact, upon the commercial side, Mr. Sherwood has been in rather an unfortunate dilemma. To charge too much was to limit his appearances to the small numbers of places where conditions are already ripe for successfully handling piano recitals of advanced quality; while to accept lower figures, when only these were practicable for the community, was to impair his prestige—for prestige is a sort of artificial halo shining with a radiance of sixteen to one of the real thing.

Sherwood took the best course for the country, and has played and does play in all sorts of places, but always in selections such as an artist would take, and always I am sure with essential mastery of his art. And now after so many years at Chautauqua he finds there a summer public which is to a great degree composed of delegates from his public in the country at large. And so he enjoys himself and does good. These two exercises, I am told, are the main occupations of heaven. But the latter is a larger place than that by the lake at Jamestown.

* * *

I desire to drop a tear over the untimely demise of the newly-organized Chicago festival orchestra, under the direction of that excellent musician, Mr. Adolf Rosenbecker. After two concerts in Chicago the confiding infant went upon the

road. At latest accounts it was stranded somewhere in Kansas, at a point so remote that the ties were too numerous to count.

I am sorry for Rosenbecker; and doubly sorry for the sponsors of the enterprise. The time was not well selected. When the great American public goes daft in a presidential election, as it does every four years, artistic enterprises had better stand from under. Nothing succeeds at such times but certainty.

The slow music will now strike up.

* * *

Mr. Emil Liebling gave a very pleasant chamber concert at Kimball Recital Hall, October 3d, with the assistance of Mr. Adolf Weidig, violinist, and Mr. Franz Wagner, cellist. The principal selection was the splendid Schumann trio, opus 63, which went musically and enjoyably, Mr. Liebling appearing to peculiar advantage in it. He was also heard with great pleasure in the *Larghetto* from the Henselt concerto and in a mazarca of his own. I was not able to remain to hear the Mendelssohn trio, opus 49, which concluded the concert. There was a very fine and appreciative audience present. Mr. Liebling is an artist who, like so many in America, suffers from want of public encouragement. For, while he has a clientele which is large and faithful, he is not heard with the Chicago orchestra, nor is he encouraged to prepare new and important works.

* * *

I have always suspected Mr. Liebling, the artist, of a concealed fountain of enthusiasm far larger than one would imagine from the somewhat cynical terms in which he sometimes voices his thoughts. A man who for a long series of years remains true to his ideals and is always coming to the front in tasks of artistic value, must have some motive; which is the very natural one of liking certain music and of liking to introduce it to the affection of others. Mr. Liebling likes to put all this upon the commercial ground of demand and supply; I quite agree; the artist, however, has in his own individuality the demand and the supply; the public assists.

* * *

Artistic experiences are not always what they seem.

I remember that some years ago the pianist Neupert played a chamber concert in Weber Hall, assisted by Rosen-

becker and the cellist Eichheim. The main number was a trio by Rubinstein, a work extremely well adapted to Neupert's broad and musicianly style of playing, in which musical feeling and rich emotionality came to expression with remarkable clearness. Excited by the music, Neupert gave himself loose rein, while the violinist and cellist kept up as well as they could. Owing to the vigorous personality of Neupert and his musical touch, this playing made a profound impression upon all who heard it, and the newspaper critics were moved to the point where they pronounced it a "revelation" in the playing of chamber music. The next day Liebling, who had read the notices but had not heard the concert, met Eichheim and asked him about the playing. "What sort of playing was this?" asked Liebling, "which the papers are calling a revelation?" "Revelation," said Eichheim, "we were out more than two-thirds of the time."

Something I heard about Mr. Godowsky's splendid success at Worcester recalled this anecdote, although from what I hear I doubt whether either the pianist, conductor or players were actually "out" at any time in the exceedingly complicated game of guess which they interpreted upon that occasion. The facts are these: Mr. Godowsky gave the Worcester people their choice of eight concertos, among them one by Brahms, that of Tschaikowsky, and several other excellent works. The Chopin concerto in E minor was selected, and Mr. Godowsky immediately began his usual process of finding out all about it he could, in order that his interpretation and performance might be artistic in every point. Comparing the different editions it did not take him long to decide that he would play the Tausig version, which in the piano parts differs from the Chopin copy in no point except that repeated passages are made more brilliant and difficult by Tausig.

Aside from changes of this character, having no bearing upon Chopin's thought, but simply marking a part of the gain which has been made in the manner of piano playing since Chopin's time, Tausig devoted his improvements mainly to the orchestral parts. The very long orchestral passages have the disadvantage for the player that they anticipate everything he has to say; and the further disadvantage to the musician that they are very badly done, the scoring being very meager and barren. Tausig cuts them short, changing the modulATORY structure as much as necessary in order to bring around soon-

er to the solo piano part, constructing his additions out of Chopin material cleverly utilized. The accompaniments also he improved materially, but not nearly so much as he might well have done. In fact, notwithstanding all that is said about meddling with the works of great masters, the musical effect of the concerto might have been very greatly emphasized by still further additions of thematic work to the orchestral accompaniment.

When Mr. Godowsky began to practice the work he immediately saw that still further additions to the passage work would be easy for him, and at the same time intensify the brilliant effect of the work without changing Chopin's harmony or original motives in any way. In some cases he doubles passages with the left hand; in others he takes with the right hand what Tausig had left for both, and doubles this total again in the left hand. In other places he puts in a middle voice, and in many places he enriches the accompaniment which the left hand plays to melodic ideas in the right hand, in places where Chopin left them in barren condition. The melodies of the principal subjects, and their treatment he does not touch. There Chopin's treatment is sacred. It is simply a case of putting a few yards of lace and braid upon an old gown, and perhaps changing the cut slightly for an effect more "up-to-date."

Personally I became much interested in these changes, which after repeated hearings seemed to me to improve the effect very much, although enhancing the difficulty. I asked Mr. Godowsky, "Why do you put yourself to all this trouble in making these changes, which while they add enormously to the difficulties of the work are nevertheless of such a character that the casual hearer will not observe them, and many who know the concerto from piano study only will also fail to notice the astonishing nature of these things you are doing?" "Moreover," I went on, "likely as not the critics will double your dose for not giving them the Simon pure Chopin article." To which he answered, "I know very well that I shall not get any credit for this, and may even be abused on general principles; but all these changes seem to me legitimate and musical, and to bring out the Chopin idea in a more noble manner. In short I think my additions make the work only more worthy of the noble idea which Chopin had." When a man chooses to take some weeks of trouble with a purely altruistic motive

of that sort, there is nothing to say but to give him his head. But note the sequel.

The orchestra at Worcester was the Boston orchestra led by Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Paur not being back from his vacation. When Mr. Kneisel inquired in Boston about the Tausig orchestral parts of the Chopin E minor concerto, he was told that they were quite the same as those of Chopin. Accordingly when Mr. Godowsky landed in Worcester a few hours before rehearsal, he found that there was no Tausig orchestration to be had, nor was there time to have anything copied from the score he had with him, which he had been diligently mastering on the railway journey to Worcester. The situation then was this: Godowsky was prepared for the Tausig version with his own additions; in the process of learning this and working at it, the Chopin version had measurably gone out of his memory. The players had the original orchestral parts. There was only one score, and that the Tausig score which Godowsky brought. Add to these complications, the rehearsal was public. Accordingly it was with no small fear and trembling that Mr. Godowsky began to play, but everything went on successfully, and only two stops were made, in the last movement. This was encouraging, and the applause was very gratifying; but the pianist had not enjoyed the occasion, for in addition to the effort to recall the original form of the concerto, there was no end of care and anxiety lest the orchestra should fail to come in at the moment. Hence great care for good time, strong accent, and the like—to the impairment of spontaneity of interpretation. At the concert Godowsky forgot the orchestra and played the concerto, using his additions where they would answer, and the original where the additions made slight conflicts with some inner voice of the original orchestration. By unexampled good luck everything went well, and no misfortune occurred. But fancy the anxiety of Kneisel, who for scores of measures of tutti had not a note in his part to steer by and had to trust his men. At the end a great success, from orchestra, conductor, and audience alike.

But how unlike the way one thinks of such a performance.

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Some of the vicissitudes of the school book trade have lately been amusingly illustrated in Indianapolis. Last year, after the usual canvass of the merits of opposing systems, the Natural Course of music readers was adopted, and was used all the

year. It turned out, however, that the superintendent of the music, who had had but one or two years' previous experience in the school room, herself a pupil of Mr. H. E. Holt, had been bitterly opposed to the Natural Course from the first. For some reason the progress in singing was not what had been desired, and the supervisor naturally attributed the slow progress to the system. So, along in July, a communication appeared in one of the Indianapolis newspapers citing examples of the poetry in the Natural Course and holding it up to ridicule as "tommyrot," "drivel" and like soul-denying epithets.

In immediate connection, the proceedings of a session of the board of education were published in which the supervisor of music made a very tart attack upon the Natural Course and tried to get it changed, upon the ground that it was unjust to her to hamper her work with a set of books with which she was not in sympathy. Her communication was mildly indorsed by the superintendent of schools, on the ground that perhaps it was not quite fair not to give her the material which she claimed to need in order to perform good work, as she understood it. Immediately other articles appeared concerning the Natural Course, and the books were thrown out and others substituted.

The principal examples of faulty poetry cited turned out to be from the child poems of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and the other material in the readers of the course embrace perhaps more first class selections from a greater number of celebrated poets than any other set of books before the public. The other charges against the books were that they contained very few interesting songs, were not well graded, were not pleasant for the grade teachers, and so on—all of which were left on mere assertion. Curiously enough the supervisors, superintendents of schools, teachers and school authorities in scores of cities have covered these points in the most liberal manner, praising the Natural Course for just the qualities which it was claimed to have lost in Indianapolis.

The Indianapolis fracas interested me very much as an illustration of what Ruskin says, which is that the qualities commonly denied concerning prominent men are generally those in which they are strongest, and that the same principle applies to books. The Natural Course of Music, for instance, had its origin in the school room, and Mr. Ripley worked it out during many years' experience as principal of a public

school in Boston. His associate in the work, Mr. Thomas Tapper, is well known as a musician of taste and ability. Hence wholesale condemnation of the books upon the ground of school-room impracticability, or of musical barrenness, stands discredited upon a priori grounds, if there were no positive testimony from practical teachers upon these very points, or the books themselves to examine.

* * *

The sole point in which the Indianapolis supervisor of music advanced a positive principle was where she said that children learned "tune more easily than rhythm." When I read this remark I thought I must be dreaming; but I have since learned that it is publicly taught by no less an authority than Mr. H. E. Holt. Of course I hold the precise opposite of this, all musical experience being to the effect that rhythm is the fundamental source of musical delight, while tune and harmony come later. The highest appreciation of music, as an expression of intense or characteristic moods, does indeed turn more upon harmonic and tonal sensibility than upon rhythm, although even in these altitudes rhythm and rate of movement cut a very important figure. In instrumental music of the highest class, such as the sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven and other great masters, rhythm is a very strong element of attraction and charm, and much of the characteristic expression resides in the rhythm. Moreover, it is only in rhythm that a musical idea assumes proportion and formal beauty, and this which is true of the simple period is equally true of large works in their entire development as a completed musical discourse.

Rhythm is the one element of music which does not call for the assistance of the musical imagination to complete the sense. All that there is in rhythm is either fully expressed or consists of very simple relations, such as those of 2:4:8, etc., which are intuitively intelligible. Whereas in tonality we imagine with every phrase certain other tones of the scale which we suppose are to be heard in the same connection, and which are necessary for fully completing the sense. In folk music this total content of the key consists of the plain diatonic tones of the key only; in higher music the chromatic tones are added, and in the most advanced enharmonic relations are very prominent and important. It is noticeable that the most rudimentary traces of musical delight consist of rhythm only, as

when children or savages drum a single rhythmic motive over and over, for hours together, without the slightest attempt to develop it into a symmetry by associating it with some other rhythm. If to this one or two tones of the scale be added, for developing a slight melodic cadence, the music has gone higher, and so on by progressive additions of elements until the full resources of the modern orchestra are reached.

Musical education, therefore, turns upon the education of the tonal sense for harmony and melody, until the full extent of the existing tonal system has been reached; but rhythm as such will be present mainly as an agreeable incident of the lessons, rather than as an element of training requiring distinct mental application. There are, of course, a few elementary points of proportion and exact mathematical division, which have to be taught once for all; then the sense has to be formed for the effect of different kinds of measure—mainly a matter of singing in these different measures with attention to the beat and the movement and accent; and thus treated rhythm will not prove a difficult element, but the reverse.

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To return to the Indianapolis fracas, after some weeks the American Book Company had published in the Indianapolis Journal an article defending their books from the unjust charges. This communication was written and signed by the superintendent of their musical department, Mr. Clarence C. Birchard, a very experienced and far-seeing educator, numbering more friends among educators in this country than almost any other individual. This re-opened the war, and Mr. Birchard came in for a distinct share of the dose. With characteristic regard for the law of libel no charges were formulated against Mr. Birchard, but he was referred to in what was probably intended as a very contemptuous manner as "one Birchard"—which he is indeed, in fact the only one. I have received a copy of this communication, but have no space at this moment to go into Mr. Birchard's history and many interesting qualities. These we will leave for some pleasant moment in the future. Meanwhile if it is any comfort to Mr. Birchard to know it, any editor will tell him that printer's ink is one of the most soothing of emollients to an abraded surface, provided your cause is just—which in his case it is. Mr. Birchard might be referred to Virgil's line—"Tantaene animis celestibus irae," "Is it possible that the gods lose their temper?"



DR. WILLIAM MASON IN HIS STUDIO AT STEINWAY HALL.
(View Looking Towards the East.)

DR. WILLIAM MASON IN HIS STUDIO.

Everybody likes to know something of the surroundings of an eminent man whose name they have heard for many years. It is for the gratification of this taste, as well as for the interest of the studio in itself, that I give here two views of Dr. Mason's studio at Steinway hall, New York, one looking towards the west, the other towards the east. The desk at the west side of the room is where Dr. Mason is generally found when not engaged in teaching. When he plays for a visitor he generally does so upon the piano at that side. When engaged in a lesson he is always seated at the piano upon the east, as shown in the other view.

The studio is a front room in the third story, just over the Fourteenth street entrance to Steinway hall. Many years ago Dr. Mason had the room below this, now required for ware-room purposes. His place at Steinway hall has been occupied ever since the hall was built, and aside from William Steinway himself or Mr. Nahum Stetson, the comfort of no person about the house is more regarded.

The studio is well lighted by three large windows, towards the south, and the walls are covered with pictures. Those upon the east side are mainly portraits in sepia, which Dr. Mason had painted expressly from the best available originals, partly, no doubt, in order to assist a deserving artist in that specialty. Among them is a reproduction of the formerly well-known and interesting lithograph, entitled, "A Morning with Liszt," showing Liszt at the piano, surrounded by Czerny, Berlioz and Kreutzer, the violinist. The pictures upon the west side are more diversified, several excellent water colors by distinguished artists being among them.



DR. WILLIAM MASON IN HIS STUDIO AT STEINWAY HALL.
(Looking Towards the West.)

MUSIC IN MUNICH.

By Julius Klauser.

Yesterday evening I heard a memorable concert, the Ninth Abend of the Second Beethoven Cycle, each of the two Cycles comprising the nine symphonies. These concerts were given at the Kaim Saal, a new and roomy, though, acoustically, not entirely successful concert hall, equipped with a fine pipe organ and built by Dr. Kaim, a public spirited and music-loving citizen who opened his music temple to the public a year ago with an excellent orchestra and choir, also bearing his name, and founded by him. The establishing of this Kaim organization was an important event in Munich, for besides its regular popular symphony and oratorio concerts, the orchestra is available for private choral societies and artists, that have hitherto been entirely dependent upon the court orchestra, with which it was extremely difficult to arrange dates, owing to the busy season at the Royal Opera and Academy. A healthy feeling of competition has sprung up between the two organizations and of course music-loving Munichers are the gainers thereby. Both the Kaim orchestra and choir are under the training and leadership of Hermann Zumppe, formerly court conductor at Stuttgart, a middle-aged musician of high culture and unusual versatility, equally strong at rehearsal and concert, and very popular both with the forces under him and his audience.

The evening programme, devoted to Beethoven alone, opened with a clear and vigorous reading of the Coriolanus overture and was followed by a musicianly interpretation, by Concert Master Rettich, of the Violin Concerto. I was in the best mood for the ninth symphony, which concluded the programme, but as usual, I had my fears for the choral finale. Refraining from details, let me say that I never before heard the finale in particular and the symphony as a whole so well given, nor had I hitherto believed it possible to reproduce the vocal parts with such flawless intonation, power and effectiveness as was accomplished last evening, without transposition of the score to C minor, a departure of Mr. Thomas, which is sav-

agely criticised here. The excellent quartette of singers were as follows: Emma Hiller (soprano), Elizabeth Exter (alto), Josef Kellerer (tenor), Emanuel Kroupe (bass).

My friend, Prof. M. E. Sachs, with whom I have made a walking tour, tells me that this winter's production of the great Ninth by the court organization, under Court Conductor Fisher, will be still better.

I arrived here in time to hear the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth concerts of this Beethoven Cycle also, the number of each concert corresponding with the number of the symphony played.

At these concerts I found more to praise than to criticise. The Kaim orchestra is made up of the best material, the wind instruments are remarkable; an oboist, with a full, rich tone of surpassing beauty; a French horn player and a clarionetist are to be named in the same category of excellence. Zumpe gets a good ensemble, phrases with care, makes for strong lights and shades, inspires his players with enthusiasm and often brings out a rhythmical swing and vigor that carries all before it. Sometimes, as in the finales of the fifth, seventh and eighth symphonies, he was too impetuous, and rushed the tempi to the sacrifice of clearness. The first and third movements of the fifth, usually taken too fast, were given in a slower tempo. On the other hand, the allegretto of the seventh was too fast; the allegretto scherzando of the eighth too slow. In their entirety the fifth and eighth suited me best. It certainly is difficult to satisfy everybody in the choice of Beethoven tempi. A movement marked allegro by the master should not be taken too fast; the additional *con brio* applies to the spirit rather than the rapidity of the movement; but when the allegro is followed by the words *molto* or *vivace*, there is no doubt that Beethoven intends a very rapid movement. I take no great interest in the sixth symphony and judging from the reading of it by Zumpe it seemed as though he felt much the same about it, yet I may be wrong.

Much as there was for me to enjoy in all these symphonies, I frequently found wanting that loving attention to the minutest details in accent phrasing, embellishment, delicate shading and coloring to which Thomas and the Bostonians have accustomed us. Of the remaining orchestra numbers of these four programmes, Weber's overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*, and Liszt's *Tasso* and *Mezeppa*, barring occasional weak-

ness of strings in the latter, were played in fine style. The inadequacy of the strings for modern works was uncomfortably evident in Wagner's overture to *Tannhauser*, *Meistersinger Vorspiel* and *Kaiser march*, all of which works I have heard better played in the United States.

The same is true of Beethoven's *Third Leonore Overture*, the only other orchestra number of which I have to speak, a performance of which by the Boston orchestra, under Gericke, I have never since heard surpassed.

Among the soloists on these occasions two excellent artists, Organist Adolph Hempel (*D minor Toccata and Fuge*, Bach), and Violoncellist H. Warnke (*Handel's Largo* and Schumann's *Evening Song*, with organ accompaniment), played beautifully. These gentlemen were called in at the last moment to take the place of Miss Marie Gesellschaft, an American, who was not permitted to play, owing to her failure with the *C Major Concerto* of Beethoven at the general rehearsal. Favorable mention is also due to Miss Ottelie Hey, daughter and pupil of the well-known Prof. Julius Hey, of Berlin, for her intelligent singing of *Lieder*, by Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert and Zumpe, and of the youthful pianist, Petzet, whose playing of the *X. Scharwenka Concerto* exhibited great talent and much promise for a brilliant future.

During my journeyings since July 30th in Germany, Holland, up the Rhine, in Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol, I experienced little that was of a musical nature; some bad playing on the great organ at the Haarlem Dom, a pilgrimage to the Beethoven-Haus and Museum at Bonn, the satisfying of my curiosity regarding the pitch of the fundamental tone and harmonics emanating from the roar of the Rhine Falls, that is all. Wagner heard this very distinct fundamental to be E flat, in which key he has set the *Rheingold* music. Later observers have pointed out that the fundamental is F and this accords with my own recent observation. Perhaps the voices of the Rhein Daughters are growing sharp with age!

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

MUSIC AT COLUMBIA.

The department of Music was established May 4th, 1896, upon the Robert Center Fund for Instruction in Music, an endowment presented to the University by the mother of the late Robert Center. By the terms of the gift, the fund is to be used "to elevate the standard of musical instruction in the United States, and to afford the most favorable opportunity for acquiring musical instruction of the highest order."

The aim of the instruction will be two-fold. First, to teach music scientifically and technically, with a view to training musicians who shall be competent to teach and to compose. Second, to treat music historically and aesthetically as an element of liberal culture. The several courses will have reference to the needs of the undergraduate, to those of the university student who wish to specialize in music, and to those of special students of music not otherwise connected with the University.

Special students and auditors will be admitted to all the courses in music under the usual regulations. Special students are examined upon the work that they do, precisely as students who are candidates for a degree. Auditors are not examined upon their work, neither are they counted as students.

Women desiring to study music as candidates for the degree, or as special students, must register through Barnard College. To do this, address the Registrar of Barnard College, 343 Madison Avenue.

Women desiring to attend any of these courses as auditors may register at Columbia University.

To obtain admission to any of the courses except Course VI, students must be able to pass an examination to be conducted by the Professor of Music. Auditors may be admitted to Courses I and II without examination. All persons may be admitted to Course VI without examination.

All the courses in music will be given at the Carnegie Music Hall, 57th Street, corner Seventh Avenue. The rooms assigned for this purpose are on the third floor of the Music Hall, facing on 57th Street, and can be reached by elevator. During Professor MacDowell's consultation hours, which are given on page 8 of this circular, he can be found at his office at Columbia University, Room 10 in the Library Building.

The Faculty of Philosophy and the University Council will be asked to assign to the courses in music their proper weight as part of the requirements for the various university degrees. Collateral subjects may be chosen with the approval of the Professor of Music.

Literature, languages, physics (sound), and psychology, are appropriate minor subjects for students whose major subject is music.

COURSES IN MUSIC.

Course I—General Musical Course. Lectures and Private Reading, with illustrations. Two hours weekly. Professor MacDowell.

This course is open to properly qualified Seniors in Columbia College as an elective, and also to all properly qualified university students; and, with the consent of the Dean of the College, to all properly qualified students of the College.

This course, while outlining the purely technical side of music, aims at giving a general idea of music from its historical and aesthetic side. In connection with Course II, which will be given in 1897-98, Courses I and II give a complete survey of the subject.

Course I treats of the beginnings of music, the Greek modes and their evolution, systems of notation, the Troubadours and Minnesingers, counterpoint and fugue, beginnings of opera, the clavecinists, beginnings of programme music, harmony, beginnings of the modern orchestra, evolution of forms, the symphony and opera up to Beethoven.

Course II—Not given in 1896-97.

Course II treats of the development of forms, the song, romanticism, instrumental development and the composers for piano-forte, revolutionary influences, the virtuoso, modern orchestration and symphonic forms, the music drama, impressionism versus absolute music, and color versus form, the relationship of music to the other arts, musical criticism.

Course III—Lectures and Class-work. Two hours weekly. Professor MacDowell.

This course is open to all properly qualified university students, and, with the consent of the Dean of the College, to all properly qualified students of the College.

This course, in connection with Courses IV and V, constitutes a three-years' study of the subject.

Course III treats of general theory, dictation, harmony, comprising chords and their mutual significance, altered chords, suspensions, modulation, imitation, analysis, and the commencement of composition in the smaller forms.

Course IV—Lectures and Class-work. Two hours weekly. Professor MacDowell.

This course is open to all students who have taken Course III, and to such persons, otherwise qualified, as can demonstrate to the Professor of Music, by examination or otherwise, that they are competent to profit by it.

This course treats in the first term of strict counterpoint, canon, choral figuration and fugue. In the second term of free counterpoint, canon and fugue, analysis, commencement of composition in the larger forms. The first term is confined to vocal writing, and, with

Course III, may be considered as a preparation for the second term, which includes instrumental writing.

Course V—Lectures and Class-work, with practical illustrations. Two hours weekly. Professor MacDowell.

This course is open to all students who have taken Courses III and IV, and to all persons otherwise qualified who can demonstrate to the Professor of Music, by examination or otherwise, that they are competent to profit by it.

This course treats of free composition, analysis, instrumentation, symphonic forms. In this course all the orchestral and other instruments are considered individually and collectively, and their technique, possibilities, and limitations are demonstrated.

Course VI—The details of this course have not yet been arranged, but it is intended to consist of a series of lectures by prominent men on musical history, opera, modern orchestral composers, programme music, folk-song and nationality in music, the virtuoso in art, piano playing and methods of teaching, the psychological aspect of music, Wagner and the music drama, color in music, acoustics, and the like.

This course should be taken by all students who are candidates for degrees and who are taking any of the courses numbered I to V.

A small library (which will be gradually enlarged) of music and books of reference will be placed at the disposal of students. It includes orchestral scores by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Raff, Liszt, Goldmark, St. Saens, Nicode, Tschalkowsky, Wagner, the piano-forte classics and vocal music, theoretical works by Riemann, Langhans, Rowbotham, Savard, Bazin, Gavaert, and biographical works.

OHIO MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association will be held at Delaware, O., December 29-30-31, 1896. No teacher who desires to be abreast of the Profession can afford to turn lightly away from the great annual session of the Teachers' Association. Not only the inspiration that is gathered from meeting so many teachers engaged in the same line of work, but the great fund of knowledge which will be brought to light in this meeting is of the greatest possible value to every live teacher. The discussions alone are richly worth the sacrifice that will be required on the part of any teacher in the state to be present, and the music which will be presented at the coming session will certainly arrest the attention of every teacher within the borders of our state, no matter what his attainment may be. The plan of the programme this year is somewhat different from what it has been in the past, and it is intended to be in the highest sense educational. The committee has been planning for a series of Analytical-biographical Concerts; that is, each program to be made up of the work of a given composer. Preceding the ren-

dition of the program, a paper will be presented analysing the works to be performed, pointing out the peculiarities regarding the Thematic and Harmonic treatment of the same, as well as of the personal characteristics of the composer and his influence upon art in general. Such programs cannot fail to interest, not only the most proficient teacher in our ranks, but teachers who work in smaller spheres, as well as the mere novice. A very large attendance is anticipated at the coming meeting at Delaware. The Ohio Wesleyan University has placed its buildings at the disposal of the Association, as well as the great organ in Gray Chapel. Several of the most prominent organists of the state have signified their willingness to be present, and to appear on the organ programs. Everything points to a great meeting, and we urge all teachers, especially those who are so located as to rarely enjoy opportunities for hearing great music, to attend this meeting. Watch the next issue of this paper for a complete program of the week, and make your plans to come.

For circulars or other information address the President,
SAMUEL H. BLAKESLEE, Delaware, Ohio.

DEATH OF ANTON BRUCKNER.

A telegram from Vienna announces the death of the distinguished contrapuntist and composer, Anton Bruckner, Oct. 12, 1896, in his



ANTON BRUCKNER.

seventy-second year. The Musical Courier gives the following particulars of his career:

Anton Bruckner was born at Ausfelden, in Upper Austria, Sept. 4, 1824, and received there his first instruction in music from his

father, teacher in the village school. After his father's early death he became a choir boy at St. Florian's Church, and afterward schoolmaster at Windhag, near Freistadt, and later teacher and provisional organist at St. Florian's.

In spite of the very great poverty of his early life he formed himself, self taught, into a distinguished contrapuntist and excellent organist, and in 1855 was victor in the competition for the post of cathedral organist at Linz. He often during this period visited Vienna to study counterpoint with Sechter, and from 1861 to 1863 studied composition with Otto Kitzler. At Herbeck's recommendation he succeeded Sechter as court organist and teacher of the organ, counterpoint and composition at the Vienna Conservatory, with which functions he united that of reader in music at the university. Bruckner was the author of nine symphonies, of which the second (C minor), 1876, and the third (D minor), 1877, were performed at Vienna without making much impression. It was by the seventh E major, 1885, that he won his wide reputation.

The peculiarities of Bruckner's music arise from his tendency to transfer Wagner's dramatic style to absolute music, and to the same influence may be attributed his brilliant instrumentation. This symphony was played in New York in the Seidl concerts during the winter of 1887-8, when the Musical Courier published a careful analysis of the work, to which we refer our readers. To the above works are to be added a grand Te Deum, a string quartet, a piece for male chorus, Germanenzug, some graduals and offertories and leaves in manuscript, three grand masses and several male chorus works.

Bruckner had been sick for some months, and received the last sacraments in July last. Since then reports varied, holding out little hopes of recovery, till the final announcement arrived.

"Le Guide Musicale" gives the following as the numbers of pieces of music published in France in the years named: 1890, 5,471; 1891, 4,943; 1892, 5,093; 1893, 5,126; 1894, 7,220; 1895, 6,446.

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, of Brooklyn and New York, is making quite a feature of lecture recitals from the Beethoven sonatas. The works are studied rather than simply heard. In his directions to those taking the course Dr. Hanchett invites each attendant to bring his own copy of the announced sonata and to number in advance the measures of the entire work, for ready reference. As illustrations of the scope of treatment proposed note the following from the series delivered at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in the early part of the present year: "Rhythm," Sonata in C, opus 2; "Melody," Sonata in B flat, opus 22; "Imitation," op. 31, in C; "Harmony," opus 7, in E flat; "Counterpoint," opus 10, in D; "Development," opus 28, pastorale; "Unity," opus 31, No. 3, in E flat; "Punctuation," opus 90, in E minor; "Form," opus 53, Waldstein; "Significance," opus 13, pathetic.

Naturally the motive determining these selections for illustrating the topics proposed will not appear equally obvious to scholars, but there can be no doubt of the interest of such a mode of treatment, especially if not made too technical—for it is as art works, after all, that music must be appreciated. It is noteworthy in this program that the later sonatas are all ignored. And with the exception of the deeply impassioned largo of the opus 10 in D, the entire list concerns itself mainly with the lighter aspects of Beethoven's writing.

SONG RECITALS.

Quite in sympathy with the remarkable activity of composers in the department of songs is the renewed attention being devoted to song recitals. Among those engaged in giving such entertainments may be mentioned Mr. Edward C. Kuss, formerly with the Carl Rosa opera company, who, in a song recital at Des Moines, Iowa, lately, included songs by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Halevy, Raff, Kjerulf, Clay, Rubinstein, Foote, and Kuss.

A different form of this kind of entertainment is offered by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, in a program composed entirely of songs of her own compositions.

JUBILEE OF THE TONIC SOL-FA.

I have received from Mr. J. Spencer Curwen a pamphlet of congratulations upon the opening of the twenty-first annual holiday course for teachers of the Tonic Sol-fa method. Beginning with the Queen, who declined to be interviewed, the list embraces a splendid array of eminent names, many of whom speak in terms showing positive knowledge of the working of the Sol-fa movement and appreciation of its astonishing working results. For instance:

The Lord Bishop of Wakefield: "In this very musical region we appreciate most highly the efforts of those who have so greatly enlarged the area of musical attainment, and have made some knowledge of music the happy possession of almost every household. It seems to me impossible to overestimate the boon this has conferred on the working classes. I am old enough to remember how very rare it was to find any of them able to read music, and I remember with thankfulness my own humble efforts to teach our Shropshire National School children the meaning of musical notation. A country's thanks are due to you."

Canon Duckworth, of Westminster: "There is no exaggerating the effect of the Tonic Sol-fa system upon the musical education of the masses throughout the country. The fact that there are now three and three-quarter millions of children receiving instruction in it speaks for itself, and shows the great importance of the holiday courses by means of which the teachers in elementary schools are enabled to maintain a high standard of efficiency, and to acquaint themselves with the latest improvements of the system."

Rev. Canon Benham, of St. Edmond's R. Finsbury, Q. Square:

"Let me tell you two facts. In 1845 I heard my dear old friend John Hullah give an address in which he poured ridicule on the 'Movable Doh.' I was young then, and not able to answer him, and I rather enjoyed his jokes, though he did not convince me even then. In 1869 he came and stayed a week with me at my Vicarage at Addington, and when I brought up the subject I was rather amazed to find him eloquent on behalf of the Movable Doh. His own system has passed away now, and the Sol-fa lives and flourishes."

Miss Weston, from the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth: "To have the power of teaching a nation to sing is a god-like power, able to lead to the highest blessing. I know how our boys in the training ships get on when taught by your system, and the power of singing is a help and a cheer to them all through their time in the service. May God spare you for many years to increase your great army of singers, and by their means to bless the nation."

Sir George Kekewich, Education Department, Whitehall: "There is no doubt that the system has had a most beneficial effect upon the music in our Public Elementary Schools, where it has been so largely adopted. I am truly glad that the work is proceeding with unremitting energy and vigor, and I send you a message of hearty goodwill for your continued prosperity."

Professor Fr. Niecks: "My opinion of the usefulness of the system is so strong and so decided that if I had my way every learner would have to begin with a course of Tonic Sol-fa."

Antoinette Sterling: "Kindest greetings and honor and blessings be upon you and yours as the benefactor of millions of dear little children as well as big ones. The best singers and artists that I meet are Tonic Sol-faists. Jean, my own little daughter, is a pupil of Mr. McNaught—blessings on him, too! Power and glory are yours and his now and forever. The best and truest singers have been Tonic Sol-faists. Jean transposes Chopin into any key from her knowledge of Tonic Sol-fa."

Mrs. Mary Davies: "When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written, the movement of which your father was the founder and of which you are at present the acknowledged head, will stand out as one of the most remarkable social and educational forces of the time, for it has brought the refining influence of music to the homes of the people."

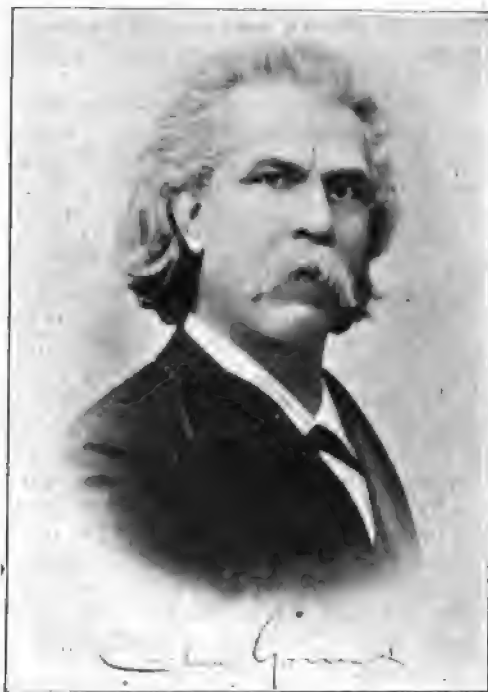
Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A.: "You have my hearty congratulations. The work you and your system have done is monumental and its influence has been incalculable for good in popularizing musical culture on a large scale."

CARLOS GOMEZ.

The Brazilian composer Carlos Gomez had been in a very precarious condition of health for some months, and several times reports of his death were cabled to Europe and North America, only to be contradicted in a few days. According to the last accounts his condition was improving, but the disease, cancer in the throat, under

which he labored, took a sudden turn for the worse, and he died last month at Para.

He was born at Campinas, Brazil, July 11, 1839, and thus was in his fifty-seventh year at the time of his death. His early studies were at Rio de Janeiro, and his talents attracted the attention of the



CARLOS GOMEZ.

late Emperor, Dom Pedro II., who sent him to complete his musical education at the Conservatory of Milan, under Lauro Rossi and Alberto Mazzacato, where he became one of the most distinguished pupils. Before visiting Italy he had composed an opera, *A Noite de Castello*, which was produced at the Lyric Theatre Fluminenses, at Rio de Janeiro, in 1861, and he made his debut at Milan in 1867 at the Theatre Fossati with a little New Year's day piece, *Se sa Minga*, which was well received. One air, the *Needlegun Song*, as it is called, became at once universally popular in Italy, which was then rejoicing at the Prussian victory over the Austrians at Sadowa.

In March, 1870, the doors of La Scala were opened for him and his Guarany had still greater success, the principal roles being sung by Marie Sasse and Maurel. The work is very uneven, many beauties, many platitudes, great originality and servile imitation of Verdi. The same theatre produced February 16, 1873, on a text by Ghizlanoni, *La Fosca*, which made a fiasco, although it marked an advance

on his previous work, especially in the instrumentation. His next work, *Salvator Rose*, represented for the first time at the Carlo Felice of Genoa, March 21, 1874, met with better fortune and was given with success on many other Italian stages.

Maria Tudor, given at La Scala March 27, 1879, had a less favorable result, but it contains many admirable passages and shows real dramatic power. *Lo Schiavo*, however, had a success of enthusiasm in Rio de Janeiro in 1889, while his last work, *Condor*, given at La Scala in 1893, did not please the public.

Besides his operas Gomez wrote some romances and several hymns, among them a hymn for the Centenary Celebration of the independence of the United States, at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. The piece was composed in obedience to a peremptory telegram from Dom Pedro: "I want a national hymn worthy of Brazil, of you, of me. I want it at once. Will take no excuse. I am waiting for it." The hymn was entitled *Il saluto del Brasile*. "This elegant and capricious savage," wrote Ghislanzoni in 1884, "is one of the most honest and generous characters I have ever met. Take his hand with confidence and affection. That which he extends to you is the hand of a gentleman, and the heart which accompanies its pressure is a heart overflowing with tenderness and every noble sentiment."

Senor Gomez was in Chicago during the world's fair, attached to the Brazilian commission. On Brazilian day he conducted a program of his own works, containing selections from several of his operas. As composer he pleased greatly, not alone the Italians and Brazilians, who naturally composed the body of the audience, but the Americans and Germans as well. He was essentially an Italian composer. As conductor he was impulsive, magnetic, and sensational. Of moderate stature, his hair and moustache almost white and his clear olive skin, he was a striking figure. The latest report of his death has been contradicted at the moment of going to press.

WORK FOR THE GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

The Guild has no small task before it if it is to attempt to save church music from its friends. For one would hardly expect those who lug music in where it does not belong, to do so in any unfriendly spirit, yet they certainly act injuriously in so doing. While enjoying a vacation in the country, the writer attended an Episcopal church recently. The organ, although small, was not bad, and the chancel choir of men and women, with two or three boys, sang decently. But during the reading of the litany, and again during the administration of the elements to the congregation (after choir and organist had left the rail) the organ was constantly played. No attempt at intoning either office was made, nor did the organist seem to be aiming at musical illustration, emphasis or proper accompaniment—it was simply a distracting noise consisting of musical sounds arranged in crudely improvised progressions, generally very soft, but often quite strong. Such an impertinence is not only out of place, but it

inevitably draws attention from the office which the minister is reading—for it is hardly possible for one who knows the least of music to avoid following the progressions and wondering how some of them are going to be linked to the attunement by the venturesome manipulator of the keys. The writer once lost a considerable annual salary by refusing to make such a noise during a Sunday-school superintendent's prayer once a week. How can the Guild educate clergymen and superintendents out of such unmusical yearnings after music?

* * *

Another point upon which the Guild should make its influence felt is in opposing the organization of boy choirs where circumstances make their musical success impossible. Many persons who pretend to love music seem to hold that the mere existence of a boy choir is in itself sufficient evidence that a church has good music; while the truth, in a vast majority of instances, is exactly the other way. The first essential of music is musical sounds, and the men who can secure musical sounds from the throats of boys are few and far between. The expense of employing such men for time enough in each week to secure this fundamental element of good music from boys, makes the result simply impossible of attainment in most churches. Music, in the structural and interpretative sense, must be built upon this foundation of musical sounds by added labor, with its unavoidable expense. Were the ears of clergy and people really attuned to musical art, and cultivated in listening, fewer of these abortive attempts at display combined with music, through boy choirs, would be made; but lacking the wide dissemination of musical ears and critical faculties, let us fall back upon authority and trust the Guild to make its influence felt in behalf of true art and real beauty in the musical offices of worship. Nothing in this paragraph is intended to belittle the musical value of properly trained boy choirs—the finest choir music ever heard by the writer was sung by boys and men.—The Pianist and Organist.

MISS AMY FAY UPON THE PLAYING OF GODOWSKY.

As far as Godowsky is concerned, says Miss Amy Fay in the "Musical Courier," I have followed his career with a great deal of interest, and have been delighted with his success, as I have always thought him a wonderful virtuoso and a most poetic artist. I shall never forget his playing of the Tannhauser overture, arranged by Liszt for the piano, for two hands, at a concert of Theodore Thomas's at the Lenox Lyceum in New York, at which Godowsky was the solo artist. He had played a concerto by Saint-Saens with the orchestra, was encored, and played the overture to Tannhauser as his encore! I was perfectly amazed at his making such a selection, with the orchestra sitting by, and I must confess I listened to the opening measures of it with a broad anticipation of what I was to sit through for twenty minutes. "Tannhauser on the piano with the Thomas orchestra dumb-

close by!" I exclaimed to myself in dismay. But presently I became interested in spite of myself. The prodigious genius which Liszt had shown in the arrangement, the colossal difficulties of it technically, and the extraordinary manner in which Godowsky surmounted them made it a memorable performance. I marked it with a red letter and decided that he would make a great career. He seems to be justifying my expectations of him, and I hope he will continue to do so.

THE SELF-FORGETFUL RICHARD WAGNER.

Emile Ollivier, the French statesman and Academician, who married one of Liszt's daughters, pictures Wagner as follows in an article written for *Le Correspondant*:

The dual character of this powerful personality was to be read in his face, the upper part beautiful, marked by lofty ideality, irradiated by two thoughtful, deep eyes, whose glances were severe, gentle or droll, according to circumstances; the lower part grinning and sarcastic. A cold, calculating, pinched-up mouth lay between a commanding nose and a protuberant chin like the threat of a conquering will. As the Olympian Jove and the clown were blended in the face of Rossini, so in that of Wagner were united the singer, seer, almost the prophet and the humorist. It amused him to expound his theories concerning opera and the drama, which were and still are confused. Only one thing appeared plainly from all that he said, namely, that he was the Messiah chosen by Providence to close the musical cycle by an international synthesis in which all ancient fame should be resolved. Already was he looking for the "banquier" savior, whom he was finally destined to find in the royal patron at Munich. Once he thought he had found him, but the banker withdrew at the crucial moment. "The man has missed an excellent opportunity to become famous," said Wagner.—*New York Tribune*.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE MODEL MUSIC COURSE FOR SCHOOLS. By John A. Brookhoven and A. J. Gantvoort. Cincinnati, 1895. The John Church Company.

Manual.

Primer.

Second Reader.

Third Reader.

Fourth Reader.

When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written in a philosophic spirit, one phenomenon which must surely appeal to the historian will be the high ideals of the authors of the different music courses for public schools, as distinctively indicated in the names affixed, which are always such as "normal," "natural," "educational," and now "model." When such high merits as these are the only options open to the selecting music teacher, his lot must surely have fallen in very pleasant places.

The Model Music Course, of Messrs. Brookhoven and Gantvoort, is an illustration of the thoroughness with which public school music is now treated. The works cover the usual ground, from the primary grades to the end of the grammar school, or perhaps one year in the high school. From the simplest rote songs the course leads up to selections of more than average choir difficulty. Abundance of technical examples are furnished, covering every new step in rising grade.

The present writer finds himself out of sympathy with this course, despite its very evident sincerity and the care with which it has been executed, by reason of two classes of objections: First, he objects to the form of many of the statements upon technical subjects; and, second, he objects to the songs, for several reasons, which will be brought up in due time.

Among the examples which might be mentioned of faulty presentation of facts of notation are the following: In the Primer, p. 28, it is stated, "Each loud tone is the beginning of a measure. In this exercise there are two tones or parts in each measure, one loud and one soft. We show the measures by placing a vertical line at the end of each of them. The vertical lines which divide the numbers into measures are called bars."

To this I object, first, that accent is not a matter of loud and soft, but of intensity; second, that the bar is not placed at the end of a measure, but at the beginning, and its office is to mark the place of the strong intensity, in other words, the accent. Just as soon as the pupil understands that the bar shows the place of the accent to be upon the time-place next following, just so soon he is

in position to go about his rhythmic interpretation intelligently. Moreover, since we are being so very particular, we do not "show the measures by placing a vertical line at the end of them," but by accenting—for measure is a matter of sound, hearing, feeling; and only the signs of measure are presented to the eye. The matter at issue here is not a small one; it is a question of presenting things and signs in their proper position, so that the musical concept will stand as the central object of thought, and the sign of the musical concept in its proper place as sign. Everything in music has to be defined in terms of sound.

The staff is spoken of as consisting of "five horizontal lines," which while true enough as the book is commonly held is by no means essential. A staff is a staff whether it stands vertical, horizontal, or at any angle. It is this disposition to intermingle apparent things with essentials, that I object to in the Model Course. It betokens careless pedagogy.

Again it says (Third Reader, p. 5): "When notes are placed on these different staff degrees they take the names of the degree upon which they are placed, as A, B, C, D, E, etc." Without stopping to run down the series of false presentations to which this statement belongs, why not have made a distinction once for all between signs of pitch and signs of duration. The staff degrees stand for pitch. Notes indicate musical utterances, as many as there are notes, of the pitch indicated by the staff degrees upon which they are placed. This statement, that notes are characters indicating musical utterances, belongs to Mr. J. William Sufferin, who promulgated it very many years ago, when it was usual to say that notes indicated the relative length of tones. The central and fundamental duty of a note is to denote a musical utterance, as distinguished from any other kind of utterance; its secondary duty is to indicate relative length; pitch the staff degrees indicate for it. A note upon a certain degree is still a half note, quarter, or what not, indicating a musical utterance of the pitch of the staff degree. Between them the note and the degree indicate the tone C, D, or what not, of such and such metrical relation, according to the form of the note and its relation to the bar. All these points, if properly made in teaching, place the ideas in the children's mind "right end to," as they used to say in New England, and in such form (properly connoted by the term "model") they stand the best possible chance of remaining part of the mind's furnishing.

In these books, as in all others that I have examined, there is a great deal of unnecessary minuteness of gradation, by reason of which a group of facts which are perfectly intelligible and easy to remember, when taken together, become merely so many unrelated statements when spread out over six months or several years. One of these is the relative value of the note forms, and the principles according to which measure is represented by means of them. The entire table of note forms from wholes to sixteenths can be taught children in the second grade in fifteen minutes; and the total of the principles according to which different varieties of measure and

different divisions within the measure are represented can be presented to a third-grade class in fifteen minutes more, in such a manner that they will never forget it. We used to get this in singing school in one lesson. As a boy of eleven I acquired this entire matter in a single evening and have never forgotten it or been mixed up concerning it since.

Important pedagogical and musical objections are liable to be taken to the musical selections throughout the course. While they are more musical than the original songs in many of the books before the public, they are by far too uniformly composed by the two authors of the system, and have therefore that element of having been produced for the sake of a moral, which so invalidates the interest of a story. Besides, the line between beautiful melody and melody which just misses being beautiful is a very, very narrow one; but the kingdoms it demarks are as far asunder as light and darkness. One of the first duties of an elementary course in singing ought to be to make selections of simple melodies, according to well determined considerations of progressive difficulty, but all of them tasteful and singable examples of melody, and as far as possible from writers of genius. Mozart, Handel, Haydn, a little in Beethoven, and so on all the way down through Abt, Kuecken, and then up to Brahms, there are hundreds of charming melodies which the schools have not yet worn out—melodies having in them the charm which belongs to a true master song, although very many of them as simple as simple can be. What, for instance, could be simpler than the melody of the "Hymn to Joy" in the last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony?

It is evident that the authors of the Model Course are good musicians and probably good, practical teachers. Their terminology is still a little defective, and their regard for the thing before the sign not yet an unbreakable principle of life. Pedagogically they might learn quite a good deal from Lowell Mason's "The Music Teacher," a volume of instruction for teachers, issued fifty years ago. As melodists both the authors occasionally show good powers, and in "The Song of the Winds" (p. 25 of the Primer) Mr. Gantvoort has produced a melody capable of sweet and true expression. Still it remains true that the most childlike and singable pieces in the Primer are by Mr. Jas. R. Murray.

Exception might be taken, and ought to be, to the use of slurred tones in the primary grade, not so much on account of the difficulty for small children, although this might have been enough to stop them, but for the still more central principle that one syllable to a tone is the beginning of true union between words and music. When a composer finds himself with a surplus of tones for a true association of this kind perhaps his best course is that of Handel, who when he has gone as far as he can at the rate of one syllable to a tone, stops for a moment and puts in a job lot of many tones to one syllable, and then goes on with his remaining stock at the natural and correct rate. A modern editor would simply have drawn a blue pencil through the superfluous notes.

Typographically the books are well done, and it is certain that excellent work can be done by means of them. The only question is whether still more might not have been provided in the directions above suggested.

EGBERT SWAYNE.

EDUCATIONAL MUSIC COURSE. By Luther W. Mason, Jas. M. McLaughlin, Geo. A. Veazie, W. W. Gilchrist, and Nathan Haskell Dole. 1896, Ginn & Company. Boston.

First Reader.

Second Reader.

Third Reader.

This elegantly printed series of singing books for school use mainly follows the lines of the former collection by the late L. W. Mason, whose assistants and colleagues Messrs. Veazie and McLaughlin for some time were. No criticism can be made upon the pedagogy of the series since no statements are included in the present volumes. They contain simply the musical material, leaving the system as such for the teacher's manual and the charts. The material here included is of unexceptional quality. The order is substantially that of the former Mason courses. Good work can be done in the school room by means of these readers, provided the teacher and the charts are equal to the demands.

E. S.

HARMONY SIMPLIFIED. Or the Theory of the Tonal Functions of Chords. By Dr. Hugo Riemann. Translated by Rev. H. Bewerunge. Augener & Co., London. Cloth, 12mo. Pp. 200.

It is difficult to characterize this work without having given it more study than the present writer has had time to do. As is well known to experts, Dr. Riemann holds that in like manner as over-klangs exist (the partials of the major chord), there are also what he calls under-klangs, following a similar order in reverse direction, and that from these under-klangs the minor series is derived. While the existence of partial tones in the divisions of a vibrating string has been demonstrated, the existence of these under-klangs has not been demonstrated, and they remain merely a theory. Moreover, the theory of these opposing major over-tone and minor under-tone series seems too much like the principle of dualism, which is rather an illustration of words and of finite ideas, than of anything appertaining to the thing in itself. Nevertheless if this principle can be accepted it results in affording plausible explanations for many phenomena in harmony which our present masters not only do not explain but which they pass over as if they did not exist. Only a few theorists of rare perspicacity, like Moritz Hauptmann, for instance, feel these inner and finer distinctions in tonal functions, which in fact are at the foundation of the harmonic novelties of Wagner.

The entire terminology of the Riemann system is new, and the order of proceeding is revolutionary in the extreme. Still it looks as if a diligent student could be carried through his exercises with-

out losing flesh, and at the end, if doing them well, he would have acquired not alone an excellent working knowledge of chord connection, including the substance of counterpoint, but would also have an explanation of the source of the strange effects which he would come upon in the course of his work, and be by so much better prepared for handling tonal functions practically in the expression of musical ideas.

When he had completed the exercises in this book, the student would be able to add three other voices in simple counterpoint to any given voice, and, knowing the underlying philosophy of modulation and the actual implied force of every chord succession, would be able to modulate with intelligence and perhaps with originality. In short, if the course proves practicable in actual work, it will undoubtedly give the student a mastery of actual harmony entirely unlike that resulting from the practice in Richter or any of his successors, aided by a fairly good course of counterpoint besides.

In so far as the present writer is able to judge from an inspection of the work necessarily far from complete, the explanations given of the essential influence of strange chords and dissonances seem valid, musical and reasonable. They are, however, entirely one side the practical treatment of chords as commonly carried out. I would very much like to see the work of a class carried through this book by a good teacher. Dr. Riemann is undoubtedly a musician of much depth of perception and sensitive in musical feeling. The work is at least musical.

While this work of Dr. Riemann seems to admit of being practically worked through by a class beginning at the very foundation of harmony, it nevertheless has the intellectual scope of a college text book, rather than of an available manual for the early stages. This is the necessary result of so much care to explain remote sources of musical effect.

M.

PRACTICAL HARMONY. By Homer A. Norris. Part II. H. B. Stevens & Co. Boston.

I have just been looking over again the very clever and clear treatment of altered chords in Mr. Homer A. Norris' work according to the French system. It appears to me clear, handy, and satisfactory. Whatever one may decide concerning under-klangs and the like, Mr. Norris has a neat and easy way of explaining the nature of different chords and the proper manner of handling them. There are teachers who would prize qualities of this kind in a text-book of harmony.

M.

(From The John Church Company:)

DANSE FANTASTIQUE. By Moritz Moszkowski.

MELODIE. By Moritz Moszkowski.

CAPRICCIETTO. By Moritz Moszkowski.

These three charming pieces by Moszkowski are of about the fourth grade, and, like almost everything of this author, very musical and interesting and deserve to be widely known.

DANCE OF THE SYLPHS. By Edouard Hesselberg.

A very bright and sprightly polka, available in the fourth grade. Modern in style and very pleasing.

FIRST MAZURKA. By St. Saens.

A new edition of an old favorite. Very modern but not beyond the fourth grade in point of difficulty.

ADDIO. Romance sans Paroles. By Charles Becker.

A song without words, the first melody of which is in nocturne style, while the second subject is of a more agitated character. Fourth grade.

VALSE JOYEUSE. By P. Wachs.

A sprightly waltz with running work in the right hand, very pleasing and conducive to brilliant playing. Fourth grade.

GAVOTTE. By Baxter Johns.

A gavotte rather musical in character; not well adapted for teaching purposes and having also two peculiarities, one of which is that it begins with the full measure instead of the half measure, as is considered obligatory with a gavotte, and after the return of the theme at the end a vocal part is added. This has probably seen service in the music halls.

PETIT BOLERO. Op. 62. By H. Ravina.

A new edition of a favorite old teaching piece. Easy fourth grade.

SECOND VALSE HUMORESQUE. By Charles Becker.

A very pleasing waltz involving a very free use of the hands with a good deal of skipping about from place to place on the piano. Light, pleasing and modern. Fourth grade.

RHAPSODIE. By Xavier Scharwenka.

This rhapsodie by Scharwenka is rhapsodical in the sense of being freely composed from a musical point of view. The middle part has a great deal of running work for the left hand and the entire work has more the character of a study than a pianoforte solo. It is therefore perhaps all the better adapted for teachers' use. Sixth grade.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME. Fantasia. By Anna T. Cramer.

A leaf out of the olden time. Some variations upon "Then You'll Remember Me" in the style of Henry Herz, with scale and arpeggios accompanying the melody, which is played most of the time in the left hand. Later on the melody is treated with tremolo in the right hand. A piece of this kind, while of no interest at all to the musician, sometimes serves a very important use in teaching, appealing to a crude musical taste, which compositions of a modern school have entirely failed to reach. Early fifth grade.

A METHOD OF SINGING. By Hans Seitz.

A very neat edition of the method of singing, apparently based upon scientific principles; valuable.

PIANO STUDIES. By Daniel Steibelt. Edited by Wilson G. Smith.

These studies, by the long forgotten Steibelt, have very little to do with modern piano playing, and it is difficult to account for their having been reprinted in this very elegant style. Nevertheless, for those who like them, this edition, prepared with care by

Mr. Wilson G. Smith, ought to be of a good deal of interest.

FIFTEEN SELECTED PIANO STUDIES. By Henry Herz. Arranged by Wilson G. Smith.

These selected studies from Henry Herz are even more old-fashioned than those of Steibelt mentioned above. They are practically exercises, some of them a little better than exercises, having a quasi-musical value and if the pupil has time to spare for them they will at least do no harm, and may possibly do some good.

THEMATIC OCTAVE STUDIES. By Wilson G. Smith.

These thematic octave studies by Mr. Wilson G. Smith are short, clever, and deserve the attention of all teachers. They are very modern in their style and will be useful through the fourth grade, after the Mason simple octave studies have been practiced by the pupil. It is difficult to see how a pianist capable of a series of exercises like these should have found anything to interest him in the studies of Steibelt and Herz.

CHROMATIC STUDIES. By Wilson G. Smith.

The Chromatic Studies by Mr. Smith are studies in passage work entirely, and some of them are interesting and clever. Near the end there are some good studies in octaves and also in double notes. The last five works belong to the Edition Church, and are very elegantly printed.

(From The Clayton F. Summy Company:)

AT SPRINGTIME. By Harmon H. Watt.

A rather pleasing waltz of moderate difficulty.

A NIGHT SONG. A Romance. By Harmon H. Watt.

A romance in minor, of no great substance but capable of being played as if it meant a good deal.

PERDITA. By Harmon H. Watt.

A rather pleasing gavotte. All of these pieces have considerable originality.

THIS LITTLE MAID OF MINE. By Louise Munday Ayres.

A pleasing tenor song, for light uses.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS. By C. A. Havens.

A church song, somewhat in the style of an improvisation. Mezzo-soprano voice.

THE MINER. By C. A. Havens.

Song for bass.

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED. By Hubbard W. Harris.

A song for church use; rather good.

HERE WHERE BLOOMS THE LOTUS. By Mrs. Allan Howard Frazer.

CUPID IN THE GARDEN. By Mrs. Allan Howard Frazer.

HUSH THEE. By Mrs. Allan Howard Frazer.

The new woman is getting in her work in great shape in the line of songs upon risqué subjects. Mrs. Frazer, for example, is lingering beneath a palm tree in the neighborhood of a lotus, where the temple bells are ringing, desiring that her lover would come to her that she might crown his head with roses red. The purely botanical

circumstance of roses being out at the time the palm trees, the temple bells and lotus are getting in their work ought not to weigh in a case of this sort. If a woman cannot dream, where are we at? The second of these songs is a very sprightly one which might very nicely be used by the better class of variety soubrette. All are cleverly done and quite musical.

SERENADE. By Jessie L. Gaynor.

This rather hearty serenade has more musical life and go in it than serenades usually have, and seems to indicate that the regret to awaken her slumbers is to be taken in a purely Pickwickian sense. It is a pleasing composition. We note in this connection the fact that Mrs. Gaynor's songs are having a constantly increasing sale and are making friends in every direction—as well they may.

REVERIE FOR THE PIANO. By Jessie L. Gaynor.

Fourth grade.

STACCATO ETUDE IN B. By Elisa Mazzucato Young.

A very nice octave study, or more properly wrist study, embodying some of the same principles as that of Rubinstein in C, but with less difficulty. Sixth grade. Very cleverly done, and worth knowing. The composer is a daughter of the famous Italian composer and impresario of Milan.

SERENADE. For the organ. By K. Ockleston Lippha.

This serenade for the organ is a composition which every organist ought to know, because it is a perfect example of what the organ ought not to do, and what ought not to be permitted in church. It is well written for a song and dance, and no doubt is very pleasing, and perhaps might be used in concerts very nicely.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

SECOND EVENING. HAYDN AND MOZART.

The selections from Bach in the program given last month were intended to illustrate the lighter and, so to say, more superficial characteristics of Bach's music. Accordingly, the Inventions were taken to show his manner of developing a piece from a single motive, which by many repetitions remains as a text all through the movement. The same principle carried much farther will be found later in Schumann.

The Sarabands illustrate Bach's method in slow movements. These being written for the clavier, which in Bach's time had little tonal value, are rather meagre in their development, but when played with a very sincere, melodic quality of tone, and treated exactly like expressive singing, with the necessary rise and fall of the phrase (varying intensity, as the idea advances or retrogrades) will always please. Moreover, while very short, such is the cleverness of their construction that they interest a musician very much.

The gavottes, being arranged from pieces which Bach wrote for clavier with other instruments, are naturally more free; both because Bach had the benefit of a stringed instrument (violin or 'cello) for intensifying the melody, and because they have been recently arranged for piano solo, and hence manifest more of the modern treatment of the piano.

The song, "My Heart Ever Faithful," is really instrumental in its character. In the second part the melody lies very badly for the voice. It is practically an instrumental piece in which the voice is the sole instrument.

Owing to the length of the program and the relatively greater importance of Bach in the development of music, only one selection was given from Handel—Dr. William Mason's adaptation of the words, "Hope in the Lord" to the Handel Largo. This melody is so well known as not to require further comment. In later programs other selections from Bach will be given which will illustrate the larger aspects of his style, and above all his intense emotionality. This quality, which was once popularly denied concerning Bach, is now recognized by all musical hearers, and it should be brought out in the playing. Another essential characteristic of a successful Bach interpretation is the due observance of the rhythm, which is always admirably organized in Bach's works. Rubato must be introduced in a very sparing manner, and always in such a way as not to destroy the rhythm of the period as a whole.

If the class is disposed to undertake this work seriously, it will be advantageous to enter into an analysis of one or more of the Bach selections (or better, perhaps, assign each selection to one member for study and report) in order to ascertain exactly in what manner he uses motives to answer each other, when he continues upon the same motive, and when he branches off with other material. The Inventions will be easiest for this purpose. It would be an advantageous exercise to play the Inventions while the hearers note the number of times which the leading idea occurs in each one. The object of this exercise is to lead unaccustomed hearers to note the actual musical idea, motive, instead of remaining passively attentive, taking in the music by contemplation. The latter attitude of hearing is the one best adapted for receiving whatever emotional movement there may be in the music, but since the larger works depend upon the development of musical ideas as such it is desirable to acquire the habit of attending to them. The passive contemplation may be applied later to more emotional works. With Bach the purely musical is the first object of his work.

PROGRAM FROM HAYDN AND MOZART.

1. Sonata in E flat (entire). No. 3, Schirmer edition. Haydn.
2. My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair. Canzonetta. Haydn.
3. Sonata in C sharp minor (entire). No. 6, Schirmer edition. Haydn.
4. Trio from "The Creation," Most Beautiful Appear. Haydn. Soprano, tenor and bass.
5. Sonata in F major. No. 6, Peter's edition (first movement). Mozart.
6. Air of Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro," "Voi Che Sapete." Mozart.
7. Sonata in E flat (first and second movements, only). Schirmer edition, No. 1. Haydn.
8. Quintette, "Magic Flute," Mozart. Scene X, Act I, Andante. "Drei Knaben, Knaebchen jung."
9. Aria of Countess from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Dove sono." Mozart.
10. Fantasia and Sonata in C minor. Mozart.
11. Trio from "The Creation," "On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits." Haydn.

NOTES UPON THIS PROGRAM.

The copies for this program are as follows: Haydn Sonatas, edition Schirmer, first volume, paper, 75 cents. This is a very elegant and in every way satisfactory edition, for study or for the library. Mozart, Sonatas, edition Peters, \$1.50 (retail). The songs are to be had separately. Copies of "The Creation" and "The Magic Flute" will be necessary.

The selections above are made for the purpose of illustrating the more prominent characteristics of the two composers mentioned.

Haydn is now beginning to be undervalued, and in fact his works are used mainly for purposes of instruction and comparatively little for that. This is unjust, for while Haydn does not belong to the class of composers whose music is conceived by them as a message to mankind, but rather as an intelligent and refined form of delight, he is nevertheless as musical as Bach himself, and consequently his music remains fresh and interesting despite the comparatively small forms. This will be noticed in every one of the sonatas selected here. The sonata in E flat, No. 3, is the one oftenest selected and studied, because it shows Haydn in his most genial mood. The spirit is bright, pleasing, fresh and not a little vigorous. Practically every single movement of a Haydn sonata is developed mainly out of one leading motive. In the present instance there is a second idea, of a quasi lyric importance, introduced in the thirteenth measure (counting each measure from the first bar). In the forty-third measure a closing theme is introduced. The places are marked in the Schirmer copies, so there will be no difficulty in finding them. The second movement, if played in a very singing but not dragging manner, will be found enjoyable, although by no means sensational. The ideas are musical, and the spirit earnest. The Finale, in tempo of a minuet, is very pleasing indeed. Here also the purely musical idea rules everything. The problem with the composer is to treat an idea which pleased him, and to carry it through all the changes and modifications which occurred to him as attractive.

The sonata in C sharp minor (No. 6, Schirmer), is more significant and approximates the spirit of later works in the same key. The principal subject has a great deal of vigor, and the musical treatment is very fresh and original. The Scherzando which follows is a very light movement and needs to be played with great delicacy and spirit. The whole concludes with a Menuetto, moderate in movement, song-like.

To my mind the strongest of the Haydn sonatas is the one which stands first in the Schirmer edition, also in E flat, a favorite key with Haydn. The principal subject is very forcible, and the treatment varied to a degree. The whole work is one which a musician can play many times through and always with enjoyment.

The second movement has the remarkable peculiarity of being in the key of E major—a violent modulatory relation to that of the first movement. I should say that this fact indicated that Haydn did not conceive of the three movements of the sonata as constituting a single whole, because if he had he could not have followed a close in E flat major with an opening in E major, exactly a semitone higher, without the slightest modulation. This proceeding is inexplicable to me, if he expected the sonata to be played through entire at a single hearing. The slow movement, however, is a very strong one, the subject full of musical feeling, and the treatment clever and interesting. All the melodic passages in this movement need to be sung with great feeling. Then the contrast with the lighter portions will produce their proper effect. The

Finale, presto, is a very light and one might almost say insignificant movement, relieved only by a few moments of something better.

The Mozart selections are calculated to show the peculiar and womanly sweetness which Mozart introduced into music. In Haydn, moments of sweetness do indeed occur, and in his "Creation" they are frequent; but in his instrumental works they are not so frequent. The Sonata in F, of Mozart, is full of pleasing melodic ideas, and the first and second periods, and the first episode are all very attractive melodies. Note that each of these ideas comes in the form of a fully completed melody, and not in the form of a musical motive, of one or at most two phrases. Each of the Mozart subjects is eight measures long. The characteristic tone of the Mozart sonatas is this melodic sweetness, and the stronger parts only intensify this fundamental tone. The slow movement is rather meagre, but it is also pleasing and well made. The so-called "Alberti" bass should be played in such a manner as to minimize the motion of the sixteenths, and to intensify the chord feeling. This will be done by playing softly with the left hand, bearing down a little, and using the pedal with every chord, except where it will mix up the melody.

The Fantasia and Sonata of Mozart, which concludes the program, is a work which is well worth studying. The fantasia opens with a very serious subject, which is carried through a variety of delightful changes, in a manner indicating a poetic intention. The expression must be carefully observed in the playing, and in the elaboration where the subject occurs in several keys in connection the first tone is taken rather strong and with a slight dwelling upon it. The slow melody in D major, as well as the Adagio in E flat, illustrate Mozart's faculty with sweet and rather deep melodies which, while perfectly simple in structure, nevertheless have in them the soul of the artist. The tone has to be full, round, singing, and never loud. There are parts of the fantasia which do not come up to the level of the others; particularly, the Allegro in G minor, which is disagreeable to play, and almost never played in a musical manner. It has, however, to be gotten over the best one can.

The vocal selections are of peculiar attractiveness. The Canonetta of Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," is a fresh, girlish affair, which cannot fail to please. The trio, "Most Beautiful Appear," is so sweet that Mozart might have written it.

Then in the Mozart selections the "Dove sono," is an aria requiring to be sung with a very pure tone and good style. All of Mozart's operatic arias were intended for well trained Italian singers having refined and high bred style of singing. When so done they are always delightful. The Cherubino air is very fresh, and full of the charm of youth and love. The trio of girls from "The Magic Flute," is given because it is so taking, while involving a succession of implied consecutive fifths. And the great trio "On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits," concludes the concert in a noble manner. If the resources of the local society should happen to

make it easy, it will afford an admirable close to give along with this trio the two choruses, "Achieved is the Glorious Work."

It is to be understood that the selections here offered for these two great masters illustrate but a small part of their individualities. The selection has been determined by the convenience of copies and the likelihood of the resources in every place being equal to their acceptable performance. The next program will be devoted to Beethoven.

Note.—It will be observed that these annotations and programs are as well adapted for the study of private students as of clubs. Any one desiring to understand the music of Haydn and Mozart can scarcely do better than take these selections as here put together, and master them. This is the way in which one comes eventually to feel the peculiarities and merits of a master.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I am appointed a committee of one to secure a program for the musical club of which I am a member, for the coming year. I was talking with Prof. Andrews yesterday of the best way to secure information, and he advised me to write you. Will you kindly send me a published program, if that is what you would advise?"—MRS. W. H. L.

The program for the work of your musical club depends entirely upon what work you have been doing before, and should properly be planned with reference to continuing it or advancing, so if you will write me whether this is a new club freshly organized, or an old one which has been doing business several years, I can give you a more intelligent opinion. If it is a new club I should doubt whether you could do better than the series of Ten Evenings with Great Composers which began in MUSIC for October and is continued in the present number with a program of Haydn and Mozart. The full list of the series was given in the October number, and every month will contain annotations in connection with the programs. The desirable thing to be accomplished in a musical club is to make the members more musical, more sensitive to musical impressions and more intelligent in discriminating between the musical ideas of one composer and another and the manner of treating them. And this can better be accomplished through assiduous and intelligent hearing, rather than through over much talk. Historical incidents relating to composers have comparatively little bearing on this case.

* * *

Evanston, Ill.—Mrs. Wyman and others have formed a class to meet Thursday evenings, this winter, and study together the numbers to be played at the orchestral concerts. She suggests that I write and ask if you will kindly tell me where I may find an analysis or other material referring to Beethoven's second symphony, to be studied in preparation of a little talk for the first program. Anything will be grist to our mill, as we are all amateurs and the beginning of this class is necessarily an experiment. We do hope to make the work profitable, and we are very much in earnest, but the precise lines of method of conducting such a class will have to develop with experience. I trust sincerely that I am not imposing upon your courtesy, if I am, do not hesitate to say so.

The reference made by Schindler to Beethoven's own interpretation of the symphony in question is all I personally have to begin

with. If I am not asking too much, your knowledge of authorities would put me under great obligation. Yours truly,

MRS. CLARA L. WOODYATT.

The work which you propose to go over in advance programs of the orchestral concerts is a very excellent and useful one, but you will find it very difficult to carry out to your satisfaction. All the Beethoven symphonies are treated with great fullness in Sir George Grove's Analyses. I have not read them and cannot say how satisfactory I should find them, but he is at least an intelligent writer with a certain amount of musical feeling. The new works which are given from time to time on the program you will be utterly unable to find anything about. The editor of the programs has great difficulty in these cases to arrive at anything, and generally has to make a complete analysis of the work on his own responsibility and is often unable to obtain biographical particulars concerning the composer, except of the most meagre character. In fact when music is to be studied as literature, there is a remarkable scarcity of available material to assist one. This kind of work should properly be superimposed upon a foundation, which foundation should consist of a study of the principal symphonies and the great symphonic writers, carried on in connection with a school education, I mean the college education. Then the new writers could be added as they occurred, one by one, but as yet we have nothing of this kind available.

* * *

"At what grade of your Graded Course of Studies should I introduce the pupil to Czerny's Book of Velocity, Book I.? I received instruction from a good teacher; she lives and teaches now in Chicago; she gave me as studies, Czerny's Book I. of Velocity, and then Clementi, but I was not a beginner. I received your Graded Course, Book I., from the Etude Publishing House, and I shall enjoy teaching it very much."—MRS. F. L. S.

The intention of the Graded Course of Studies, and of my Graded Materials as well, is to supply all the indispensable studies of the different grades. I do not always feel sure that the Standard Grades do this, and in certain places I am quite sure they do not, but I am inclined to think the farther improvement of the pupil could be accomplished by the judicious selection of pieces in connection with good available exercises, rather than by the addition of more studies as such, until we arrive at Chopin, where the ambitious pupil has to do the whole of them. Czerny's Velocity studies are classic for the piano. There is a disposition to relegate Czerny to a place among the "back numbers," on the ground that he does not represent modern piano playing. There is something in this, but the Czerny studies are very clever, and if the pupil does not have enough to do in the Graded Studies and if there are no pieces she ought to learn there would be no objection to introducing a

number of them. I should consider it a great mistake, however, to take an entire book of Czerny or even to take half a book.

* * *

"I have young pupils ranging from eight up. I am desirous to use your methods and would appreciate any information you may feel inclined to give me concerning them. I am specially anxious to have a graded outline of work to follow in my teaching. Your "Twenty Lessons to a Beginner" I know to be excellent. Would you advise me to begin a child of seven or eight years, who has no knowledge at all of music upon the work? If not asking too great a favor I would like to have an early reply from you. I am in doubt and am anxious to begin aright."—M. A. F.

I advise beginning with my Twenty Lessons. Follow this with the first Standard Grade, Presser, or, if you like better, with Mr. Landon's School for Beginners, which is a very easy book to teach from. From that point on I think you will do better with the Graded Materials, beginning with Grade III. and using Mason's exercises in connection with that, especially the scales and arpeggios, and two finger exercises through the fourth grade. Later, you will have to dispense with a part of the exercises and you can play arpeggios for a while, then scales and go on with the other books of the Materials. The Materials are more satisfactory to me, because they contain a considerably more numerous selection of the great standard works of studies for the pupil, such as the Loesshorn op. 66, Cramer and Clementi. The representation of these three composers in the Grades seems to me insufficient. The modern school of refined touch is also better prepared in the Materials, a good deal of the materials by Jensen and other recent romantic writers being therein included. The selection of pieces to complete the work of the different grades I cannot enter upon at this point, but at the earliest opportunity I will take it up with care.

M.



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Lo! On Bethlehem's Wond'ring Shepherds.

Christmas Carol.

Words by ALICE D RILEY

Music by JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Watch - ing o'er their flocks by
Born on earth so long a

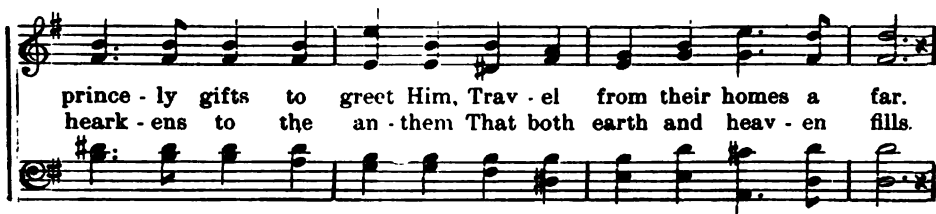
1. Lo! on Beth'lem's wond'ring shepherds, Watch ing o'er their
2. Roy al He, tho' in a man - ger Born to earth so

night,
go,
flocks by night, Beams a star of ra - diant beau - ty,
long a - go, Pe - ans from th'an - gel - ic cho - rus

night,
go,
Shin - ing with ce - les - tial light. And the wise men
Join the rapturous song be - low. 'Tis the ho - ly

from the O - rient Know the mean - ing of that star, And with
Christ - mas sea - son, When all earth with glad - ness thrills, As it

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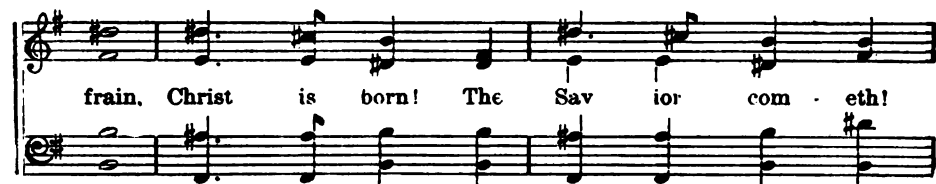


prince - ly gifts to greet Him, Trav - el from their homes a far.
heark - ens to the an - them That both earth and heav - en fills.

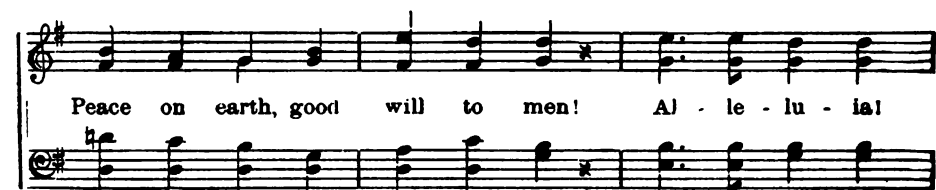
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Hark' oh hark! the an - gel cho - rus, Chanting forth the glad re -



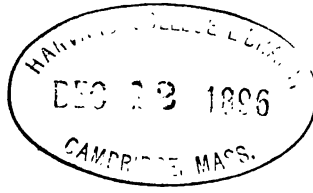
frain, Christ is born! The Sav ior com - eth!



Peace on earth, good will to men! Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high!



MUSIC

DECEMBER, 1896.

A VERMONT MUSICAL FAMILY.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

I have lately come into possession of information relating to a remarkable musical family in Vermont, which for many reasons I think worthy the interest of readers of MUSIC. The Cheney family had a standing "upon the road" about forty years ago, being traveling singers like "The Hutchinson family," "The Peak family," and the McGibbeny family at present, except that the Cheney family traveled before the days when concert troupes went upon the road in a private car. Two features of this account are interesting: First, the vigorous personality which seems to have been handed down through several generations; and, second, the active musical force. They were a race of singers, delighting thousands and acting as musical leaven in the communities where they lived, as they still continue to do until this present, for Chicago has two direct lineal descendants of the old stock in the persons of Mr. John Vance Cheney, librarian of the Newberry library, and his beautiful wife, Mrs. Cheney. The account begins in 1776, the year of American independence, when a weakly child was born in an old garrison house in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 15th. His boyhood was passed in sickness and poverty; yet this weakling became a very strong man and a fit descendant of the famous Mrs. Hannah Dustin, who killed ten Indians with her own hand. So feeble was the child that he remained with his mother while his father and brother were at work out of doors. He always saw the hand

of Providence in his seclusion; for at the side of his mother he became thoroughly familiar with the Bible. As a boy he could repeat the most of Watts' psalms and hymns, and much of the New Testament. In later life it was rare that he was obliged to turn to the good book for a quotation. At about twenty a great change was evident in his physical constitution; he stood six feet and an inch in his boots, a strong man, who could fell two acres of heavy growth timber in two days,



ELDER MOSES CHENEY.

and so nimble withal that he could leap a line under which he could walk erect with his hat on. At twenty-four he married Abigail Leavitt and followed his trade of carpenter and joiner. Soon a series of peculiar experiences brought him to the ministry, and he began his career as a Freewill Baptist preacher. He did not remain with the Freewill Baptists, but he continued to preach the Bible as he understood it, and few men have preached and prayed more for thirty consecutive years than did Elder Cheney in the New England towns, especially of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Ver-

mont. His striking appearance (he bore a strong resemblance to Washington) and his native power of pathos and humor, of logic and irony, made him a favorite speaker at all religious gatherings in the territory named.

Many stories are told by old inhabitants illustrating his varied powers as a preacher and a singer. After a long life of fervent usefulness he passed away as became a tried warrior for the right. His son, Hon. Moses Ela Cheney, was with



HON. MOSES E. CHENEY.

him at the time of his death. "A few hours before he expired (his speech having been many days gone) his son Moses sang a portion of the 'Dying Christian,' beginning, 'The world recedes and disappears.' Instantly his dying father seemed to be inspired; he had known the music and words long before the son was born, and when he came to the line 'Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly,' he raised both hands, neither of which he had been able to move for more than a week, and beat the time throughout to the end, and when the last

words, 'O, death, where is thy sting?' were sung, shouted a loud and exultant 'Amen.' That was his last word."

Elder Cheney is of interest to the readers of this magazine because of his musical ability and that of his immediate family and of his direct descendants to this day. His son Simeon writes in his diary of the singing of his father's family as follows:

"It was no uncommon thing at our house to have afternoon and evening visitors; and nearly always before they left the family were invited to sing. Our family singing was considered very remarkable. As I look back upon it now I see that it was remarkable. Not that we were musicians of a high order, but because we were one and all born singers. We sang the old fugue tunes with wonderful power and spirit. We had the inspiration in us. It was always still the moment we began to sing. We sang without notes. There was not a poor or a common voice among us nine children. Our father had a tenor voice, and nobody could excel him in spirit; our mother had an excellent alto voice and was a very sweet singer. My brother Nathaniel had the most startling voice in the family. When I now think of it and what he might have done with it I suffer in my feelings. I went some miles not long since to hear the great German tenor, Wachtel. I listened to him all one long evening, and, carefully comparing his voice with Nathaniel's, I am confident that it was in no respect superior to it. Nathaniel's voice was not only high and powerful, but it had a most interesting quality. He could sing with ease and power high C, octave above middle C, and with culture he must have easily sung E flat.

"Brother Nathan had a fine tenor voice and was a charming singer of old-fashioned songs. He, too, would have made a fine solo singer.

"Moses, Joseph and myself had voices of about the same compass, but very different. My voice had a bass quality, while it was easier for them to sing tenor, though they could sing but a little higher than I. I was always called a bass singer, though I could reach G above the tenor staff with power and ease and could sing A flat. In our concerts I always sang the basses. I have never known half a dozen men who could sing half as much bass as I could. When Professor Webb first heard me sing he told me that there was no such bass voice in Boston. Dr. Lowell Mason went

a little further. He said to me, 'Mr. Cheney, you have the best bass voice I ever heard in America.' A well-known New York lawyer, who was a music lover and a concert-goer, said to me that, from first to last, he had never heard so good a voice as mine in New York. 'Carl Formes,' said he, 'has more voice, but it is not so good.' I have said that we all had good voices, and that Nathaniel's was, to my mind, the most unique and striking; but, all in all, Elizabeth's



MR. SIMEON PEASE CHENEY.

voice and mine were probably the best voices in our family of singers. Elizabeth's voice was true to a hair, and I have never heard tones of greater pathos; her voice was strong as it was pure. I had no idea, when I lived at home, but that there were plenty of families that could sing as we did, but I have never found them. Nor have I found, in all my teachings, a single boy that had anything like the sing in him that I had when a youngster."

Elder Cheney's youngest brother, Israel Ela Cheney, had

a beautiful voice, and an exquisite ear for music. His love for music knew no bounds, and he was a constant singing-teacher throughout his life; also a tuner and repairer of organs, pianos and other instruments. His family of ten children had many uncommon singers and players among them, the best known of whom was Mrs. Abbey Cheney Crozer, for many years organist and choir-director in Upland, a wealthy suburb of Philadelphia.

The Cheney family, who began concerting in 1845, consisted of five; four brothers and a sister, Moses, Nathaniel, Simeon, Joseph and Elizabeth. Hon. Moses Ela Cheney is the only one now living. Still active, in full possession of his acute native powers, he lives with his sons in South Dakota, faithful to the traditions of his life-long art and to the memory of his gifted family. He has been an original and most useful teacher of the voice and of elementary music in general, and has also won fame as a unique lecturer on musical topics. A letter from him on musical conventions accompanies this sketch.

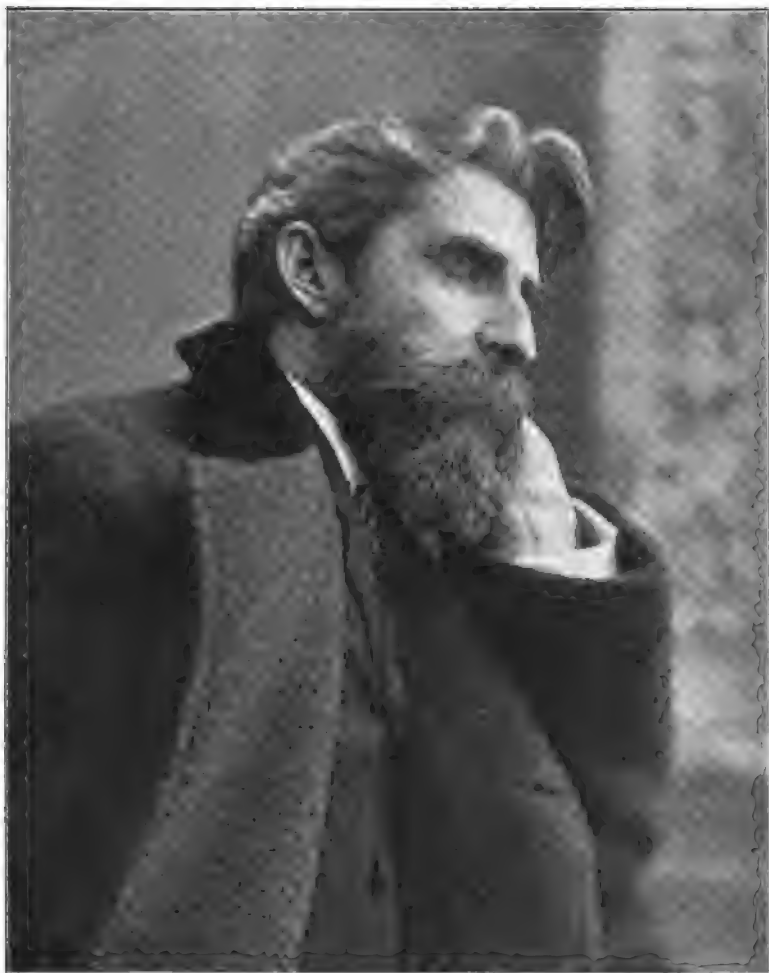
Nathaniel lived many years in Illinois. He came to the State in 1844 and died at Pilot Grove, at 76 years of age. The best known of his family is his daughter Ruth, the wife of the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Gustave C. E. Weber, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Joseph Young Cheney lived his later years in New Hampshire and died there, a lifelong teacher of singing. He it was that carried the humor for which the Cheney family are noted to its highest degree. The hundreds of people that remember his power of mimicry and narration are united in the sentiment that they will not see his like again.

Elizabeth Ela Cheney, the sister in the concert troupe, received better musical advantages than some of her brothers. She was a teacher of the piano as well as of the voice, and one of the sweetest of singers. She died in Oakland, Cal. a few years since. Her only surviving child is Mrs. John Vance Cheney, now of Chicago, so well known as a teacher of piano and a lecturer on musical subjects. Both Mrs. Cheney's daughters are musical, the youngest now bidding fair to surpass all her ancestry as an instrumental executant. Elder Cheney's musical gifts have descended straight to her, not only undiminished but augmented.

It remains to say a word of Simeon Pease Cheney.

Enough has been quoted from his diary to give a general idea of the man. He was a lifelong teacher of singing classes and a composer of sacred music. In the later part of his life he became interested in the songs of the birds, and from sum-



MR. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

mer to summer he reduced their songs to a musical notation. The result of his studies is a highly original volume entitled "Wood Notes Wild." His striking personal presence, his fire and limitless power of voice left an impression on audiences never to be forgotten. Mr. Cheney lived the best part

of his later life in Dorset, Vt. He died in Franklin, Mass., May 10, 1890, leaving two sons, both of whom are musical, one of them a teacher of rare merit in Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Albert Baker Cheney. The other son is John Vance Cheney, poet and essayist, and librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago.

Among the family papers are several which have historical value. The first to be cited on this occasion is a narrative written by Elder Moses Cheney in 1841 and printed in the *Musical Visitor* for January, 1842 (Boston). It is called:

LEARNING TO SING IN THE LONG AGO.

I do not remember when I began to sing for the first time, but as long back as anything is recollected by me I was singing with my father and mother. To my mother, however, I am much more indebted for the first impressions on my mind in relation to music than to my father. Seven of the first years of my life were passed off, mostly with my mother, who was constantly singing to her little ones. Nothing like a pleasant, singing mother to learn little children to sing. I thank God for a singing mother and a singing father, and as little children are with their mother more than their father, I am of a strong belief, both from my own experience and observation, that much more depends on the singing mother than on the father. I cannot recollect of one case where a singing mother has failed of raising singing children. But I can at once call to mind many singing fathers who have raised large families without a single singer among them. I mean if the mother did not sing at all. My mother raised up nine children, four sons and five daughters, and not a single failure of an easy singer among them all, and all have arrived at the years of manhood. My own family are the same in number, with this difference, five are sons and four are daughters. All are of age and all are singers, and I trust all are yet alive. The mother of my children has been as easy and as natural a singer as any one of my acquaintances. I believe it rare that she ever took a child in her arms without singing to it. That was not all; singing was always interwoven with all her domestic labors in the house. I make this digression of my narrative because it is what I personally know, both

of my father's family and of my own. I now pass to notice my advantages in this science.

And it came to pass when I was about twelve years of age that a singing school was got up, about two miles from my father's house. In much fear and trembling I went, with the rest of the boys in our town. I was told, on the way to the first school, that the master would try every voice alone, to see if it was good. The thought of having my voice tried in that way, by a singing master, too, brought a heavy damp on my spirits. I said nothing, but traveled on to the place to see what a singing school might be. When we came to the house quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen had come and were coming to the school. This was the first school which I attended of any kind, with very little exception. I did not pay much attention to the scholars, but I watched the master closely. We were soon paraded all round the room, standing up to boards supported by old-fashioned kitchen chairs. I being the youngest of the company, managed to get the lowest seat, hoping thereby to be the last to have my voice tried. The master took his place inside the circle, took out of his pocket a paper manuscript, with rules and tunes all written with pen and ink, read to me the rules, and then said we must attend to the rising and falling of the notes. I shall take the liberty now to call ladies and gentlemen, and things, just as they were called in that school. And I begin with the rules as they were called, first:

FLATS.

The natural place for *mi* is in *B*.
 But if *B* be flat *mi* is in *E*.
 If *B* and *E* be flat *mi* is in *A*.
 If *B*, *E*, and *A* be flat *mi* is in *D*.
 If *B*, *E*, *A*, and *D* be flat *mi* is in *G*.

SHARPS.

But if *F* be sharp *mi* is in *F*.
 If *F* and *C* be sharp *mi* is in *C*.
 If *F*, *C* and *G* be sharp *mi* is in *G*.
 If *F*, *C*, *G* and *D* be sharp *mi* is in *D*.

These rules, as then called, were all that was presented in that school. The books contained only one part each, bass books—tenor books—counter books, and treble books. Such as sung bass had a bass book—he that sung tenor had a tenor

book—he who sung counter had a counter book, and the gals, as then called, had treble books. I had no book. With all these things before the school the good master began, “Come boys, you must rise and fall the notes first and then the gals must try.” So he began with the oldest, who stood at the head—“Now follow me right up and down; sound.” So he sounded; then the boy sounded, and followed the master up and down as it was called. Some more than one-half could follow the master. Others would go up two or three notes and then fall back lower than the first note. My feelings grew acute. To see some of the large boys, full twenty years old, make such dreadful work, what could I do! Great fits of laughing, both with boys and gals, would often occur. This scared me, and I was at my wits’ end. Now my eyes were fixed on the master’s mouth, if possible, to learn the names of the notes before he came to me. I saw all that was needed was to make just the same sound that he made; and it came to my mind that I could mimic every beast, and bird, and thing that I had ever heard make any noise, and it was no more to mimic my master than it was anything else. And then I had a firm belief I could do it. And I had only time to draw in a long breath, and blow out the flutter of my heart when the master came to me. “Well, my lad, will you try?” “Yes, sir.” I looked him in the mouth, and as he spoke a note, so did I, both up and down. I did not wait for him to call the note first; I spoke with him. Now, by watching him so closely and observing how he spoke the notes, I had not only learned the names of the notes, but I had got also, by the form of his mouth, what name would come to as to speak with him. The master turned away, saying, “This boy will make a singer.” I felt well enough. Then the gals had their turn to rise and fall the notes. “Come, gals, now see if you can’t beat the boys. So when he had gone through the gals’ side of the school he seemed to think the gals had done rather the best. Now the rules were left for tunes. Old Russia was brought on first. The master sang it over several times, first with the bass, then with the tenor, then with the counter, and then with the treble. Such as had notes looked on, such as had none listened to the rest. In this way the school went on through the winter. A good number of tunes were learned in this school and were sung well as we thought, but as to the science of music very little was gained.

At the close of the school, and after singing the last night, we made a settlement with the master. He agreed "to keep," as then called, for one shilling and sixpence a night, and to take his pay in Indian corn at three shillings a bushel. A true dividend was made of the cost among the boys (the gals found candles for their part), and it amounted to thirteen quarts and one pint of corn apiece. After the master had made some good wishes on us all we were dismissed and all went home in harmony and good union.

Now, my benevolent father had given me a small plot of ground, the summer before this school, on which I had raised nearly two bushels of corn. Early the next morning I shelled out the corn; my mother handed me a clean pillow case with a smiling face and helped me measure up the corn, good measure. I took it on my shoulder and away I carried it, four miles on foot, to my master. I knocked at the door, went in, took off my hat in one hand, made a low bow, reached out the pillow case with the other, saying, "here is your corn, sir." The master took it with sparkles in his eyes, emptied it, and handed the cloth back to me. I made another low bow, came out, and went on my way rejoicing, singing along home. I should not mention how I took off my hat and made bows if the practice among boys nowadays was not as much out of fashion as old *fa sol la*.

In the eyes of singers at this time, with the advance of the science of music for half a century past, this school must appear very insignificant indeed. But suffer me to express some of my feelings at that time. To me the whole movement of the school was of the brightest cast. Carrying with it, all through, from first to last, the most striking and affecting realities that I had ever been made to witness before, and I expected it was all that could be done in regard to the glorious work of singing for ages to come. A school! A singing school! O those words! Every other word vanished at the sound. Think for a moment. A little boy at twelve years of age, growing up in the shade of the deep and dense forests of the mountains of New Hampshire, seldom out of sight of his mother, or the hearing of her voice, never saw a singing master or a musical note—seldom ever heard the voice of any human being except his own domestic circle, by the fireside of his father's humble hearth. Think of it! Now he is a member of a school—more, a singing school! Singing

tunes by note! Singing "We live above!" Carrying any part all in the same high boy's voice. O, that winter's work! The foundation of many happy days for more than fifty years past. The master too! Ah, that blessed form of a man. His bright blue, sparkling eyes—his sweet, angelic voice—his manifest care and love to his pupils—everything, combined to make him one of a thousand. Not long after his school was closed I heard that there were plenty of printed singing books in Boston, and that our storekeeper would have some to sell before the next winter. It was my whole concern to be ready, by the time they came up, to buy one. I would persuade my father to give me a stent, to hoe by myself, to gain time to peal red-oak bark, burn it, and save the ashes for the purpose of buying a printed singing book. When the books came I was ready to pay in ashes. This I did, and then I owned a singing book. I looked at the rules with astonishment. I do not remember the name of the book or the author's name; but this I perfectly remember, it was a singing book. In my new book I had possessed myself of not far from one hundred new tunes. This was more than I ever expected to see. Now I could read but very poorly indeed, must spell all large words, and had it not been for singing I should not have been able to read at all. Singing did more for me by far in learning me to read than every other way of teaching. So on I went, studying my new book, and when I came to a hard name or word I would go to my mother, and in this way I made some progress.

In my book I found that notes had another name—Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver.

I learned also that the semibreve was the longest note in singing, and that it was as long as two minim, four crotchet, eight quavers, sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two semidemiquavers. This put one link more into the chain of my understanding.

My new book taught me, likewise, more modes of time than one. In my school without a book I had only learned to beat up and down, but now I saw different ways, some two down beats and one up, another two down and two up. Some were slow and some fast. This swelled my mind a little larger still. So I went on, committing to my memory all that came in my way, until I had eaten that book up.

I attended some kind of a singing school every winter but two until I was twenty-one years old. Forty-three years ago, or the winter after I was twenty-one, I followed Mr. Wm. Tenney, the best instructor that I had ever found. He taught every afternoon and evening in the week, Sunday excepted. When he left us he gave me his singing book and wooden pitch pipe and told me to believe I was the best singer in the world and then I never should be afraid to sing anywhere. He and myself could take any singing book that we met with and sing through as easy as we could read many other books. That was something then, and no small thing at this day. After this last school, from the time of my age, twenty-one, I have taught singing until I became fifty—that is, more or less from time to time. I still sing, for the more part of my strength lies in my voice. Twice in my lifetime have I lost my voice. Two fevers destroyed my voice for some months, but by constant trying to sing, brought it back with usual strength as before. And now, without boasting, blessed be the God of music, I have more strength of voice in singing than any man of my age that I have sung with for twenty years past. A great means, in the hands of my Maker, of preserving my voice, I am confident is simply this: I sing more or less every day. It makes no odds, summer or winter, rain or shine, cold or hot, by the fireside or on a journey, whether wind blows high or low, I sing. In prosperity or in adversity, joyful or sad, alone or in company, at home or abroad, I sing. And in such meetings where there are many singers, whether I know their tunes or not, I sing. This is all the way that I know of to preserve the voice, either of young or old. In this way I pray God I may keep on until “my voice is lost in death.” And then,

“May praise employ my nobler powers,
While life, and thought, and being last
Or immortality endures.”

MOSES CHENEY.

Another paper is from the pen of his son, Hon. Moses Ela Cheney, now living at Troy, South Dakota, being part of a letter to his nephew, Mr. John Vance Cheney.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

You know, perhaps, that the singing conventions, or "musical conventions," had their beginning in Montpelier, Vt., in May, 1839, and that your humble servant was the projector, and that they were continued yearly until five very successful conventions had been held. At every convention a committee was appointed to fix upon a town within the state for the next convention and give due notice in the newspapers. The five conventions under the organization were held at the following villages: Montpelier, 1839; Newberry, 1840; Windsor, 1841; Woodstock, 1842; Middlebury, 1843. In 1843 we appointed a committee of good men, of which Dr. Thomas E. Powers was chairman. I left the state in 1843 and the committee made no appointment for 1844. This ended the organization. Seven years later, in 1850, when I returned to Vermont to live, I found that musical conventions had been going on some three or four years. Mason, Baker, Woodbury, Root and others were holding them; it was a new start. Plainly enough, they had all rooted from the five conventions inaugurated at Montpelier in 1839.

I was then (in 1839) twenty-six years old. I consulted with statesmen of Montpelier as to how I could bring about the first convention. They told me a call must be sent out, inviting the attention of all singers in Vermont to the subject. I got E. P. Walton, Jr., to write the call, which he printed in the "Watchman." More than thirty men of different professions and from different parts of the state signed the call. I have now here, in South Dakota, "The Vermont Watchman" of May, 1839, that contains said call to the singers. Of the signers to the call I am, I believe, the only one alive to-day.

While I am about it I will go a little farther back. E. K. Prouty, a broken merchant in Waterford, then a traveling peddler with a horse and wagon, came along with his cart and took me to Coventry. As he was a singing teacher there, we could meet some singers and have a great musical time. Very good. Prouty was a fine singer and also a com-

poser, ten years my senior. Afterward I used to meet Prouty who kept me aroused to music, and soon I was teaching in Montpelier and leading the brick-church choir. I was in request as a teacher for all that I could do. Well, in 1836 Prouty was visiting his wife's relation at the capitol. I chanced to meet him, and he was very eloquent on the subject of music. As we parted I said jocularly, "Prouty, we must have a musical convention."

I soon found myself seriously in thought on the subject. I spoke of it to Judge Redfield and other eminent persons, all of whom gave their approval. Judge Howes said a call must be issued, inviting the people to assemble for a convention. So I trained all my schools to the practice of unusual tunes, anthems, quartets, male quartets, duets and solos for both sexes. We used for secular music "The Boston Glee Book" and Kingsley's two volumes. We had more than 200 singers, half of them good and some very good. All could read music. Every one, I think, knew his or her part. The convention was held May 22 and 23, 1839. Thirteen clergymen were present and thirteen questions were discussed, interspersed with anthems, tunes and glees. The singing came from three sides of the gallery, the church organ being in the center. The Vermont musical convention was then and there organized by Vermonters. Lowell Mason knew nothing of it; Henry E. Moore knew nothing of it. The musical convention was begotten and born in Vermont, not in Massachusetts; in Montpelier, not in Boston. It was suggested, nursed and trained by Moses E. Cheney, not by Lowell Mason, who stated at our third convention, held at Windsor in 1841, that that was the first day that he ever stepped foot into Vermont. Our committee invited him to come to lead our singing. He came, bringing 200 Carmina Sacra just from the press, and the convention sang the new music. He said to me that Vermont was the second state in the Union in point of musical culture. He did not think it the equal of Massachusetts, but it surpassed all the other states.

(In a letter received from Mr. Cheney some years before 1890 he goes over a part of the same ground. The two accounts taken together settle the point that he wishes to make, namely, that he was the projector of musical conventions. He says:

"Nothing of the kind and name of similar character and

pretensions ever occurred before my first convention at Montpelier in May, 1839. The call was signed by more than a score of professional and legal men of various towns of Vermont. It was organized and officed by its own votes. Joshua Bates, president of Middlebury College, was elected president; E. P. Walton, Sr., vice president; E. P. Walton, Jr., secretary; Solomon Durgin, treasurer; Moses E. Cheney, director; John H. Paddock, organist. The convention held two days. President Bates gave a scientific address on the second day. On the second evening the convention gave a concert, which put \$25.00 into the treasury. Thirteen resolutions were ably discussed by ministers, doctors, lawyers and musicians, and passed. The conventions were to meet yearly at such time and place as the committee appointed saw fit. In 1840 it was held at Newbury, 1841 at Windsor, 1842 at Woodstock, 1843 at Middlebury. A committee was appointed to fix time and place for 1844, but it never reported, and the organization was not continued. I left the state immediately after the last convention, held at Middlebury, and was five hundred miles away, in Buffalo, N. Y. When I returned and re-established myself in Vermont, in 1850, I found that musical conventions were rife in the old Green Mountain state, held or directed by Boston professors. My example of five annual conventions was followed pretty soon, and since then they have been perpetuated and have extended into all of the United States and into most of the cities. When Lowell Mason died, Henry Ward Beecher, or somebody, stated in the "Independent" that Mason was the father of musical conventions. Twenty years after our organization ceased Mason wrote me that the musical gatherings of Vermont, which we got him to direct, had never been eclipsed since, but were not called conventions then.

MOSES E. CHENEY."

The musical convention is as dead as the dodo; but the history of the dodo would be of interest in any society of paleontological naturalists, and in our scientific moments we are nothing if not reminiscent.

The history of this remarkable family also illustrates another point in which all of us Americans have great interest, namely, the tendency of evolution. Here was a family as bent upon musical experience as any harpist of ancient Israel or minstrel of Greece. The best they had they sang. No doubt

even in the early part of this century the Cheney ears would have kindled to the spirited and incisive march of a Bach fugue even more readily than to the rude continental parodies thereupon, such as the fugue tunes of our forefathers. And it is to be noted that the same missionary spirit for music pervades the stock to this day, only it finds its exercise in the higher forms of the art, about which Elder Moses Cheney perhaps knew absolutely nothing. It is likely, however, that the musical conventions which Lowell Mason conducted in 1850 sang at least one or more of the larger choruses of Handel and possibly the "Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation," for an admirable selection of such choruses had been made by Mason at least ten years earlier—"The Boston Academy's Collection of Choruses." From Vermont to Boston in those days was a long distance, although the "Professor Webb" mentioned above told the writer that he himself had traversed the entire length of the state of Massachusetts (200 miles) in a stage coach in winter in order to play an organ concert in Albany, N. Y. With all his faults the American has musical tendencies which some day or other will make him a name in the world.

THE NATURE AND EVOLUTION OF ART.

BY ALFRED FOUILLEE.

Member of the Institute of France, President of the International Society of Sociology.

In his very wise study, "*Per l'arte Asritocratica*," M. P. Giani has recalled the theory of Guyau, but he has given only an incomplete idea. As this theory arrives at conclusions very different from those which are preferred by M. Torchi and M. Giani, I believe that the readers of "*La Revista Musicale*" will find it for their interest to know that better. I will undertake and at the same time indicate the direction in which, in my opinion, the art of the future will develop itself. I believe with Guyau that great art in music as elsewhere will be neither democratic nor aristocratic, but in the larger sense of the word social and even sociological, without ceasing to be profound, individual and disinterested.

We know that Schiller, expressing the ideas of Kant in language at the same time more poetic and more simple, said that art is essentially a superior kind of play, which the superior faculties permit themselves. Spencer, struck with this thought, which was familiar to the aesthetics of Germany, developed it in showing the resemblance which exists between play and art. The animals at the foot of the scale, said Spencer, do not play, do not sing; necessity absorbs them entirely. Animals which have an excess of activity and of endowment play. The cat and the lion play with a ball and chase it, and they roll upon their sides as if they were rejoicing in a prey; the dog runs after an imaginary rabbit or makes believe to fight with other dogs; he irritates himself in imagination, shows his teeth and pretends at the surface very much more than he feels; the amusement degenerates into real strife, so the struggle for existence simply simulated becomes play.

Without denying this part of play in art, one easily perceives that it has been very much exaggerated. The true aesthetic sentiment is serious *par excellence*. This is a point upon which the English school has not enough insisted, and which Guyau has put in full light. There is in the effect some-

thing more precious still than such and such a result accomplished; for example, an obstacle overcome, a weight removed, a problem resolved: it is the power itself which serves to accomplish it. The effect is particular and passing; the power is general and lasting, because it contains virtually an indefinite number of other similar actions; it is life in action.

The apparent inutility of aesthetic sentiments, and their seeming separation from vital functions, implies then a utility more profound, a gymnastic which increases the intensity of functions the most important. The aesthetic sentiment is a maximum of power with a minimum of expense; it has the power to express itself in view of itself, and at no more expense than to enjoy it. The evolution school has not pushed this principle to its end, which is life; it does not see that art is a superior life, disengaged mainly from effort, and of which play is only the first image; it is the fullness of disembodied existence, the will enfranchised and mistress of itself. The play itself, the simple play, is it also, as they say, deprived of all finality? It is necessary to remark, on the contrary, that for play to exercise its faculties and enjoy their exercise one always gives himself an end. If one takes a walk he says to himself very often, "I will go to such a point." An Alpine excursion is the more beautiful because it has for its end a summit to attain. If an infant makes houses of cards it is to realize a difficult equilibrium. Play, then, has its interest and its serious side—the strongest reason of art.

As the intensity of life is so much larger than the different vital functions, principally the most active, carried on at the same time in a concordant manner, one might, after scientific research, define the beautiful as play: "this which gives us the consciousness of a maximum of energy with a minimum of effort at the same time in our sensibility, our intellect and our will; consequently with an excess of vitality and a conscious joy." Complete beauty is a foretaste of felicity, and every fragment of beauty is a fragment of happiness realized by means of it. But this first definition of the beautiful is only biological; there is need to complete it from the social point of view.

Art notably manifests not alone a need superior to vital development, which raises itself when the inferior instincts of self-preservation have been satisfied; it manifests also a tendency to express itself more fully and to cause others to par-

ticipate in our own aesthetic sentiments, which in communicating increase themselves. Art is then at the same time individual and social, biological and sociological. The Abbe Dubos has undertaken to explain the essence of the beautiful and art by climate. Herder indicates similar views. Auguste Comte thinks that art, religion and science will finish by confounding themselves with each other. Taine limits himself to such considerations as race, climate and environment. Hennequin has shown us how these facts, which Taine mentions, are very little determinate and determinative. Guyau has the honor of having proved that the social is not alone an influence upon art, but constitutes its essence itself. Since Guyau, the sociological point of view has been taken in different manners, notably by M. Tarde in his "Logique Sociale" and by M. Ernst Gosse ("Die Anfaenge der Kunst," 1894), but it is always with the origin and the end of art that they occupy themselves, rather than with its essence itself. According to M. Gosse, for example, who has written an interesting book upon the beginnings of art, the aesthetic problem has two forms: the one individual, the other sociological; one might consider art at its origin, among primitive people, in order the better to discern its essence and its laws. M. Gosse studied the ornamentation of the body, the decoration of the arms and utensils, figured representations of men and animals, and then the dance, which is intermediate between play and art; the dance, animated statuary, connected with song, conducts to poetry and music. The first works of art have had their origin in practical ends as much as in aesthetics. It is this which M. Giani excellently demonstrates. The means of production and the economic condition exercise a great influence. Climate has had no influence upon production, only through the intermediation of human labor. As to the end and destiny of art, the ideas of Auguste Comte have made their way. According to him the fine arts, above all music and poetry, will gain very much with the prevalence of positive ideas, which will incorporate them with the social life to which they have hitherto remained strangers. The preponderance of the human point of view and that of the social spirit are favorable, according to him, to aesthetic dispositions. Auguste Comte remarks that the laborious and peaceful activity peculiar to modern civilization, being with pain evaded, has not yet been appreciated from the aesthetic

point of view. Art, like science, like industry itself, in place of having become aged is not yet formed, because it has not yet disengaged itself from the type which antiquity has fixed for it. Modern existence will find its own idealization, in which its character will be distinctly marked. The double sentiments of the true and the good cannot develop themselves without giving rise to the sentiment of the beautiful.

Comte admits on the whole the social and religious role of art due to the idealization of realities discovered by science. At the foundation these are the same sentiments which Spencer assigned to the art of the future; his pages upon the poetry of science are well known. Guyau in appreciating the ideas of Spencer in his "Problems of Contemporary Aesthetics" has added analogous views to those of Comte upon the role of art and upon its harmony with science; he shows that the ideal will be an epoch where all pleasure, outside of the elements of sensation, will consist of intellectual and moral elements, where pleasure will not alone be the satisfaction of a certain organ, but everything will be agreeable which begins and disappears, so to say, in the beautiful. Beyond this also, in place of being a play, art will have all the seriousness of life, as life will have all the beauty of art.

But to attain this end it is necessary that art realize more and more its essence; its sociological law. This law, according to which it creates, is sympathy and sociability even; every work of art has for its essence, according to this author, the establishment of a relation of society between us and other living beings in a manner to cause us to live their life. The beauty of a work of art, for example of a musical work, measures itself in the profoundness and comprehensiveness of social sympathy, which it realizes and which it expresses. Music, having for its material sound, the means of expression and the propagation of sentiment between men, is like all language social by its own definition. Also, like morals and religions, art has for its ultimate object to raise the individual to himself and to identify him with all. This is what Comte had already dreamed. Man will become religious, said Guyau, when he superimposes upon the human society where he lives another society more powerful and more elevated, at first restricted, afterwards larger and larger than that, a universal society, cosmic or supercosmic, with which he is in relation as to thoughts and action; a mythical or mystic society

is thus the foundation of all religions. Moreover, the sociological idea is essential to art. To distinguish art from religion better than Comte was able to do, Guyau remarks that religion has an end at the same time speculative and practical: it tends towards the true and the good; it does not love all things solely to satisfy the imagination and the instinct of sympathy and of universal sociability; it animates all for explaining the great phenomena of the terrible and the sublime of nature; or even better for explaining nature itself; afterwards it causes us to wish and to do with the supposed aid of superior beings and according to their laws. The end of religion is that effective satisfaction practical to all desirous of an ideal life, good and happy, at the same time a satisfaction projected into the future time or into eternity. The essence of art, on the contrary, is the immediate realization in thought and imagination and the immediate experience of all our dreams of an ideal life, of life intense and expansive, of life good, passionate, happy, without other end or other law than the intensity and harmony necessary to give us the actual sentiment of the fullness in existence. Great music, symphony, is a striking example. The religious society, the city, more or less celestial, is the object of an intellectual conviction accompanied with sentiments of seriousness or hope: the city of art is the object of an intellectual representation, accompanied by sympathetic sentiments which do not result in an effective action to turn away an evil or conquer a good desire. Art is that actual and immediate realization of its object by the representation itself; and this realization ought to be sufficiently intense in the sum of its representation to give us the serious and profound sentiment of an individual life enriched by sympathetic relations which it has entered into with the lives of others, with the social life, with the universal life. It exists not less as a unity profound between all the germs; life, morality, society, art, religion. Great art is that which maintains and manifests this unity: the art of the decadents and of the "desequilibres" is that where this unity disappears through the death of play of imagination and style and of the exclusive cultivation of form. The unsane art of the decadents has for characteristic the dissolution of the social sentiments, the return to unsociability.

Renan thought that music, which dates from two or three centuries, should be, above all, a completed thing; Guyau

objects to him that the language of sounds is inexhaustible. The melodic or symphonic idea corresponds always to a certain moral and intellectual state of man, which changes with the centuries; it will change still more and will make new progress with man himself and with society. Certain musicians, as Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, have expressed sentiments proper to the social state of our epoch, and corresponding to a general state of the nervous system of which Handel, Bach or Haydn would have had difficulty to form an idea. As Spencer has shown, music is a development of the accent which the voice takes under the influence of passion, be it individual, be it collective; Guyau remarks that the variations of tone, of modulations natural to the human voice, should go on to refine themselves in the measure that the nervous system augments in delicacy and that the social sympathy augments in comprehensiveness. Compare the conversation of a peasant woman with that of a distinguished person; you will find how the voice of the second has modulations more fine and more complex. Musical melodies, following the variations of human accent, ought to become more and more expressive as the sentiments of the heart become finer. The social life, more and more complex, will increase also the complexity of sentiments. As to the dread that the combinations of the notes of music will finally be exhausted, Guyau replies that there is no serious danger if one remembers the mathematical laws of combinations. Thanks to rhythm and to movement, melodies can be varied without limit; on the other side harmony has still resources without number. The English critic, Lord Maunt Edgaunbe, formerly reproached Rossini of his ensemble pieces for different parties, his chorus, his duos, composed of long solos in lively time. He reproached him with the introduction of vulgar roles into the opera, the multiplicity of his melodic themes, whereas he contended for one single theme followed with variations. In fine, in the eyes of this critic of art, full of authority in his time, the music of Rossini was very much too complex and unintelligible. God knows, nevertheless, that it appears to us excessively easy and relatively as little complicated in harmony as in rhythm. It is not left for us any longer to contend for a simple melody sustained by a simple accompaniment. May be, in some centuries, we will find ourselves beyond such melodies as we find in the symphonies of Beethoven

and in the beautiful passages of Wagner. However this may be, music is very much more in the process of evolution than of dissolution.

On the whole, since Kant, Schiller, Comte and Spencer, biological and sociological aesthetic has made incontestable progress. To believe Kant and his continuators, art treats reality as a spectacle, and real objects as if they were simple images; the functions of life as if they were a simple play; the opposite thesis appears today to prevail. Art treats spectacle as a reality, images as objects, the play even of our faculties as a life lived and experienced; in place of playing around the heart of things it obliges itself to put a heart in all things, and, more than that, to create. The incomplete life of nature cannot satisfy man. Genius creates for itself a life superior in fullness and in productiveness; he sees it vividly and makes us live it. This superior life, which has for its essence infinite sociability, in place of being a simple play is a serious object of enjoyment, to be loved and to be desired. The theory of "art for art" is then broken down. Flaubert, in order to sustain this theory, cites with admiration the words of Buffon: "All the intellectual beauties which find themselves in a beautiful style, all the relations of which it is composed, are as much truths as utilities, and may be more precious for the public spirit than those which lie at the foundation of the subject." Buffon's remark was just for many subjects where form has certainly more importance than the substance; but Buffon could not forget that the beauties of a true style are intellectual beauties residing in the relations of words with thoughts, of thoughts between themselves, of words between themselves; it is that harmony, that solidarity, accord, internal logic, identity of law and life which gives its value to a phrase well made, to a musical phrase as to a literary phrase, and this value is in itself an education for the spirit of the reader or the hearer, a revelation of the relation of the chord with himself and others, of the eurythmie (whence come two remarks in passing—the importance of classic study as also of musical study). It hence results neither that art can be indifferent to ideas, nor that it can be indifferent to the moral or social consequences of the ideas or sentiments which it expresses.

Is this to say that according to sociological aesthetics a work of art ought to be a moral or social thesis? Not at all, and the didactic is more often the enemy of art, of poetry, of

music; but a relation of ideas and of sentiments upon nature, humanity, society, or such a class of society, is not necessarily a thesis, although a doctrine, a belief sometime powerful may be therein contained. True art, without pursuing extensively an end moral and social, as in the utilitarian theory of Comte, has in its essence even its profound morality and its profound sociability, which alone make its health and its immortal vitality.

And this is principally why we are unable to comprehend the evolution of art in the same manner as M. Giani. We admit, with him, that art in its first period was collective and still social; that in its second period it became more and more individual and disengaged from all exterior end. But we admit a third synthetic period of evolution, where art, without ceasing to offer a profound individuality, essential to genius, offers also at the same time another and not less essential quality—universality and the sociality of inspiration. This is the ideal which Wagner proposed to music, and which he did not flatter himself with having completely realized. But great music, without ceasing to be individual by the genius of the musician, and national by the influence of the environment, will become more and more international, human, universal. It will be, it is already, a foretaste of the union and the peace which will ultimately prevail between nations. The Frenchman will fill himself with the genius of Italy in applauding Palestrina or Verdi; he will penetrate the spirit of Germany in understanding Beethoven or Wagner; Italy and Germany, on their side, will put themselves in union with France in applauding Berlioz and Gounod. Child of harmony, music is among the arts one of those which will contribute most to universal harmony. Wherefore, one might say with Ibsen, "the strong man is not man by himself, but the man united in his thought, in his heart to all other men, the individuality in which lives an entire humanity."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF TERESA CARRENO.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Teresa Carreno is one of those richly endowed, fascinating and satisfying women of whom it has been said that to know them is culture, while to be in love with one of them is a liberal education. Born of excellent stock in the South American country—Venezuela—her early musical education she had from her father, and when not more than six years of age one of the periodical revolutions of that country made the family exiles. Coming to New York, the United States has been her home most of the time since.

As usual with geniuses she showed her talent for music at the earliest possible age. One night, when about three years old, after she had been undressed for bed, she stole into the drawing room a few minutes while the family were busy elsewhere. She began to pick out chords, feel around for certain melodies which she had heard, and showed in an unmistakable manner that the art of music had a home in her heart. Her father hearing her efforts watched them a while in silence, then taking her in his arms he burst into tears, and said: "My darling, you will be an artist." From that time her training began. Her father seems to have had excellent knowledge of music, and his training was thorough and painstaking. At the age of nine she appeared in a benefit concert in the New York Academy of Music, which was crowded for the occasion, but little benefit did the needy child get from it, for the manager decamped with the funds. This, however, was the beginning of her career as concert pianist. As wonder child she made appearances throughout the United States, and by the time she was twelve she was in Europe, playing everywhere, in France, Germany, Spain, England—wherever music is loved.

In London she made the acquaintance of Joachim, the violinist, and she relates how they used to play the Kreutzer sonata from memory, he a man, a great artist, she a girl of about fourteen, playing it with abundant give and take—each

following his own free inspiration in the variation where his own part happened to lead.

The genial Colonel Mapleson was then at the zenith of his influence and powers, manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, and an impressario who controlled the most desirable singers in the world. The beauty of Carreno appealed to the Colonel and likewise to the sympathetic Tietjens, and the girl was much with them. She was then a woman grown, apparently about twenty years of age, although in reality less than fifteen. And a curious incident befell her. When she went to England for her first grand tourney, after she had acquired unmistakable standing on the continent, she began with the provinces, and it happened that her tour ended at Edinboro, where Mapleson was just giving a season of Italian opera. Having finished her playing for the moment Carreno was simply enjoying herself with the companionship of Tietjens—the Colonel in the immediate background, like a guardian angel. Mapleson had sold out the house for "The Huguenots" on the Queen's birthday. About a week in advance, or perhaps less, the soprano billed for the role of the Queen got sick, and Mapleson was at his wit's end. He had perhaps not then arrived at his later potency of nerve, in pursuance of which he would have put on an inexperienced debutante, without compunction or even a rehearsal upon the stage. (I have known of his putting on an Azucena in "Il Trovatore" who had not only never had rehearsal with the company, but an American girl who had never appeared upon the stage in a leading role—put her on at a few hours' notice, and this upon an important occasion. The lady had been a pupil of mine, so I know what I am saying.)

Mapleson telegraphed far and near, but nowhere within three days' travel was there a capable singer for the role free to come. On Thursday Mapleson broke out: "Teresa, I have an idea." "What is it, uncle Mapleson?" asked the charming girl. "You shall sing the role of the Queen in the 'Huguenots' next Monday night." "Me?" in dismay exclaimed Carreno; "I have never been upon the stage; I cannot sing; I do not know the part." "Nonsense," replied Mapleson; "you have all the qualifications. You have a beautiful voice, a delightful stage presence, youth, beauty and musical genius. You are just the person." Naturally the idea appealed to the imagination of a young girl. It was true, she did sing well, and she

had all the other qualifications mentioned. Moreover, for years she had been accustomed to public appearances and really enjoyed the novelty of a new role. "But," she said, "you forget that I do not know the part." "Know the part," exclaimed Mapleson; "you have four days. What more do you want? The time is ample."

Carreno was as quick-witted as she was handsome. She thought a moment and answered: "I will attempt the part on one condition." "Name it," said Mapleson. "You shall give me the singers I want for my London concerts." "Done," answered Mapleson; "name them." So Carreno made out her list. Grisi, Mario, Tietjens, Lablache, and two or three others, the very cream of the world's lyric stage at that moment, all were under contract with Mapleson and subject to her demand. Her idea was to have such a brilliant concert for opening in London that even if her critics should not happen in all respects to like her playing, the concert would be a social success.

As the days went on she experienced dread. It was a bold venture. What if she should fail in singing, and then go up to London hampered by the reputation of having made failure in opera? So she appeared under a stage name; her success was brilliant, and then she was sorry enough that she had not sung under her own name.

Speaking of opera, she had another experience some years later, equally interesting in its way. Some years ago Venezuela celebrated the centennial of Bolivar and liberty. About a year before, they sent over a national hymn to Carreno, asking her to compose the music for it, which she did. Then they asked her and her husband, Tagliapietra, the baritone, to come as guests of the state. So they were met at every railway station with bands, military, the mayor with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and all that sort of thing. Ceremonies, functions, and social enjoyments intervened between the concerts—tickets for the latter being sold out at advance rates weeks ahead. They desired opera the next year. So a subvention of twenty thousand dollars was voted and "Tag" went off to Italy to engage a company. The time came and the opera opened brilliantly. But a revolution was impending. One night the police exhumed some barrels of gunpowder from under the opera house, intended to blow the president and all the audience into "thin air," as Virgil says, when it

should be quite sure that the president had appeared. Revolution was in the air. Everybody quarreled with everybody else. The first soprano quarreled with the first conductor, and as conductors could be spared better than the dramatic soprano, he went. Two days later the soprano quarreled with the second conductor, and insulted him so grossly that he also left. Here was a box. There was not another conductor competent for the place within some thousands of miles. To stop—ruin. But how to go on?

It was a fiddler who solved it. He said: "Mme. Carreno, why do you not direct the orchestra yourself?" She answered that she could not direct. "Nonsense," said the musician. "You have stage experience; you are an artist and know exactly how the music ought to be done, and you are a singer and know how an artist ought to be accompanied. You are the very person, and the only person." So, since it was sink or swim, Mme. Carreno undertook the direction and conducted the remaining three weeks of the opera with perfect success. She said that the musicians were very polite to her and did exactly as she desired them. She always spoke to them politely and gently, and when things needed to be practiced they simply went over them again and again until the effect was realized. But the work of beating! "You cannot imagine how arduous I found it. I had to have my arm rubbed for hours every night after performance before I could sleep at all; and towards the last I feared that I would be paralyzed permanently."

When I saw Mme. Carreno after her return from these two exciting years in South America, I was delighted to find her the same amiable, modest, interesting woman as before. In fact she was more modest than before all these head-turning experiences.

When you speak of the modesty of an artist you mean practically what Dr. William Mason once said of a pupil, that "he knew how to conceal his conceit." An artist by so much as she is an artist, is sure of her ground. I once criticised Mme. Carreno upon some of her Schumann playing when I discovered that I had better not. She had studied the works in question with Mme. Schumann, and to her mind when the Schumann and the Carreno agreed upon the artistic reading of a certain work—it was not for a profane newspaper man to intervene. The point was instructive. All the same, the

reading was not good. I was right. I learned to admire the Carreno Schumann playing later, for essentially Mme. Carreno has a good talent for the deep emotionality and sincere musical qualities of Schumann.

There was a time once when I did not admire Carreno's piano playing on the whole so much as that of some other artists. But this was before I had heard so much of it. There are certain specialties in which Carreno is immense. She can play the Gottschalk tremolo study and make an astonishing effect with it. She can do the same with any Liszt rhapsody that she cares to do; and the like she can do in anything of Chopin. You may dissent from her Chopin, if you like, but somehow it interests the hearer and carries you along. Sometimes they criticise her Beethoven. I once sat upon the front seat while she played the sonata *appassionata* of Beethoven. She did it delightfully, and later we were speaking of it. I asked some questions about a point or two, and then she said: "When I play Beethoven I am as if I were in church. To me every note is sacred, and I take the greatest possible care to find out what he probably meant in every phrase and nuance. It is a serious thing to me to play Beethoven."

I am not sure whether there may not be such a thing as over-piety concerning Beethoven's sonatas; but at any rate her playing is very strong. It is in a recital that Carreno is at her best. About the time when an ordinary player is tired out she is just come to good condition and is ready to play an additional program for the mere enjoyment of it. I used to advise her to go to Europe. She said that she was afraid to try it; that Europe was a fine place for an artist if you did not happen to want anything of it; but once you wanted something, perhaps you could not get it. She meant that when public demand was created for an artist, then Europe is a fine place; but when an artist has to make a living by his art, then Europe is not so certain until after a name has been made.

I advised going to Europe because for several years it seemed to me that she was not fully appreciated in this country. While she had plenty of concerts and hosts of friends, her real rank as one of the greatest pianists of the period was not understood. I think her the best lady pianist now before the public; or at least I did think her that the last time I heard her. She may not be so good; and then she may be better.

Carreno owed a great deal to the late Albert Weber; and

conversely Weber owed a great deal to her. For about fifteen years, I think, Carreno played the Weber piano upon a guarantee of a certain salary. At first it was only five thousand dollars a year. She had to stand up against the prestige of the Steinway (a greater quantity than any but artists understand) and upon an instrument not always quite what she would have liked; tried to make her reputation as a player before audiences disposed to take her as a sort of home folks, not to be taken quite seriously as they would take an artist who had come over fresh from Europe. The salary covered her entire income. Weber got her the concerts, paid all expenses, sent the piano, and made what he could out of them. Then, when five years had gone by, there was a new contract, with a larger and regularly increasing salary. Weber offered her a choice to take four thousand dollars a year in cash additional and pay her own expenses, or he go on paying them; Carreno chose the latter—wisely. Under this later contract her income rose to ten thousand dollars a year, and having most of her expenses paid, she became a woman with a bank account.

Thus it was she happened to go abroad. She intended to remain in Europe about a year before doing much playing. But she was so fortunate as to gain the good will of Hermann Wolf, the great Berlin impressario, and he took hold of her at once. In Berlin they called her the Brunhilde of the piano, which she is; emotional, impetuous, divinely gifted, human.

The last time I met Mme. Carreno was in London in 1890. Arriving from the continent, on my way home, I found that Carreno's last recital would be given the next afternoon at St. James' hall. So I started off to find it and to find Carreno. Obtaining her address I called, but she sent word that she was dressing for the concert and desired me kindly to go down to the hall and wait for her—fifteen or twenty minutes, and on no account to put up money at the box office. So I went down to St. James' hall and hunted around in that rather complicated structure for the way to the artist's room. In a dark passageway down stairs I discerned a man and asked him a direction. He turned and suddenly threw his arms around me and kissed me. It was Remenyi, the violinist, just back from four years in South Africa and a tour of the world. He also was waiting for Carreno. Presently she came along, lighting up the gloomy passageway with her beauty, as she leaned upon the arm of her manager, the handsome Hugo Gorlitz. She greeted

us most warmly and Remenyi (I envied him his nerve) took her head between his hands and drawing her down kissed her upon the cheek.

The hall was full, and a delightful audience it was. Between times and at the end we were in the green room, where at last there was a reception, and Hope Glen, Antionette Sterling, and many other celebrities came to call upon the fair artist.

The next day Remenyi, with his son, a very fine young man of seventeen, the fiddle (the Strad. "Titan"), went in a cab to call upon Carreno, this being her reception day. We were almost the first. Then Remenyi played and she was delighted with the improvement he had made during all that hard practice in South Africa, where he used to play Bach fugues, Paganini capriccios and things by the hour to the little dark Olive Schreiner, just then writing her "African Farm." The violin had a noble tone. I never found out how Remenyi got it. Any day that I asked was too short for the story, and so I never got to the end.

Then Remenyi said that his son, who had always lived in Paris, had never heard a really great pianist and asked Carreno to play, which she did delightfully, upon a very fine Bechstein grand. At the end, the blazé young boulevardier, when asked by his father how he liked it, replied, "Ne pas mal"—"Not so bad." Ye gods! I should say not.

It was a fascinating afternoon I staid through, for when Remenyi went Mme. Carreno asked me to remain and let us have our talk out. One very interesting incident happened. Some cards were handed in, and the ladies followed. The older was a large English blonde, sweet, pleasant, apparently a little wanting in force, a woman about forty-five, with curls down the sides of her face—just such a woman as you can read about in Richardson's novels. With her her daughter, a girl of nineteen, well gowned, sweet, one of those faces which might mean anything or nothing. One wonders what sort of a light will shine out when the illumination once begins inside. The older lady had a book of music, in which was Thalberg's study in A minor, a piece I suppose Carreno may have played scores of times twenty years previously. The lady asked Mme. Carreno to include it in her programs because Rubinstein had played it in London and it made a good effect. Carreno thanked her in the sweetest manner for calling her attention to it and promised to look it up and if she found it available

would take the advice. I admired the neatness with which she met what was unquestionably a piece of assumption on the part of the visitor.

Then Carreno said she desired the young lady to sing something. "I am very anxious," she said, "that Mr. M. shall hear your daughter's voice." After considerable demurring for want of notes, lack of practice and the like, the mother removed her gloves and seating herself at the piano gave a very spirited performance of the prelude to Schumann's "Spring Night," which the daughter sang delightfully. The accompaniment was beautifully played, with plenty of spirit, warmth and nuance. I would not have dreamed that it was in her. Carreno afterwards told me that the lady was one of the best amateur pianists in all London. And if I praise the mother, what shall I say of the daughter? That girl lighted up with inspiration and sang with one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, sang in the way that makes the roots of your hair creep, the thrills go down your spine, and awaken all those unusual experiences which only very rare art has power to stir up within one. Carreno said that never since Tietjens had she heard such a voice. I can well believe her. Naturally applause was not lacking, and after applause so evidently genuine, more songs. All grand, inspiring, delightful. The young lady belongs to a wealthy family and will never be heard upon the stage. If she were to appear she would make a furore. She sang with the fire and discrimination of an artist and with the sympathetic insight and passion of a mature woman—a poet.

Mme. Carreno told me much about D'Albert and Sarasate, with the latter of whom she had had a difference only two days before. Sarasate, with the impudence of some European artists, had been reviling America, saying all sorts of derogatory things concerning it. Carreno took it up and gave him a piece of her mind. She said that America was her country. "You an American," said Sarasate; "you are from South America; you are one of us." "No," answered Carreno, "I am a yankee, if you like. I have lived in the United States almost all my life. It is my country, and no man can say such things against it in my presence. It is the greatest country in the world and I love it." Whereupon, for the moment, at least, Sarasate subsided.

She told me an amusing anecdote. She said: "You know

when I travel I am just like a child, always carrying on and saying foolish things. Tag. used to be very much annoyed by me, for he has a certain idea that a lady ought to be correct. The other day I was coming from Paris to London for some concerts, and as I had been ill for some time, my brother resolved to come over with me. So we came, and a right jolly time we had. When we got into the English train after crossing the channel, the only compartment where there was plenty of room had already a large blonde gentleman in it, by whose appearance I judged him to be German. So we entered. When we had started it happened that there was some scenery at the gentleman's end of the compartment, so I went myself over to that window and sat facing him, but without speaking to him. Believing I had to do with one of those phlegmatic Germans who know no language but their own, saving possibly a little English, I rattled on with my brother in French, occasionally lapsing into Spanish for some particularly confidential opinions. I said: 'This splendid large gentleman will think that I have come here because I was in love with him; but I am not; I desire to see the scenery.' And so it went. When we drew into the station in London I saw by the crowd upon the platform that some person of importance was expected. Just as we were coming to a stop the gentleman put his head out of his window and whistled Isolde's motive, which was immediately answered by the entire crowd, and alighting the gentleman was carried off in high glee by a most enthusiastic gathering of his friends.

'Who could this be?' I asked myself; 'who should make himself known in a London station by whistling the Isolde motive?' At once it flashed upon me; it must be Hans Richter. And it was. There I had been jabbering away all that trip before one of the most eminent men in the musical world, who probably understood every word I had said, and whose good opinion I was most anxious to acquire, for I hoped to play under his baton some day. When I see him next I am going to step up to him and looking him straight in the eye I will whistle the Isolde motive (which she did then and there) and say, 'Well, my friend, how do you like Carreno?'

Carreno is an advocate of woman's rights. She believes that women can do some things as well as others. Once while she was crossing the continent to California with the late Dr. Damrosch and his orchestra, they had many talks about

woman's power. Dr. Damrosch, who was a very interesting man and a delightful converser, said: "Tell me this, Carreno, why is it that when woman writes such good novels, plays and sings music with such power, and distinguishes herself in many professions formerly sacred to men, how is it that with all her sympathy and musical feeling woman never composes anything original?" "Do they not?" asked Carreno.

A few days later in a music store in Denver Dr. Damrosch said, "Now, Carreno, please play me something; play me one of the airs of your native land," whereupon Carreno played the hymn I mentioned that she had written for Venezuela. "This," she said, "is the national air of my native land." Dr. Damrosch heard it with delight. "That," he said, "is not American; it is an inspiration; it might have been composed by any good German composer. It is wonderful. Who wrote it?" Looking him straight in the eye Carreno answered, "I wrote it," and then she told the circumstances. Dr. Damrosch drew a long breath and said, "Well, I don't take back one single word. It is one of the best things I have ever heard."

Mme. Carreno has one of the most delightful dispositions in the world. As a mother she is affectionate, thoughtful, mindful of the claims of her children, and of their future. In this direction there is a romance in her history. At the age of sixteen she married Sauret, the violinist. They came to New York, but the new world was not ripe for him. He presently grew tired of the country. They were in poverty almost, and Sauret was homesick. Perhaps differences grew between them. Carreno was expecting a baby very soon. In this crisis Sauret left her with little money among strangers, for her father was dead. She told him that if he left her then she would never live with him another day in the world. He departed, and in due time her daughter was born. Later the child was taken by Sauret's sister, most of his family thinking that the young wife had been hardly dealt with. The conditions under which Carreno allowed her child to leave her were that the child should be taught that her mother was dead. When she should be nineteen years old it was the mother's intention to see her daughter and set all the case before her, leaving her free to go with either parent. When she told me this I said: "Mme. Carreno, you have done very wrong. When your daughter grows up without knowing her mother, and you come to see her, you will be simply a stranger. You

are unjust to the child, and the experiment can not possibly turn out well." So one of the reasons why she wanted to live in Europe was to see again this long-lost daughter, and perhaps receive her again to herself. So she wrote to the aunt, in charge of the daughter, but discovered that the aunt was very fond of the girl and in mortal dread lest when she should see her mother her heart should go out to her and the aunt be left in her old age alone, for she is unmarried. The feeling was very natural, but rather hard upon the mother's heart. Carreno begged and plead; she was willing to promise not to make herself known to her daughter if only she could see her and talk with her. And with a half concession of this kind she came to Wiesbaden, where the aunt lives. The very day that Carreno was coming in from one side the aunt and the daughter went out upon the other, and when I saw Mme. Carreno in London she had not yet seen her daughter.

I have no sympathy with the flings that are sometimes made at Mme. Carreno with regard to her having been married more than once. The Sauret case I have here explained. The marriage with Tagliapietra, the Italian baritone, came much later, and for several years was a happy marriage, blessed with three children. Later the husband developed habits which a wife could not be expected to tolerate, and one reason of her going to Europe was to make a technical desertion without making scandal against Mr. Tagliapietra, who, when himself, was fond of his beautiful wife and her great admirer. I remember how his eyes filled with tears a few months after she had gone to Europe, when he had been showing me a beautiful morocco portfolio containing photos of Carreno and the children. "I tell you, Mr. Mat-u-a," he said, "she is a mighty fine girl."

Speaking of the children, Carreno told me of the baby, this little girl of six, who Tagliapietra told me could accompany him at the piano while he sung the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria. The little girl once asked her mother: "Mamma, I have finished my exercises, may I now do my nonsense?" On receiving permission, she went on to transpose a prelude of Bach into as many keys as she could.

As for the D'Albert episode, I confess myself out of sympathy with it. Carreno admired him very much, and I suppose he must have been in love with her. I remember the air of proprietorship with which he gave me her Dresden address,

"Mme. Teresa Carreno D'Albert" (great emphasis on the *dal-bairt*) so-and-so. Probably it was a case of "two of a trade," no less than of another woman—for it will be remembered that Mr. Herr D'Albert married the Dresden opera singer before the ink on the decree of divorce was fairly dry.

I have no doubt we shall find Mme. Carreno improved in her art, playing better than ever, with more finish and greater depth. Greater brilliancy and virtuosity she could not have. And whether playing well or badly, I am confident we shall find her the same lovely, affectionate woman as of old, gifted as few women have ever been.

A NEW SONG COMPOSER: MRS. GAYNOR.

BY MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

Among the composers of the present day who are calling forth decided recognition we must name Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor of Chicago, whose creations are rapidly gaining ground and claiming the interest they deserve. It is always a study to observe the laws of expression which take shape in one



MRS. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.
(Composer and Pianist.)

form or another during the early years of one's life, so a retrospect in this case is briefly outlined.

Mrs. Gaynor, née Jessie L. Smith, was born in St. Louis, and as a child gave evidence of the music within by singing correctly before she could talk. Her choice of melodies when still struggling with "early English" was "Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing." This sturdy selection was even then indicative of her nature, which is always spontaneous and keenly alive to all the issues of the day. In school she showed a disposition to carry along all studies together, but evinced a decided predilection for higher mathematics and abstruse, knotty problems. She greatly enjoyed writing essays and the

following incident is related of her in later years when at college: Among a list of subjects for compositions, which included the usual high-sounding titles, was found that of "Missouri." All of the desirable themes had been chosen, so this one fell to her lot. Having a tender feeling for the abused state which was hers by birth and adoption, she studied over the material at hand, turning all its beauties to the best light, as does the artist his picture, and produced an essay which carried off the prize, much to the amazement of all concerned. It was simply because she kindled to her subject and endowed it with life, and because she possesses a fine sense of justice that would give even Missouri its due.

Her family moved to Iowa when she was quite a young girl and for a time there was no piano in the house, so she ingeniously contrived to secure the intervals of the scale with glasses and teacups, completing the frame to her own satisfaction, but to the consternation of the family, who had other uses designed for their dishes. This inventive genius enabled her later on to familiarize herself to a certain extent with the mysteries of the double bass, cornet and violin—the latter incidentally claiming two years of study. When, therefore, an amateur orchestra was formed in a school where she attended she was in demand for these different positions. Later the organ held sway, church music appealing to her nature, and this fascinating path has always held her interest. The pedal keyboard was invaluable to her as to many another in suggesting the "roots" of harmonies, and in helping her to hear the different voices and "think" music. The study of the voice two years and the position of accompanist for a club of ladies in St. Louis, when she was still in her teens, gave her an unusual chance to become conversant with the art of vocal expression, as well as to enlarge her acquaintance with much good literature. Chamber music had also its place during this formative period, a cultivating force that cannot be too highly emphasized. Her piano lessons were most satisfactory when under the direction of the late Dr. Louis Maas of Boston, to whom she feels indebted for much sound teaching and inspiration. She began teaching the piano at an early age and devoted much time to the instrument, frequently giving recitals.

After her marriage and the forming of a new home in the west at St. Joseph, Mo., the opportunity came to her to

take the direction of a ladies' chorus. This experience brought its train of attendant blessings to her and others, through the enlarging of musical possibilities. It was during this period, some five years since, that her creative thought demanded expression. It will be readily seen that the many-sided experiences in different musical lines, as well as her versatility in other branches of art and science, have all contributed to that general culture which enables her to more keenly realize the demands laid upon a composer for original and helpful thinking. Therefore we find a modest woman who takes as much interest in the best unfoldment of her musical ideas as did the young girl who wrestled with the subject, "Missouri." And it is because Mrs. Gaynor has something to say and says it well that her music is making its way rapidly to the front. The charm of spontaneity rests upon it. The "Album of Seven Songs" first brought her to prominent notice, and when she told us again that "The night hath a thousand eyes," we looked to see if any further light could be thrown upon this subject and were delighted to find not only an unusually rich harmonic accompaniment but a thrilling melody borne aloft to add yet another lustre to these wonderful words.

Here and there one finds a critic, especially among the singers, who announces that Mrs. Gaynor's songs are not those of Schubert and Schumann, and therefore they, the critics, will have none of them. Indeed, they will not have the patience to examine them, so conservative is their estimate. It is not the intention of the writer to place these songs beside the productions referred to, but they have their place just as surely. It will be a new era in art when people stop comparing things that were never intended for comparison, and also cease attempting to measure one composition or one artist by another. Let these critics examine the "Spring Song," so full of bubbling life and vigor; the German song, "Das Räthsel," and others of that type, which are not only charming in themselves but show the truest and highest use of counterpoint—i. e., the serving of a musical purpose. Even those compositions "in lighter vein" are by no means lacking in subtle musical value. Much depends upon the interpreter to give them an appreciative setting. People are often inclined to take Mrs. Gaynor's songs too seriously. They lose the sense of proportions. These musical aquarelles

are only intended as the sketch or short story. They are neither epigrammatic nor tragic, therefore exaggerated sentiment could never be more out of place. The composer wisely claims that when she is through with what she has to say that the subject is weakened by further reiteration of words or music.

The "Album of Songs" paved the way for the "Rose Songs," which collection was accorded an instant welcome. In this group "If I Knew," "Because She Kissed It," and "The Wind Went Wooing the Rose" are rarely choice lyrics. Another volume just from press is "Songs to Little Folks." These are designed to be sung to the children, but artists will have to sing and play them. Mrs. Julie P. Wyman has written to Mrs. Gaynor's publisher expressing the warmest appreciation of her work and wishing to know more of the composer and her creations. Mrs. Wyman sings them in her own delightful way, and with true understanding of their musical values. Mrs. Katherine Fisk and other artists write most enthusiastically about them.

A satisfactory piece for piano is found in the "Reverie," where the melody, 'cello-like, creeps up from the bass in rich, sonorous tones.

To speak of Mrs. Gaynor's musical work alone, valuable as it is, is only to reflect one side of her nature. The far more important side is that of motherhood. Mr. Gaynor has always thoughtfully planned that she might have every opportunity for the study of the music she so loves, and its highest fruition is reflected in the two children, Rose and Dorothy, aged ten and three respectively, that have come to bless the home. Their sensitive little natures are so attuned to the harmony of sweet sounds and their perceptions so acute and discriminating that it is a delight to come in touch with them. Their mother is their constant companion and feels it her highest privilege to help them to all true development. Nor are the more practical things of life overlooked. The inventive faculty of Mrs. Gaynor, spoken of before, finds full play in the duties and responsibilities of the home, and her indomitable nature serves well its purpose here, also, as all home-keepers know the worlds there are to conquer in the material realm. It is a pleasure to speak of this phase of the composer's nature, for one meets many gifted people who are not practical in this field and who do not realize the richness of the home life.

We find some bits of family history in some of the compositions. A pretty little motive persistently kept ringing in her head until a "Gavotte" for piano evolved itself from the theme. So, too, in the "Songs to Little Folks" we have the story of the dire mishaps of Rose's first doll, "Jerushy," and the sadder fate of "The Sugar Dolly," whose utter annihilation is due to the elements. "The Discontented Duckling" and "The Flower's Cradle Song," as well as other delightful songs, have come for the sweet sakes of these two little home-critics, who are so responsive and intelligent in their appreciation of their mother's work. The musical evolution of this trio will be watched with interest.

MUSIC TEACHERS AND MUSIC TEACHING.

BY F. W. WODELL.

The music teacher has a mission—and it is not to give ninety lessons per week for as many weeks in the season as possible. The true teacher has at heart the well-rounded development of his pupils.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "The teacher should take his pupils as God made them and aid in bringing out the highest powers of their soul. The professor should study, as far as possible, the individual character of his pupils and adapt his instructions and admonitions to the capacity and temperament of each."

Here is truth, but how shall one who has made no study of the philosophy and art of teaching fully understand and obey it?

The music teacher may ask, "What have I, a music teacher, to do with the philosophy of teaching—with the soul development of pupils? My business is to teach music." The teacher of music teaches more than music whether he will or no. The relation between music teacher and pupil is a peculiarly personal one, and, whether for good or ill, the teacher's personal influence is a constant and important factor in the life of the pupil. The just man will desire that his influence shall make for the highest good of his pupil.

If the profession of music-teaching may properly be held to stand for nothing more than a means of gaining a livelihood, of ministering to selfish vanities and ambitions, of furnishing to the world mere music-makers—men and women of limited culture, erroneous and unstable views of social and commercial morality, and of restricted sympathies—then an intelligent, genuine man may well hesitate to adopt it.

Obviously the preparation of the music teacher for his work should be comprehensive and thorough. He must know what and how to teach. Take the vocal teacher for example. He must know the powers and limitations of the vocal instrument and the means whereby its possessor may

become able to use without abusing it; to realize by and through it all possible legitimate, expressive effects in singing. Next the teacher must have a wide acquaintance with vocal music of time past and present, and musicianship sufficient to make an intelligent choice from the mass of material at hand and to guide the pupil to an adequate interpretation of selections studied.

Such knowledge is fundamental—of primary importance—and the reader might well be excused for taking it for granted that practically all vocal teachers accepting fees for their work possess it. Yet how many vocal teachers have had the preparation which insures such knowledge? What is the use of pretense in this matter? Who is a greater fool than he who deceives himself? No intelligent man but realizes, when he stops to think about it, that good results cannot come from inadequate causes; that highly educated, effective singers cannot issue from the studio of half-educated teachers.

It is a common saying among instrumentalists and scientific music men that "Vocalists are not musicians." Now, the narrow conceit of a mere specialist, be he orchestral player, pianist, or the music maker who has eyes and ears for little save his beloved music mathematics, or contrapuntal juggling, is as obnoxious to the truly cultivated musician as is the conceit of the vocal "artist" who knows and cares to know of but one "method," one "style," and one song. The vocal ignoramus, however, is none the wiser for his instrumental brother's ignorance; what is needed is improvement—broader knowledge, greater wisdom.

The vocal "artist" referred to has been credited with a knowledge of one method. It is one thing to know about a method and quite another thing to know it. Neither the singing through a book of exercises labeled "_____s Method," nor taking lessons of a popular teacher will necessarily give possession of a method of tone-production. There must be definite instruction by the teacher as to the desired tonal result and the "way" or "ways" of bringing it about, and intelligent, persistent practice of the "way" by the pupil. Then so to do becomes to the student "second nature;" the response to the will regarding a tone-concept is automatic and invariably according to the "method." This is real teaching, real education, the learner gaining knowledge of what and how.

Teachers are born—and made. There is a natural gift for

teaching, varying in degree with the individual. There is also an art of teaching to be acquired. Only when broad knowledge of a particular subject is supplemented by knowledge of the laws and processes of teaching can the teaching be of the most effective order.

"The distinction between good and bad teaching," says Arnold Tompkins,* "is sharply drawn; in one the means are so used as to bring the mind into vital touch with the thought in the object; in the other they are so used as to intercept the free activity on the object."

"Unless the teaching process economizes the pupil's time and fosters his growth," says another writer, "no claim can be made for it."

Again: "The only economical use of time in teaching and study is to do a thing fundamentally right." Here we have clear statements of far-reaching truth concerning teaching by men who have made a special study of the subject. The music teacher cannot hope to meet the requirements indicated without study as to the laws and processes of teaching.

Suppose one pupil appears to progress faster than another, the amount of work done by the teacher being the same in each case. It is easy to say that the difference is due to diversity of natural gift, and stop at that. It is for the teacher, however, to go further; to satisfy himself as to whether the difference is real or merely apparent. If real, he may ask himself whether the shortcoming is not due, at least in part, to his own oversight, lack of knowledge of his subject, or want of teaching power. In this connection the study of the philosophy of teaching and "applied psychology" is urged upon the music teacher.

Prof. Witner of the University of Pennsylvania has a suggestive article upon this topic in the *Citizen* for July, 1896. Pamphlets by Prof. Witner, the work by Tompkins already referred to, and "Psychology Applied to Teaching," by J. Baldwin, are also suggested for early reading.

Finally a plea for breadth of culture and sympathy. This means, for one thing, the absence of provincialism, that curse of the ordinary musician and average musical community. As a writer in the *Outlook* well says: "The villager, or pagan, in the old sense, is always a provincial. He may know a few

*The Philosophy of Teaching.

things thoroughly; he cannot know them in true relation to each other, or to the larger order of which they form a part. The essence of provincialism is the substitution of a part for the whole; the acceptance of the local experience, knowledge, and standards as possessing the authority of the universal experience, knowledge and standards. The local experience is entirely true in its own sphere; it becomes misleading when it is accepted as the experience of all time and all men. A band of fresh and audacious practitioners of any of the arts, by dint of insistence upon a certain manner, rapidly generate the conviction that art has no other manner. A wider survey of experience would make it clear that art has many manners and that no manner is supreme and none final."

The music-teacher must get out of his corner and away from his mutual admiration society. Let him read good books and music journals, and inform himself of the movement of music-teaching, composition, and publication the world over. Let him associate with men and women of culture, extend his general knowledge, and interest himself in movements, not musical, which have for their object the uplifting of humanity. Thus will he come to realize that there are excellent ways of working other than his ways, worthy composers other than those whose compositions he has favored, subjects other than technique, style or even music itself, which rightfully demand of him some attention. And thus will he become better fitted for the effective performance of his duties as a true man and music-teacher.

LEADING ORGANISTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY CLARENCE EDDY.

Apropos to the Saint-Saens festival, of which I wrote you some months ago, that was only the beginning of quite a number of festival performances, all commemorative of the distinguished career of this great master. Among others there was one at Eugene Gigout's house, when some of his organ pupils played selections from the works of Saint-Saens. The composer himself was there and took part in the program. It was there that I heard this organ Fantasia, Op. 101, which I am about to play with the Chicago orchestra. The flute passage at the end, to which you objected, is very much liked in Paris. When it was played at this recital I heard a Frenchman say: "Isn't that remarkably clever? Just like Saint-Saens." The fifth concerto for piano is immense; it vies with the great one in G minor. It is now in print. I admired his playing intensely. He says he will not play in public again; that the composer has killed the pianist. His technique is perfectly remarkable, clear, clean, astonishing. He produced as much effect as is possible to make on a French piano. He has wonderful magnetism, fire and brilliancy; it is unequalled. But you were asking me about organists in Paris and elsewhere.

Naturally the name of Saint-Saens occurs at the head of the list, but I did not happen to hear him upon the organ this time; I heard him twenty-five years ago, when he was still organist at the Madeleine. I do not remember much about his playing, except that it was distinguished in every way and musicianly. But I do know that he is very fond of the organ, and when he is in Paris he makes excursions around to the different churches, and as he knows everybody, he often improvises or plays a portion of a service.

At the head of the organist profession in Paris I place Guilmant, because he is more catholic in his taste, has a broader scope, plays in all schools, and is an organ virtuoso of the first rank. I have seen a great deal of him. He is not only the leading organist, but he is also a great composer

for organ and has done more for organ music than any one else in France, to popularize the instrument and bring it before the public. Then he is a thoroughly charming man, quite delightful in his own home. I am much in love with him.

He also exercises a vast influence through his teaching, of which he does a great deal. He has pupils from every part of the world. He told me recently that he had one pupil from Australia. By the way, he had for some time a former pupil of your own, Mr. D. E. Crozier of Harrisburg, Pa. He proved himself a very highly creditable pupil, very conscientious and devoted to his work. He never allowed anything to interfere with it. He seemed also a man of high moral character, having only one object—his art. I had exactly the same idea when I was a student. Crozier is a fellow who is very thorough and will make a good teacher. Guilmant thinks a great deal of him. He was always at church at every service. You know you learn much in that way watching a master like Guilmant. Another promising pupil of Guilmant is Mr. Charles H. Galloway of St. Louis, a former pupil of mine, who has unusual talent. He is very tall, which enables him to reach everywhere with ease. He wanted to remain with me longer, but pecuniary circumstances prevented. Later he sold some property in such a way that it brought him an income, and, resolving to go to Europe, where his studies would be less interrupted than nearer home, I sent him to Guilmant. He has now been there quite a while and expects to remain two or three years longer. He is sure to make something far out of the ordinary.

Widor is a great man, a great organist and a remarkable composer. He plays almost nothing but Bach and Widor; the ill-disposed wickedly say it "Widor and Bach"—for it is, perhaps, true that the compositions of the later master figure more often upon his programs. He is an extraordinary man and has many admirers. He is professor of the organ at the conservatory. His motto on his symphonies is "Soar above." I sat upon the organ bench with him a number of times at St. Sulpice. On one particular occasion I was in the seventh heaven; his selection was his Toccata in F, which he played wonderfully. He reduces the organ and builds it up again in the most wonderful way; it cannot be done so successfully upon any other organ. There are an immense num-

ber of mechanical contrivances, quite original in design. He combines all the different manuals (five manuals the organ has, the great organ being lowest of all) by means of pedals, which bring on or throw off the couplers. He can reduce the organ to almost nothing without taking his hands off the keys and builds it up again without interrupting the voice flow in any respect. He makes a *dimuendo* which is something extraordinary in that church, and a *crescendo* which will simply lift you off your feet. He plays with a great deal of nerve, is very rigid in his rhythm, and almost a crank on the subject of rhythm and phrasing. He gives Bach a great deal in teaching at the conservatory and founds everything upon this greatest of masters. Every theme must be given out with dignity and purpose. It is very impressive. This is the strongest characteristic of his teaching.

In personal appearance he looks much younger than he is. He has a strong face, with a clipped mustache, a strong personality, and I should call him about fifty years old.

His organ symphonies have a rank peculiarly their own. They are quite symphonic in character, very contrapuntal—in fact, this element is perhaps too strong in his latest symphony, the so-called "Gothic." He has overladen it with contrapuntal design. It is full of canon and fugue and all that sort of thing, exceedingly difficult and not particularly interesting. Alfred Hollins, the celebrated blind organist of London, calls this symphony "dry bones."

Mr. Hollins, by the way, is one of the most remarkable men I have met. He is entirely blind, and yet he is a great virtuoso upon the organ as well as upon the piano. He plays every large organ in England and has a repertory of more than two hundred standard organ compositions which he is prepared to play at any moment. He remembers the disposition and appointment of every organ he has ever played and is able to make changes of stops and mechanical combinations with astonishing facility and certainty. It is most wonderful. The great organ in the Royal Albert Hall he knows, I dare say, better than any other organist in England, and when a new player prepares to attack it he first of all goes to Hollins for advice and to learn what there is in the instrument. Certainly he is a genius, for he not only plays the organ extremely well, but he is also a piano virtuoso of distinction. He played with Thomas in New York and on one

occasion in Germany he played the Beethoven fifth concerto, Schumann's concerto in A minor, and the Liszt concerto in E flat in one evening.

He came over to Paris this fall to meet the leading organists and to play for them, and I arranged the affair. I got him up to the conservatory to play for Widor, and one of the things was a movement from one of Widor's symphonies. I think the old man opened his eyes a good deal at the brilliancy and fire of Hollins' technique. Widor remarked afterwards that he thought the movement might have been taken a little slower. Then Hollins played something of Bach; Widor remarked that it was not exactly Bach, but it was very interesting. He thought there was rather too much freedom in phrasing. Widor is very pedantic, very rigid and unyielding.

M. Dubois, the present director of the conservatory, is well known as an organist and composer for the instrument. He succeeded Saint-Saens at the Madeleine, and it went to his heart to give up the place for the sake of being the head of the conservatory. The organ was the one thing which he really enjoyed. He is a charming church player and his improvisations are delightful, so sympathetic, so appropriate, so melodious and so fresh. It is an inspiration to hear him improvise. He is one of the finest musicians in France and is respected by everybody. There is no one who speaks of him other than in the highest terms. He is a charming man in every way and his wife is also a very accomplished musician.

One of the greatest masters among the French organists was Cesar Franck, who died in 1890. I heard him extemporize the last time I was in Paris before, six years ago. He is beginning to be appreciated now that he is dead. He was a great man. I went with him to his house and he showed me all his organ compositions. He played the manual parts on the piano while I took the pedal part on the lowest octaves. It was very delightful to have him explain his intentions and what he had in mind. His improvisations were a marvel—something unique.

Next after Guilment and Widor in rank among the living organists now practically engaged in organ work in Paris I think I would place Eugene Gigout. He has established an organ school and has a very large class; he has superior facilities for pupils to study the organ, having a fine studio

with a good organ. He is probably forty-five years of age or so and is a delightful improviser. He has a great technique, contrapuntal knowledge, understands the old scales and all that sort of thing, and introduces many novel effects in his improvisations. He is organist of St. Augustine, which is probably the most fashionable church in Paris, especially for weddings. Hardly a day that there is not a wedding there and sometimes three or four.

The musical appointment at some of these churches is sometimes quite extensive. For example, every large church has two organists, the organist of the large organ over the vestibule, and the other to play upon the choir organ in or near the chancel. They usually have a musical director also. For instance, Salome was organist of Trinity church for the last twenty-five years; he died last summer. He had simply to play the accompaniments on the choir organ; there was a conductor, and at the other end of the church Guilmant was organist at the large organ. Hence salaries are divided up, and these celebrated men, occupying positions which make them the admiration of the world, receive salaries which are merely nominal—according to American ideas. As this information is curious and little known, and as no harm can be done by making it public, when all are practically upon the same level, I will venture to give a few figures, which I sought for in order to satisfy my own curiosity. Men of the first rank, like Guilmant and Gigout, receive only three thousand francs, while Widor gets even less—twenty-four hundred francs. Henri Dallier, the organist at St. Eustache, where Batiste used to play, gets only two thousand francs and Gabriel Pierne at St. Clotilde gets fifteen hundred francs. The fees for extra services sometimes amount to nearly as much as the salaries. The average fee for weddings is fifteen francs (three dollars). Gabriel Pierne refused to play for this sum because he would lose so much in lessons, and he now gets twenty francs. Gigout has a great many weddings and funerals. Sometimes he has an entire half day of this sort. There will be a funeral and then a wedding, a funeral and then a wedding, and so on all the afternoon. A funeral may be over in ten minutes; it commonly lasts from fifteen minutes to a half hour, and if a very prominent man it might last more than an hour. Weddings run from fifteen minutes to an hour. I played at a wedding in St. Ambroise church, playing the

large organ while Georges MacMaster had the choral part. It was a very swell affair and I played several pieces. MacMaster got his fee, but I got none.

This scale of fees looks quite absurd from an American standpoint, considering the exceptional abilities of the gentlemen whom I have mentioned. For instance, my fee for playing at a wedding in Chicago was generally about fifty dollars, the minimum being twenty-five. I have several times received a fee of one hundred dollars for a wedding. If there were enough I would like to give up concerting and confine myself to this department of work. But to return to our Paris organists.

There are several other organists of talent in Paris; for instance, Henri Dallier, a man of a great deal of ability. He plays extremely well and is especially fond of Bach, as all the best organists in France are. He has done some composing and written some very clever things. He has a great admiration for America and wants to come over and see the Niagara falls, give one or two recitals, and go home wealthy. Gigout also is very anxious to come over, and I for one would be glad to do all I can for him; but he seems to think that it would be a small matter to get the same fee as first-class pianists, say three or four hundred dollars for each appearance.

Another Parisian organist who ought to be mentioned is Henri Des Hayes (pronounced "Deh-Aye"—to rhyme with eye, accent upon the last). He is organist of the church of the Annunciation. He has done a great deal for the organ and has written a great many charming things for the average organist. He has written probably a hundred organ pieces of the middle grade, and he plays very well indeed.

There is also Clement Loret, who has written a great deal of organ music and an organ school which is used extensively. He is professor of organ in the Niedermeyer school of church music, just outside the limits of Paris, at Neuilly. This school, which is well known in France, is after the general design of the school of church music at Regensburg, in Germany. His son, Victor Loret, married one of the daughters of Guilmant. He ought to have been a musician, but instead of this he is professor of Sanskrit and things of that sort in the University of Lyons.

Another very strong man is Gabriel Pierne, who is one

of the most talented young composers and organists in Paris. He was a pupil of the late Cesar Franck and succeeded his master as organist at the large organ at the Church of St. Clothilde. I have three charming pieces of his which I am going to play in my American tour. They are called Prelude, Cantilene and Scherzando. I also have something in manuscript from Samuel Rousseau, choir master at St. Clothilde. He is a man about forty years of age and was the teacher last winter of Mr. Walter Spry of Chicago. He is a fine teacher of harmony, counterpoint and instrumentation and stands among the first in Paris. Last summer he wrote me a Double Theme and Variations, which, however, is not carried out in the ordinary way, but more like a fantasie. It is thoroughly French; he sticks to his theme all the way through and the whole is very strong and interesting. I think these two men, Pierne and Rousseau, are among the strongest and most talented of the younger musicians of Paris. Mr. Georges Mac-Master is an Englishman, but as he has been in Paris for eighteen years he considers himself a Frenchman. He is organist and choir master at St. Ambroise.

You ask about organists and organs in Italy. There are just a few exceedingly good organists there and a very few good organs. I think the best organ in Rome is at the Church of St. John the Lateran, where Filippo Capocci plays. This is an Italian instrument of three manuals, voiced very well indeed; it is thoroughly modern, has combination pedals and is quite convenient. Capocci was perfectly charming to me; I took a letter from Guilmant, for whom he has the greatest possible admiration. He was very nice and asked me to try his organ, but as it was Holy week he did not know whether he could get permission for a recital. He finally got permission and we went down there and played quite a program. Among the things which Capocci played was his Toccata in E flat. I also played at the St. Cecilia Academy, where Enrico Bossi was professor of the organ, until five years ago, when he removed to Venice, where he is director of a conservatory. Bossi and Capocci are the two most important organists in Italy. At my recital in the Academy of St. Cecilia I had a most distinguished audience of musicians, including Sgambati, Capocci and Renzi, the organist of St. Peter's.

At the great cathedral of St. Peter's they have two small

instruments that can be wheeled around—you might say portable organs—and what a shame! Capocci has worked for years to bring about a grand organ for that marvelous cathedral and has designed an organ which would be the grandest in the world. He labored faithfully with all the priests and even with the pope himself, and when he approached the latter and proposed to have an organ in St. Peter's the pope said: "Where would you place it?" Capocci said: "Right over the main entrance." The pope replied: "I cannot do that. It would spoil those beautiful windows. There is no place for it." It would really be a magnificent place, but music is at a very low ebb in Italy. The country in the first place is bankrupt and they have no money to spend for music.

My wife and I heard a few very interesting operas; the most interesting of all was in Florence, an opera called "La Boheme," by Puccini, a thoroughly modern grand opera; at Milan we heard two new operas, one by Mascagni and also one by Leoncavello, given for the first time there. I did not like it nearly as well as "I Pagliaci;" it was an earlier work. Leoncavello was called out about twenty times, but there were as many hisses as cries of bravo. I met him on the stage and Signor Carpi, formerly of Chicago, introduced me. We went back on the stage and enjoyed a chat with him between the acts. He was very agreeable and said he would like to come to America.

I found Sgambati delightful. We talked in German, as he speaks that language very well. He reminds me of Dr. Louis Maas and stands at the head of musicians in Rome. Undoubtedly the two greatest organists and composers for the organ in Italy are Filippo Capocci and Enrico Bossi. The latter is director of the Benedetto Marcello Conservatory of Music at Venice, having moved from Naples a few years ago to accept that appointment.

A short time before leaving Paris I met the Count di San Martino, who is the president of the St. Cecilia Academy, and who speaks English remarkably well. He came to Paris and brought a message from Her Majesty the Queen of Italy, which was that she regretted very much her absence from Rome when I was there, but as she had heard so much about my recital in the St. Cecilia Academy she hoped I would come again and give a series of recitals there.

MUSICAL TONE AND COLOR.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

Various reasons are assignable why we should expect to find, not an actual identity, but at least a correspondence, between the musical phenomena of sound and the color phenomena of light, notwithstanding the enormous difference in the rates of vibration and wave-lengths of sound and light. The human mind receives both sonorous and luminous impressions, and interprets them by the same organ, although at different brain centers. It is true that in comparing musical tone and color, we have to deal with phenomena of which one, color, is supplied by nature, although it can be imitated by art, while the other is usually traceable to a human source. Nevertheless, there are natural sounds which are musical to the human ear, and it must be remembered that a person by whom musical sounds are produced forms part of external nature to the hearers of them; as, in the ultimate analysis, indeed, does the physical part of every man's own individuality.

Moreover, there are reasons for believing that there is an actual cerebral association between sound and color vibration. In *The American Journal of Psychology* for October, 1892, Dr. William O. Krohn treats of the curious phenomena of pseudo-chromesthesia, in which sound gives rise to color sensation, and he explains it by the nearness of the auditory and visual centers in the brain cortex. Vocal sound especially occasions sensations of color, and we may well suppose, therefore, that the perception of color in nature may, when man was more impressionable than at present, have given rise to vocal sound. Language was originally the expression of the emotions by social beings, and it became rational as soon as particular sounds were recognized as associated with particular objects. Whether or not there was at first a rational agreement between an object and the word by which it was denoted we cannot say, but there is evidence that the quality of an act, sometimes at least, may be traced in the pitch of the word by which it is expressed. In English words having a bad or

base sense are usually pitched low, while words of a good or noble sense are usually pitched high, or have a rising intonation. The very words low and high exhibit the same characteristic; which is also shown by such terms as dark or sombre, on the one hand, and bright or light, on the other hand. Love and hate are terms which present a similar contrast. Thus speech reflects both the moral and the physical aspects of nature and human nature, and as music is a phase of language it may be expected to have a like correspondence.

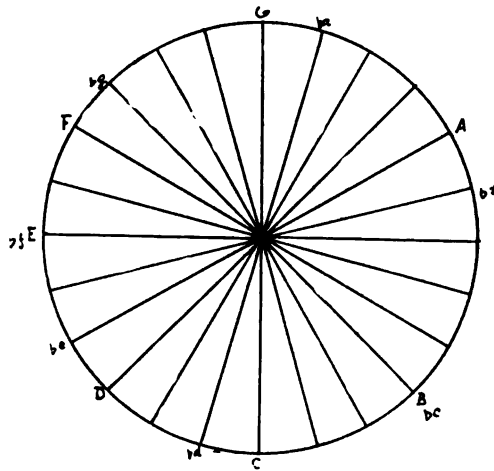
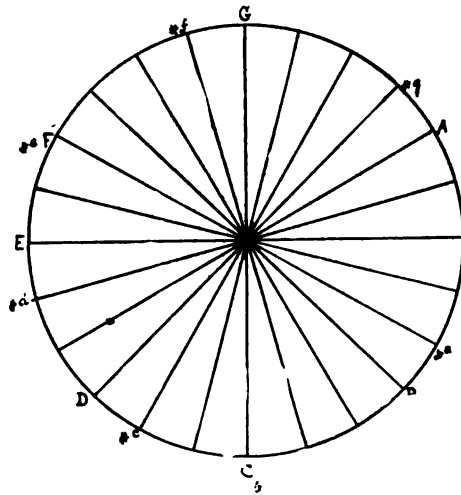
These introductory remarks are intended to show that the idea of the existence of a relation between musical tone and color is not antecedently improbable. Various attempts have been made to prove such a relation, especially by a comparison of the tones and semitones of the gamut and the colors of the solar spectrum, but hitherto without success. The insufficiency of the scheme proposed by Helmholtz is shown by its requiring the visible spectrum to be equal in range to about an octave and a quarter. The diatonic scale constitutes a unity as does the spectrum, and therefore they must be compared as such. It is a curious fact that, while the audible musical tones extend over eleven octaves, that is, have from twenty vibrations to thirty-eight thousand vibrations per second, the full spectrum, visible and invisible, is eleven times the length of the simple spectrum of the visible rays from red to violet inclusive. The octave comprises eight notes, but as the eighth is a replication of the first note, the octave has only seven intervals. The visible spectrum was also at one time regarded as comprising seven intervals marked by seven colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet; but indigo is not a simple color like the other six, and it is now excluded. Moreover, the old distinction between primary and secondary colors is also abandoned, and although there is a real distinction between red, yellow and blue, as forming a group of colors, and orange, green and violet, as forming a separate group, they are all now properly regarded as simple colors.

But how can there be a correspondence between the beam of light composed of six color rays and the diatonic scale of seven intervals marked by eight notes? The answer to this question depends on several considerations. In the first place, if the semitones marked by sharps and flats be added, the octave has really twelve notes, and as thus regarded it may be represented by a circular figure, similar to those hereafter

given. On such a figure the series of scales may be passed through, in one direction by sharps and in the other direction by flats, and it embodies, therefore, the principle of the tetrachord which enters into the composition of the octave, and requires that there shall be a short interval between the third and fourth notes and between the seventh and eighth notes of the octave. But let it be noticed that every full musical tone gives rise to a series of ascending tones which always succeed each other in the order required by their vibration frequencies, as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
C	c	c [#]	c'	e'	e [#]	f	f [#]	f''	g	g [#]	g''	a	a [#]	a''	a'''
66	132	198	264	330	396	462	528	594	660	726	792	858	924	990	1056

It is evident that the existence of these overtones must cause great overlapping and consequent interference of the vibrations of the tones of the scale. We have a similar phenomenon in connection with the solar spectrum, which is composed of a number of overlapping discs of different colors. The principle of continuity thus established is exhibited also in connection with the musical scales, which are carried on through the recurrence in a succeeding octave of the second tetrachord of the octave immediately preceding. Thus in addition to the persistence of vibration, which is essential to the existence of sound as of light, there is a continuity in the perception of tone and of color arising from the overlapping of the undulations which give rise to tone and color sensations. Now, although the semitones marked by sharps and flats, as shown in the diagram given above, considered mechanically, may have the same vibration frequencies, yet it may be that in a series of chords arranged harmoniously there is a difference of shade according to whether the arrangement is in a sharp or a flat key. The colors and shades which give a scene visibility must give it also a difference of appearance according to the point of view from which it is observed. Similarly the semitones of a musical octave may have a different aspect to the ear, according to whether they are presented to it under the forward movement of the sharp scale or the backward movement of the flat scale. This idea is exhibited in the following diagrams.



A comparison of these diagrams shows that similar intervals are passed through, if we go round one circle to the left by sharps or round the other to the right by flats, and there is a consideration, based on the vibration frequencies of the notes of the scale, which gives support to the idea that there is an actual difference of shade between the two series of tones. The vibration frequencies of the several notes are proportional to the following numbers:

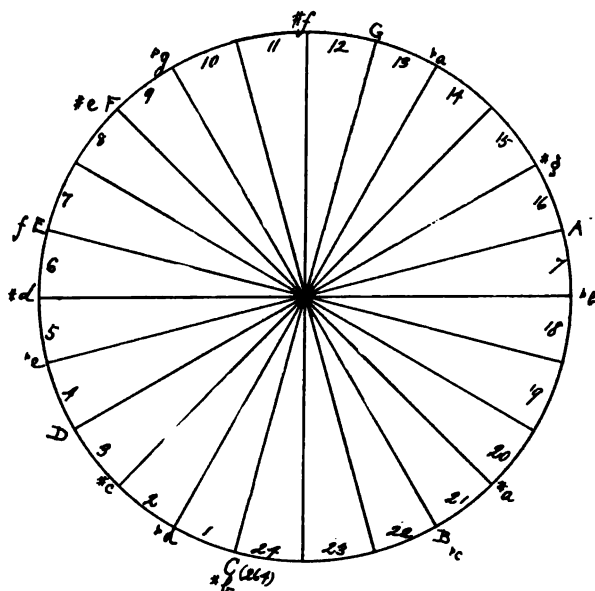
1	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{5}{4}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{5}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$	$\frac{2}{1}$
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
24	27	30	32	36	40	45	48

If these numbers be multiplied by eleven, we shall have the frequencies for the natural gamut in C, corresponding to the standard recommended by the Stuttgart Congress of 1834, as follows:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
264 (33)	297 (33)	330 (22)	352 (44)	396 (44)	440 (55)	495 (33)	528

Between the vibration numbers of the several notes are here marked the number of vibrations which distinguish them. These are 264 altogether, and if this number be divided by eleven we shall have twenty-four, which number may be taken as the number of equal parts, each representing eleven vibrations, into which the scale of middle C may be divided.

The intervals marked on this scale would be the same as those given on the two circular figures represented above, which if combined would assume the following character:

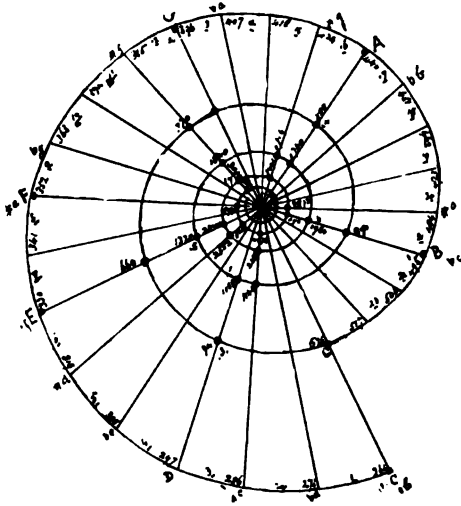


As the numbers within the circle represent so many equal divisions of the vibration number of middle C, it is easy to

calculate the number of vibrations per second of each of the other notes of the octave, according to the above scheme.

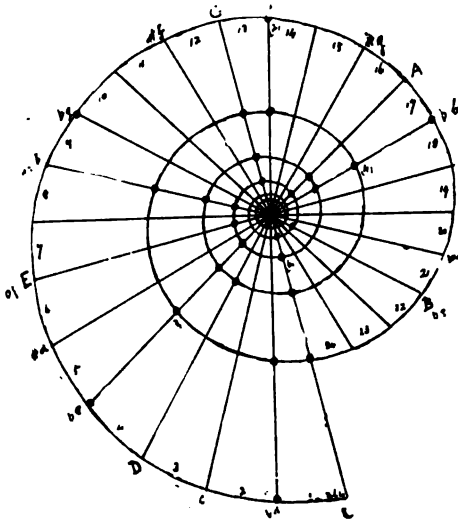
It is necessary now to refer to the applicability of this diagram for the representation of the full series of musical scales. When speaking of the development of nodal overtones, given above at page 173, the author of the article "Music" in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, states that "when the 8th or double of a note occurs, if there be any break in the musical succession between such 8th and the note that would by example of the lower octave, stand next below it, then some new harmonic appears whose number adjusts the broken order." He adds: "No division of an interval is ever equal, the lower portion being always the larger; the interval between 2 and 4 is divided into a 5th or 4th, that between 4 and 6 is divided into a major 3rd and a minor, that between 6 and 8 by an interval less than a minor 3rd and a 2nd, and that between 8 and 10 by a major tone and a minor tone Beyond the 17th harmonic (the note known as the minor 9th when forming part of a chord) the series continues on the same principle of ever lessening distance and ever finer gradation, until the intervals become so small as to be almost impossible of articulation and of perception." The same principle of continually decreasing interval, accompanied by constant increase of vibration number, is exhibited by the octaves as we ascend from the scale in C to the end of the series of major scales in sharps, and as we descend the scales by flats; as shown by the following diagram giving the first seven major scales in sharps.

The scales beginning with that of C natural are dotted on the lines connecting the center with the circumference of the figure, which being spiral carries the reduplicated note of the octave on to the circle next within that on which its opening note occurs. The opening notes are marked on the diagram with numbers to denote the order in which their octaves come. The vibration numbers of the notes of the gamut are given in the outermost circle, commencing with C, 264; as are those of the notes of the succeeding scales. The spiral arrangement of the diagram brings together the notes of the several scales in a similar manner to the co-ordination of the chemical elements in accordance with the law of periodicity. The highest frequencies and the shortest intervals are nearest the center, and the whole series of scales in sharps could be represented



by increasing the number of circles in the diagram from five to ten. The numbers outside of the spiral show the division of the diagram in which any particular note occurs.

A similar arrangement of the six most simple major scales in flats, which may be regarded as the first or the last of the series, according to the order in which they are taken, may be made as follows:



The scales in this diagram could be written in sharps, of which, however, thirteen would be required for the purpose, and by the use of flats, therefore, the notation is much simplified. In like manner, the sharp scales given in the earlier diagram can be regarded as a continuation of the above flat scales with a simpler notation than the equivalent scales in flats would have. In both cases, the increase of frequency with decrease of interval proceeds from the circumference of the sphere to the center, so that there is no real progress by one route and return by another, e. g., progress by sharps and return by flats, on the face of the above diagrams, although there is a return to the natural gamut on a higher key. If, however, the whole series of major scales in sharps were spirally arranged on one diagram, and the whole series of major scales in flats were so arranged on another diagram, such a double progression would be possible, but the natural gamut would form the first octave of the former series, and would therefore appear at the circumference of the circle, whereas it would be at the center of the diagram in the other case.

Let us now proceed to a consideration of the solar spectrum which contains, in addition to the six simple colors and their half tones, a number of shades and tints which occupy intermediate positions. These tints and shades give the gradual transitions which characterize the solar spectrum, and which are supposed to be so distinctive as to render a comparison between the spectrum and the octave useless. But the finest musical instrument, the vocal organ of man, is capable of producing equivalent shades of musical sound, being so formed that it can be "mechanically and automatically adjusted to produce from 100 to 1000 sound-waves per second, the adjustment varying to increase or decrease the number even by a single vibration per second." Moreover, the spectrum itself if analyzed can be made to exhibit marked transitions. As we have seen, the ordinary spectrum is composed of a number of overlapping discs of different colors, so that none of the colors are pure. But if a convex lens be employed in the prism to further refract the light, the overlapping of the rays is prevented and the elementary rays are obtained distinct. This is analogous to reducing a musical piece to its elementary tones, but it is never seen in Nature, where not only are colors combined so as to form other colors and the colorless beam of light, but beam unites with beam so as to give the continuity which is one of

the most characteristic features of light activity. There is an overlapping not only of the color rays but of the beams of light formed by such rays, as there is of the partials of particular tones, and of the tetrachords of which the series of harmonic scales are made up.

The relations which the principles above laid down would require to subsist between the colors of the spectrum and the notes of the octave may be exhibited by reference to the spectrum scale of Mr. Milton Bradley, as given in his "Color Scheme," as follows:

Spectrum Scale.	Harmonic Scale.	Spectrum Scale.	Harmonic Scale.
Red-Violet	C	Green-Yellow	G-f
Red	D-f	Yellow-Green	F-s
Violet-Red	C-s	Green	G
Red	D	Blue-Green	A-f
Orange-Red	E-f	Green-Blue	G-s
Red-Orange	D-s	Blue	A
Orange	E	Violet-Blue	B-f
Yellow-Orange	E	Blue-Violet	A-s
Orange-Yellow	F	Violet	B
Yellow	F		

There are obviously two features of this spectrum scale which, as compared with the harmonic scale placed by its side, require attention. The more important is the absence of any color to correspond with C, but we will first consider the other peculiarity—the want of any note answering to yellow-orange or orange-yellow. It might be thought that C should be assigned to this position. Helmholtz gave C to yellow, but without sufficient reason, and the explanation of the peculiarity is to be found in the fact that the spectrum has no proper color between orange and yellow, although there are yellow-orange and orange-yellow tints or shades. The explanation of the absence of any color answering to C would seem to be connected with the existence of the so-called invisible rays of the spectrum. These rays, which are highly refrangible, are said to become visible when the rest of the spectrum is kept out of sight, and they are described as being lavender gray or bluish white. The rays in question are probably the concentrative expression of the principle of activity which appears otherwise as light radiation, or rather they are the expression of the concentrative principle which gives unity to the radiative rays of light, and if they have any color in particular it will be allied to violet rather than to red. The note C occupies a similar position in relation to the diatonic scale, and it is, therefore, properly assigned as the correspondent of what may be termed the lavender ray; although this may as properly be figured black.

If lavender were placed at the head of the spectrum scale given above opposite to the note C, and if the yellow-orange and orange-yellow were excluded, then we should have a scale of seventeen simple and compound colors answering to the seventeen notes of the harmonic scale. But as there are twenty-four divisions in the latter as shown in the diagrams already given, the complete spectrum scale should have the same number if it is to correspond. A color scheme exhibiting such a correspondence would have the form of the diagram given at page 174, and would be made up of the following colors, the numbers placed before which mark the position they would respectively occupy in the diagram.

TABLE I.

1. Black.	13. Green.
2. Red-Violet.	14. Blue-Green.
3. Violet-Red.	15. Green-Blue (Shade 1).
4. Red.	16. Green-Blue.
5. Orange-Red.	17. Blue.
6. Red-Orange.	18. Violet-Blue.
7. Orange.	19. Violet-Blue (Shade 1).
8. Orange and Yellow.	20. Blue-Violet (Shade 1).
9. Yellow.	21. Blue-Violet.
10. Green-Yellow.	22. Violet.
11. Yellow-Green (Shade 1).	23. Violet (Shade 1).
12. Yellow-Green.	24. Violet (Shade 2).

To represent the increase in pitch of the musical tone, however, the different colors should increase in intensity from the circumference to the center of the scheme, and to exhibit this phase of the subject, and to show the difference between the two subsidiary schemes of color answering to the difference in shade between sharp and flat tonation, the following two tables are given. Of these, the first may be termed the color scheme in sharps, and the second the color scheme in flats.

TABLE II.

MAJOR SCALES.—(SHARPS.)

Lav. c	Red d	Or. e	Yel. f	Gr. g	Blue a	Viol. b	Lav. c
Gr. g	Blue a	Viol. b	Lav. c	Red (1) d	Or. (1) e	Y. Gr. f's	Gr. (1) g
Red (1) d	Or. (1) e	Y. Gr. f's	Gr. (1) g	Blue (1) a	Viol. (1) b	V. Red c's	Red (2) d
Blue (1) a	Viol. (1) b	V. Red. c's	Red (2) d	Or. (2) e	Y. Gr. (1) f's	Gr. B. g's	Blue (2) a
Or. (2) e	Y. Gr. (1) f's	Gr. B. g's	Blue (2) a	Viol. (2) b	V. Red (1) c's	R. Or. d's	Or. (2) e

Viol. ⁽²⁾ b	V. Red ⁽¹⁾ c's	R. Or. d's	Or. ⁽²⁾ e	Y. Gr. ⁽²⁾ f's	Gr. Bl. ⁽¹⁾ g's	B. Viol. a's	Viol. ⁽³⁾ b
Y. Gr. ⁽²⁾ f's	Gr. Bl. ⁽¹⁾ g's	B. Viol. a's	Viol. ⁽²⁾ b	V. R. ⁽²⁾ c's	R. Or. ⁽¹⁾ d's	Yel. ⁽¹⁾ e's	Y. Gr. ⁽³⁾ f's

The Numbers after the color names denote shades; as, Red (1) equivalent to shade of Red.

TABLE III.

MAJOR SCALES.—(FLATS.)

R. Viol. ⁽¹⁾ d-f	Or. Red. ⁽¹⁾ e-f	Yel. ⁽³⁾ f	Gr. Yel. g-f	Bl. Gr. ⁽¹⁾ a-f	Vio. Bl. ⁽²⁾ b-f	Lav. ⁽³⁾ c	R. Viol. d-f
B. Gr. ⁽¹⁾ a-f	V. Bl. ⁽²⁾ b-f	Lav. ⁽³⁾ c	R. Viol. d-f	Or. R. ⁽¹⁾ e-f	Yel. ⁽²⁾ f	Gr. ⁽²⁾ g	B. Gr. a-f
Or. R. ⁽¹⁾ e-f	Yel. ⁽²⁾ f	Gr. ⁽²⁾ g	B. Gr. a-f	V. B. ⁽¹⁾ b-f	Lav. ⁽²⁾ c	Red ⁽¹⁾ d	Or. R. e-f
V. B. ⁽¹⁾ b-f	Lav. ⁽²⁾ c	Red ⁽¹⁾ d	Or. R. e-f	Yel. ⁽¹⁾ f	Gr. ⁽¹⁾ g	Blue ⁽¹⁾ a	V. B. b-f
Yel. ⁽¹⁾ f	Gr. ⁽¹⁾ g	Blue ⁽¹⁾ a	V. B. b-f	Lav. ⁽¹⁾ c	Red d	Or. e	Yel. f
Lav. ⁽¹⁾ c	Red d	Or. e	Yel. f	Gr. g	Blue a	Viol. b	Lav. c

The letter f connected to a letter by a hyphen is equivalent to the word "flat."

The Numbers after the color names denote shades; as, Red Violet (1) equivalent to shade 1 of Red Violet.

It will be seen that the six simple colors appear in both these Tables, as do the fundamental notes, in combination with one set of compound colors in the one case and in the other case with a different set. There is nothing to show that the intermediate colors have any place in the spectrum apart from the simple colors to which they are related, like the semitones denoted by the terms sharp and flat, which, as shown in the diagrams figured at page 174, are dependent on the fundamental tones of the scale; and like these, the aspect they assume may depend on the position from which they are perceived.

In treating of the establishment of the mathematical relations of the tones of the scale Mr. W. S. B. Mathews [New Musical Miscellanies, II, p. 137], refers to certain phenomena of sensation as having gradually asserted themselves. They are chiefly "the coincidence of partial tones in different sounds, whereby impressions of more or less complete equivalence were produced in the ear, and the coincidence of the resultant tones with the apparent bases of the combination." If we can suppose the same thing to occur in connection with color, we shall have an explanation of the relation between light and sound phenomena. Their correspondence is traceable to the fact that they are merely different phases of the vortex motion which furnishes the key to the operations of Nature. The

spiral figures given in this article are simply vortices, whose motions are governed by certain numerical ratios.

Much more might be said on the subject here considered and particularly the divisibility of the gamut into twenty-four intervals covering eleven vibrations each has not yet been explained. I was led to the knowledge of this fact by the consideration of a series of relations associated with the light beam which require such a division, and which, if space allowed, could also be used to explain why certain colors are connected by correspondence with particular harmonic tones. Sunlight is the source of power operative on the earth's surface, and its manifestations as energy and force (potential energy) are capable of presentation diagrammatically in like manner as the harmonic and spectrum scales are above represented. The principles which underlie them all are the same, and thus they must have a vibrational correspondence, although the difference of the conditions on which they are dependent render it difficult to demonstrate their ratio-nal agreement.

Sound is an expression of Power, as we see by the creative ideas associated by ancient philosophy with the spoken word. The Logos, or Thought-Word, was the divine source of all things, and therefore of the harmonies of Nature; and in music we have an expression of the creative faculty of the human mind. The mind is organic, and that which springs from it must possess the organic principle. This is exhibited in musical form, which assumes its characteristic shape, says Mr. Mathews, "through the operation of its individuality in Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony." That which distinguishes one organism from another is its individuality, but this is hardly observable in the most primitive organisms. Nevertheless, the simplest ameboid forms of protoplasm are endowed with all the attributes which have become specialized into the functions of the complex animal structure. The simple protoplasmic mass may be regarded, therefore, as forming the basis of the structure of all the more highly developed organisms, and to it may be likened the musical octave with its variations, from which have been derived, by the observance of the laws of unity, symmetry and contrast, the musical forms of different periods. The principle of unity, the great importance of which Mr. Mathews insists on, corresponds to the formal or organizing factor in the manifestations of Power as modes of motion,

as well as in the beam of light itself which is the highest expression, if not the source, of that Power. The principles of contrast and symmetry are no less essential to the operations of physical Nature than they are to the development of musical form. There can be no unity without diversity, and the relations of the opposing activities, which are always phases of radiative energy, on the one hand, and of concentrative force on the other hand, must be symmetrical if they are to have organic expression. The beam of color rays furnishes an apt illustration of this truth, which is exemplified no less by the gamut of musical tone with which the spectrum is compared. Both alike are manifestations of the divine harmony of Nature, which, as taught by Pythagoras, has a ratio-nal basis, man being the appointed medium for its interpretation, because he is its highest rational expression.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

It is said that a movement is on foot for securing an endowment for a music school, to be under the Chicago University and to be located in the new musical center which Mr. C. C. Curtis has been for some time trying to bring about on Michigan avenue. It has been suggested that the Chicago Musical College might be taken as the basis of the new school, with Dr. Ziegfeld as executive head.

If this project means simply taking the Chicago Musical College into the University, with a certain endowment, it can be seen at once that the needs of a well-endowed music school would not be subserved by the change unless accompanied by very important modifications of the present practice of the school. The Chicago Musical College has been built up by the efforts, persistence and good management of one man, Dr. Florence Ziegfeld. From a beginning in one room in the Crosby opera house it has grown to be one of the largest and, it is believed, one of the most remunerative music schools in the world. Practically it is a college mainly in name and in intention. Not to mention the branches and the sub-teachers who do primary and lower grammar grade work (some of it at the houses of the pupils) the attendance at the college is largely composed of students who are in grades corresponding to the upper grammar grades and lower high school in education. Of strictly college study of music the percentage is very small, the attendance in this department probably not reaching two hundred, and possibly very much less.

Dr. Ziegfeld is carrying on an able school. He has a large corps of teachers and is constantly on the lookout for improvements. For graduation the examinations are quite severe. Some elements of an advanced musical education are not taught there at all; but then the same is true of all similar schools. Music as literature and the principles of aesthetics and taste are seldom taught in this country. General theory, musical history, harmony, counterpoint, free composition are well taught and very good results are obtained. The school, therefore, has in its vast clientele and high reputation a rea-

son for being selected as basis of a new and higher endowed school of music.

But to secure the endowment and then go on and apply its income to reducing the expense of common music lessons would be but a meager benefit to the public and none at all to art. If we are to have an endowed music school let us aim at what we really need. There is no use in having such a school at all unless it can be made to stand for a higher standard of attainments among professional musicians, and opportunities for carrying on advanced studies in every important professional direction. Along with all this we ought to have a sort of proselyting apparatus for bringing intelligent people not musicians into closer relations with music as culture. Lectures, performances, and object-lesson classes in important provinces of musical literature ought, in such a school, to do the work which the pictures on the walls and the art classes do in a well-directed art school. In this kind of work all the income ought to be employed, leaving the elementary and ordinary high school work to pay its own way, as it does at present. To reduce the cost of this part of the education and to have the fact generally known would at once swamp the new college under a flood of primary work, and by just so much tend to ruin the business of other schools and perhaps of many private teachers. Later on the private teacher will again have his day; music being so much a personal art that adaptation of temperament between teacher and pupil forms a very necessary part of the conditions for studying it easily and learning to enjoy it.

For placing such a school upon an adequate footing, where it would be able to do the work properly belonging to it and take its place among the other professional schools of the university, an endowment of half a million dollars would be needed, and a million would not be a cent too much. At its head should be some musician of unquestioned ability and devotion to art, and of so high a personal character as to leave no doubt of the standards which the school under his management would represent, or the spirit in which its work would be carried on. Preferably such a man should be a native American. Unfortunately there are but few such of national reputation, and there will be many who will think that, all things considered, the man who would naturally be placed at the head would be Mr. Theodore Thomas. Against

Mr. Thomas would lie the very serious objection that he is not only German, but also very German, and not friendly to the American musician. Personally I do not quite think this would hold in a position of this kind. While Mr. Thomas is by no means effusive in praise of American music, he certainly has great expectations of this country and recognizes the fact that it has afforded him great opportunities. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas has done wonders for music in America. While other conductors have failed and their enterprises come to grief after short careers, he, for about thirty-three years, has been conducting an unbroken series of first-class orchestral performances, in the course of which he has played over the whole repertory of orchestral music many times, and in almost all parts of the country. And generally during all this time his performances have been either absolutely the best in the country or one of the two best. Since Gericke and Nikisch in Boston it is all folly to claim for Mr. Thomas a distinct and evident pre-eminence over them. It has occasionally been a tie. Taking all this experience along with his festival work, the American opera, world's fair and the like, and there is no other man who holds the esteem of the American people to anything like the same extent. His name at the head of a school of this character would assure a high standard.

* * *

I do not hold Mr. Thomas responsible for the low estimation in which the American composer of orchestral works is held. If the public would kindly hear and appreciate such things I fancy Mr. Thomas would be glad to play liberal selections. Only he thinks that in a series of symphony concerts the standard is important, and the principle is to represent the very best that the art of music holds. This makes it an unwarrantable risk of time and opportunity to give new and untried works by composers who not only have their reputations to make, but in some cases have the entire working technique of their art to master. How can the American composer succeed where for years he writes without ever hearing a note of what he has written?

But in the natural order of things it is necessary for the American composer to achieve in other departments before springing to the head of the symphonic profession, or even acquiring an established place in the procession. Songs, salon

pieces, chamber music, light operas, serious operas, and the like are ways much nearer the present state of the American composer than pure symphony, and in these he ought to gain footing first. Here, however, he meets the impassive front of our operatic public, which will not pay properly to hear opera in their native tongue (in which alone it is possible to intelligently enjoy it) nor to hear it sung by any kind of singers, native or imported, except a limited number of very celebrated names—most of them representing artists somewhat past their prime. Here our position as a people is indefensible and unjustifiable. We are in a transitional period, where we have almost everything to learn.

* * *

Some of my readers will remember that Mr. Thomas talked very incisively in these pages last year, taking the ground that among the things which a well-endowed music school ought to do would be having a model orchestra of students, and in this playing regularly a succession of new works by American composers, in order that the composers might hear what was good and what was not successful; and the public gradually learn to distinguish between the technique of a master with something to say and the imitations of the master with only a few of the noticeable tricks of the composer's trade.

Perhaps the operatic field might be opened in like manner, by student performances of important new works, with only a conventional mounting, but with a complete reading of the music and stage play. This, however, is a great way off.

* * *

In this matter of music schools there are very curious difficulties to be encountered. Some years ago Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, who is in some way responsible for a conservatory in New York, imported Dr. Antonin Dvorak to act as its musical head and teach musical composition. Dr. Dvorak is one of the first masters of the art of composition now living. The entire musical technique is at his fingers ends, and he has produced works of singular merit—all alike eminent for superior workmanship. Was this addition of a first-class composer to American resources appreciated by the young students and composers here? By no means. A very few took lessons; most of them were content with imagining that because Dr. Dvorak was willing to come to America, even upon the aston-

ishly liberal salary which Mrs. Thurber paid, he must therefore be somehow losing his hold in Europe. Such is the innermost regard of Americans for their own country. Not content with despising each other's works from an aesthetic standpoint, they unite in still more thoroughly undervaluing any master of even the highest eminence when once he comes to live among them. That most masterly of violinists, Adolph Brodsky, experienced something of this sort when he lived in New York. Look at our own city. We have here several pianists of a very high order—artists whom it is always a pleasure to hear. Nevertheless inasmuch as all of them have to live mainly by teaching, whenever they play a recital the newspapers take it for granted that they are doing it for advertising purposes and award them but a beggarly space and meager appreciation. Everybody knows this. Look for notices of recitals by Liebling, Schiller, Sherwood, Godowsky, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler. How much space do they get? Yet they often do things which excite the admiration of every connoisseur.

* * *

Hence if we had been able to get our proposed music school into running operation soon enough to bring here and place at the head of its composition department Johannes Brahms himself, the most consummate master of musical technique of the past fifty years, his halo would undoubtedly have been ridiculously pared down if not ruined entirely. We have yet to learn the grace of reverence. For it is as absurd not to be reverent at the proper time as it is to be reverent at an inopportune moment. Reverence is an art as well as a grace and a religion. We need missionaries of it in America.

* * *

Speaking of reverence reminds me of the playing of the little Dutch violinist, Mr. Van Oordts, who appeared with the Chicago orchestra in the Brahms concerto, and Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Paganini theme and variations. The young man came fortified by a letter from his teacher, Cesar Thompson—technically the greatest of living violinists. He said, substantially: "My pupil, Mr. Van Oordts, is an artist by the grace of God. He has as much technique as I have, or more, and more temperament than I ever had. I send him out as the best living representative of my system." Upon this recom-

mendation (which I quote from hearsay) the youngster was taken in the Chicago orchestra as an artist. His playing turned out to be promising but immature, not at all strong in technique; in fact not adequate to the merely mechanical difficulties of the works in which he was put forward. Recalled after the Brahms's concerto, which the orchestra played well, he devoted twenty minutes to illustrating how much he had practiced that *pons asinorum* of violinists, Bach's Chaconne—a work which when well done is mighty; but feebly played it sounds like a lot of rather disjointed exercises. When it came to the Paganini variations the technical display was still less.

Mr. Cesar Thompson is evidently an amiable gentleman, but in this case he was not under oath.

* * *

Chicago now enjoys a really first-class string quartette of its own. The Spiering Quartette has now played two recitals this season, and the last one, which included Dvorak's string Quartette in F major, opus 96, and Arthur Foote's piano Quartet, opus 23, left no doubt in the minds of all intelligent hearers. The players are excellent individually, musicians, artistically inclined, and are working hard. They played with unanimity, musical feeling, plenty of warmth of tone (without degenerating into ranting) and good interpretation. Wherever they are heard they are certain to please. Except the Kneisel Quartet I doubt whether there is a better now in the country. They have nothing to fear.

The Dvorak quartet in this program was one of those "new world" works in which Dvorak was experimenting upon what he thought to be "American" themes, the same being crude and striking themes from the five toned scale, in the negro style. These themes become monotonous when treated, and it is not possible to build up a completely enjoyable musical fantasy by means of them. They are at once too pronounced and not enough significant. It is the protuberousness of conceit and want of breeding. The Quartet by Mr. Arthur Foote, of Boston, was much better in some ways, and was very enjoyable. The pianist was Mrs. Edwin Lapham, a well-schooled player. The singing was by Miss Sue Allin Harrington, who has a very rich voice, but too sombre tone-quality.

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The audience at the first Spiering concert was entirely unworthy the character of the playing and the music. While a

considerable number of prominent musicians were there, the audience as a whole perhaps numbered no more than one hundred. Considering the attention which is paid to music study in Chicago, and the patronage extended to our symphony and other concerts, not to mention that which traveling virtuosi sometimes draw, this seems rather meagre. I had the curiosity to consult two of our most experienced concert-giving musicians upon this point, asking why it was that when music study had so enormously increased the patronage of chamber music concerts had fallen off to such a fatal degree. One, the older, had no theory to offer; the other spoke out boldly. He said: "It is the Chicago Amateur society, which affords its members opportunities of hearing artists at no appreciable addition to their annual dues, which has killed the concert business in Chicago; the amateur society and the schools. For you must remember that most of the schools keep up a constant succession of musical performances, numbering in all scores every week. Several of the schools give at least one evening concert every week, and occasionally a large 'blow-out' in some prominent hall. These are practically free, and the playing and singing is sometimes very good indeed (and sometimes far from it). But as the main object is to attract attention, no stone is left unturned to bring together as many hearers as possible. Thus those who are fond of music fall into the habit of attending only such concerts as they have free tickets for. Moreover, the amateur is very much 'stuck' upon himself. Any good amateur would rather hear another amateur play than an artist. There is in the amateur something which appeals to him without discouraging him by unfavorable comparisons. These people entirely fail to remember that between the very best amateur and the poorest artist there is a wide gap. The artist does everything much better. But the amateur does not know it. He follows his kind."

The explanation seems to me one of those which fail to explain. The Chicago Amateur society is indeed a very large and flourishing society, and in point of fact it does give (I am told) several concerts every year, perhaps three, by artists. MacDowell played before the amateur club, I believe. But then the five hundred attendants upon the largest possible concert of the amateur club does not by any means comprise the totality of the possible patronage for high class chamber concerts. Besides, if these people love music as they say they

do, why do they not turn out to hear chamber concerts by artists? Many of them belong to the wealthy classes, and nearly all to the well-to-do.

And where is the law of the survival of the fittest? In this kind of evolution, which we are speaking of, the survival seems to have worked the other way. Why is this? How does it happen that when a hungry music-lover has gone a few times to school concerts, where he has heard one or two fairly good performances in an entire evening, why, I ask, does he not go next time to an artist concert where he would not have to go through so much to get so little?

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Another musician to whom I put this question said that in his opinion the players had spoiled their attractiveness by the want of tact displayed in their programs. "For instance," said he, "take the Spiering concert. Here were three long works one after another. Two of them were masterpieces; the third was long, tedious and without inspiration. If it had been possible to omit the third work entirely, and then to have some really suitable songs sung between the other two numbers, songs by such writers as Schubert, Franz or Brahms, one might have regarded the evening as a pleasure. It was just so last year. In spite of all we could do the programs of the Summy concerts were altogether too long, and it always happened that you had to sit through a great deal that you did not care for in order to come to a little that you did care for."

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A remarkably encouraging feature of the present musical situation in the country at large is the number of orchestras now established in the larger cities. Boston and Chicago naturally stand at the head, by reason of the eminence of the conductors and the strong business backing which keeps them independent of momentary considerations of popularity. But Cincinnati continues the strong work of Mr. Van der Stucken, Pittsburg continues its orchestra (to which several Chicago players have been added) under the conducting of Mr. Frederic Archer; Buffalo has a symphony orchestra, and I know not what cities beside. In New York the moss-grown Philharmonic still continues, and Mr. Walter Damrosch continues his symphony society. All this is well.

At the same time I am unable to imagine why we do not have something rational in the direction of opera, which appeals to a vastly larger following than plain instrumental music, and up to a certain point is far more educational. In Philadelphia Mr. Wolf is doing admirable work at the Academy of Music, giving a repertory of standard operas in English. From the different accounts that reach me I conclude that the performances are more frequent than is advisable for the voices, and the consequence is that the singing is not infrequently out of tune, through vocal fatigue. This is a mistake. It would be better to give fewer performances or enlarge the company so as to afford every singer an alternate night off. The voice inevitably deteriorates when it is worked too hard. In Boston the Castle Square company has gone back to light opera, and no longer occupy this field.

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The orchestral season opened auspiciously despite the political pre-occupation. The first four programs were these:

I.

Fanfare Inaugural (new), Paul Gilson.
Symphony in D, No. 2, Beethoven.
Invitation to the Dance (Berlioz), Weber.
Symphonic Poem, "Thamar" (first time), Balakirew.
Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner.

II.

Cortege Solennel, opus 50 (new), Glazounow.
Overture, Nahmensfeier, Beethoven.
Symphonic Poem, Wallenstein's Camp (new), Smetana.
Vorspiel, Lohengrin, Wagner.
Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.
Prelude 3d Act of "The Cricket on the Hearth" (new), Goldmark.
Suite, les Erinnyes, Massenet.

III.

(Mr. Clarence Eddy, Sololist.)

Symphony, No. 2, in C, Schumann.
Adoration, Allegro, for Organ and Orchestra (new), Gullmant.
Fantasia, Francesca di Rimini, op. 32, Tschalkowsky.
Fantasia, organ (new), Saint Saens.
Toccata, organ (new), Capocci.
Vorspiel, The Mastersingers, Wagner.

IV.

Overture, Coriolanus, Beethoven.
Suite, B minor, Bach.
Concerto for violin, op. 77, Brahms.
Symphonic Poem, Leonore (new), Henri Duparc.
Violin solo, Paganini.
Valse de Concert, Glazounow.

Several changes appear in the orchestra, the well-known concert-master, Mr. Max Bendix, having given place to a new one, Mr. E. Wendel, a young man of twenty-one or thereabouts, recommended by Joachim. The new concert-master has not yet been here long enough for his strength to manifest itself. He seems a well-schooled player. Mr. Spiering is no longer among the first violins and there are changes elsewhere, just as there are always. One man prefers to try it somewhere else. Another comes. All the rivers run into the sea, yet is the sea never full.

Another change which is not so clear is the arrangement of the players. This year they are seated quite far back beyond the curtain line, instead of being brought forward into the house as formerly. The result appears to be a blending of tone perhaps better, but a distinct impairment of the brilliancy and sonority of the violins. Otherwise things remain as they were. The excellent program notes are by the new assistant conductor, Mr. Arthur Mees, who is perhaps as well qualified for this kind of task as any person that could be named. While by no means inexperienced upon the literary side, he has been for many years so diligent a student of orchestral scores as to give his observations upon the nature of works and their handling an authority wholly unusual among makers of program notes. Moreover, he has the inestimable advantage of being an agreeable person to Mr. Thomas, and as assistant conductor has practically free access to the scores. These together make up a sum of advantages which no maker of program notes in Chicago formerly has possessed.

* * *

The novelties so far are of moderate value. The Gilson work is a mere fanfare, brilliant, pleasing, shallow. Balakirew's "Thamar" is one of those extravagant orchestral fantasias in which the writer seeks to out-berlioz Berlioz, and out-wagner Wagner. He also out-musics Music. All these Russian names ending in w are pronounced as it was a double-f (balak-a-reff), and the final consonant prolonged about sizes them up.

The Glazounow piece is better, his work having a melodious and pleasing character which commends it. The symphonic poem of Smetana is rhapsodical, like a Liszt original work, but effective and interesting. I doubt whether it will hold its place, except in default of brilliant orchestral works not too

often heard. Goldmark's prelude is very pleasing indeed, and is likely to hold a place where a sweet and sprightly act is wanted.

Mr. Clarence Eddy appeared in a new concerted work for organ and orchestra by Guilmant. It is very interesting and well done, and was played beautifully. His solo numbers, the Fantasia by Saint-Saens and the Toccata by Capocci, also novelties, were interesting. The fantasia is Saint-Saens' latest composition for organ. It is very original, and very well done. He has treated the organ like a living soul, instead of trying to reduce it to a tradition. The result is musical, and Mr. Eddy appeared to distinct advantage in it. The toccata by Capocci I did not care for. It is very rapid, and in many places the organ failed to keep up with the player—which was brilliant for the solo artist, but unprofitable for the audience.

The symphony playing in these concerts has been very good indeed, particularly in the Schumann and Beethoven works. Both went delightfully.

* * *

Speaking of school concerts I attended lately one given by the American Conservatory of Music, Mr. J. J. Hattsteadt president, in which the program consisted of songs by Mme. Linné and piano playing by Mr. Allan H. Spencer. Mme. Linné sang extremely well and was worthy the admiration of every one. Mr. Spencer, while showing many good qualities, was not quite so well at his best as in his playing at Galesburg last summer. The audience completely filled Kimball hall—four hundred or more—and everybody stayed until the last note had been sounded. I do not believe that this large audience was any detraction from proper audiences for such concerts as those of Spiering.

* * *

Apropos of piano recitals, a very interesting one was given before the pupils of the Chicago conservatory by Mr. Godowsky. The program was this:

Theme and variations in F minor, Hadyn.
Carnival, Schumann.
St. Francis Preaching to the Birds, Liszt.
Ballade, Liszt.
Quintet from the Mastersingers, Wagner-Bulow.

The playing of the Schumann carnival was the best I have ever heard. The treatment brought out a musical beauty and a vigor of idea which I have never before realized as illustrated in this often played work. The Liszt pieces, while rhapsodical, are brilliant and worth hearing. The Ballade contains one or two passages of a cheap character; but the remainder of the work is strong. The Bulow transcription was delightful. The playing as a whole belonged to a very high order of work—masterly in point of technique and tone-production, as well as musical conception, and poetic. It was simply artistic. When a school concert appears in such guise as this it is an unmixed blessing.

* * *

Mr. David Blakely died suddenly at Carnegie Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 7. He had been dictating some letters to his stenographer. She left the room a few minutes and when she returned he was sitting in his chair—dead. It was perhaps a case of heart failure. I had a letter from Mr. Blakely only a few days previously, written from a town in Vermont, where he had been staying several weeks recovering from an accident. While riding a bicycle he had a collision and was thrown off with such force as to break the collar bone or shoulder blade. The death, I believe, had no necessary connection with the accident.

Mr. Blakely was one of the most remarkable men among American managers. When I first knew him he was a newspaper man, proprietor I believe of the Chicago Post. This was before the fire. He was already interested in music and I believe had made some tours as manager. Later he bought an interest in a Minneapolis paper, which he edited for some years. Then he made one or more tours with the Thomas orchestra. A few years ago he saw that there was a field for a band. He had the sagacity to foresee the tremendous possibilities of John Phillip Sousa, and engaged him for a term of years upon figures affording the great bandmaster a fair chance. Sousa was directed to engage the best men attainable; "get the best," was Blakely's direction. Then he was to train them into finish. Meanwhile Blakely agreed to furnish the funds—which he did. Then began the business of the band—a business which has never been equaled anywhere in band traveling. Sousa has played about every night and frequently eight, ten, twelve times a week, every day for about two years,

with hardly a single interruption. I suppose the Sousa band is booked ahead solid every night from the date when it resumes operations in January for a year or more—Mr. Sousa being just now upon a much-needed vacation.

I think Mr. Blakely had a hand in the very judicious and valuable contract which the John Church Music Company have made with Mr. Sousa, in pursuance of which his compositions have been so well handled for him and for them.

For several years Mr. Blakely conducted singing societies, and in many ways his interest in music as an art was lively and practical. This magazine, also, has experienced the benefit of his sympathy. Once when he happened to be in Chicago I gave him a copy of MUSIC, which he had never before seen. A day or two later I happened to meet him upon the street, and he stopped me and subscribed, with much complimentary talk about the plan and merit of the enterprise. Later on his sympathy took the very practical turn of taking quite a liberal advertising space. I found him one of the most intelligent friends I had, and sympathetic. He was the same to every musician deserving good at his hands. Young aspirants for fame he heard, gave such opportunities as he could, and sometimes assisted privately when there was no room for them in public. In short Mr. Blakely was a great, kind-hearted, American man—thoroughly “white” in western parlance; a man to know and to love. A business man of liberality, sagacity and broad views. He will be mourned by thousands and missed as a personal loss by thousands more. He was like a brother or a father to Sousa, and I can well imagine how he will feel the loss, for Mr. Sousa is also a man of warm friendships and lasting affections.

W. S. B. M.

A SHORT ESSAY ON BACH.*

BY EDOUARD REMENYI.

If you want music for your own and music's sake—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want music which is as absolutely full of meaning as an egg is full of meat—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want Rhythm, Melody, Harmony and Counterpoint dropping down on you as easily as a tepid summer rain—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want absolute music without any deviation from the sublime line of beauty, and without any void—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want heavenly music sent down to Mother Earth—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want four and five part writings with as much ease as four or five angels ethereally breathing—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want drama, if you want tragedy, comedy, sublime farce, jollity, humor—Look up to Bach. He had the absolute gamut of every human feeling, with the exception of satire, which has no heavenly attribute.

* * *

If you want to hear how they will or may sing in the seventh heaven—Listen to his passion music.

* * *

If you want to hear a fugue written with the ease and naturalness of a legerdemain from the celestial abode—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want to hear the endless melody—Look up to Bach.

*[Written in an observation car coming from Telluride to Rico, Colorado, amongst the most glorious scenery imaginable, and impressed by the sublime sights the following lines were written under the impulse of the moment.]

If you want to hear a concert such as might be ordered by the good Lord in High Heaven—the leader of that orchestra is sure to be John Sebastian Bach.

* * *

If you want to hear so-called Catholic music or so-called Protestant music—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want to discover all the genius music might possess—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want absolute beauty and all that beauty may suggest—Look up to Bach.

* * *

If you want to know who is the embodiment of a Musical Archangel—point to Sebastian Bach, and the billions of cherubs and seraphs in heaven will nod to you and the good Lord will give his glorious patriarchal and universal consent.

* * *

Children of tender age who learn music and after having acquired the necessary and elementary rudiments and after having somehow learned how to play the scales pretty smoothly ought to be put at once to play the two-voiced pieces so wonderfully full of jollity and simon-pure invention by Sebastian Bach. A child put to such a task in a playful way and endowed with a little talent, would make astonishing progress, and thus save a great deal of precious time and unnecessary trouble in after life; and would be thusly endowed through studying Bach in his tender age, with an almost unerring judgment in music, and especially such a musical child would never say in after life “This is a good piece for an encore,” and “It takes with the public,” and such encore pieces would never see the light of the day, trashily compiled (not composed) by so many musical nincompoops all over the world.

* * *

Anyhow, Bach ought to be the daily bread, the Shibboleth, the Talisman, the Panacea and the Vade Mecum of every musician, and if that would or could be the case, then music would be the art of arts, as being not yet rightly treated, it is already an art and science combined, sent to us from heaven as a consoling medium between here and there, of which the Archangel is Bach.

October, 1896.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

A NEW SYMPHONY BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

The prominent incident of the Boston orchestral concerts, October 31 and November 1, was the performance of a new symphony by the distinguished and accomplished Boston woman, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Of the composer herself Mr. Apthorp writes in the program notes as follows:

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach (born Amy Marcy Cheney) was born at Henniker (Merrimack County), New Hampshire, on September 5, 1867. Her parents came of very old New England colonial stock; Charlotte Cushman and Major-General Dearborn had the same ancestry.

Her musical talent showed itself very precociously; at the age of four, musical ideas already began to take definite shape in her



MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

mind, and she soon began writing little compositions out of her own head. Even before she had taken any theoretical instruction, her writing was found to be musically correct. She had an accurate ear for absolute pitch by nature. Her musical education was begun by her mother, who taught her the pianoforte; and this education was continued—as far as regards the pianoforte—under Junius W. Hill, C. L. Capen, Ernst Perabo, and Carl Baermann. She also studied harmony under Prof. J. W. Hill of Wellesley College. But, with this exception, she has been entirely self-taught in musical

theory and composition. After leaving Prof. Hill's care, she pursued extended and systematic courses of study in counterpoint, fugue, musical form and instrumentation by herself, making translations of the treatises by Berlioz and Gevaert to aid her in the last-named study. For the last fourteen years she has made a systematic practice of studying analytically all the best works performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, before, during, and after the performance; she was advised to this course by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke. In

this an unusually accurate memory, as well as her keen ear for absolute pitch, was of great aid to her.

Her first public appearance as a pianist was in the Boston Music Hall on October 24, 1883, she being then sixteen; on this occasion she played Moscheles' G minor concerto, opus 60, with orchestra. During the ensuing winter she gave several recitals. At the age of seventeen she played Chopin's F minor concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke, and the Mendelssohn D minor concerto with Mr. Theodore Thomas' orchestra. Since then she has appeared at concerts and given recitals in Boston and elsewhere almost every season, the programs of some of her recitals being made up wholly of her own works. With our Symphony Orchestra she has played concertos by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and Saint-Saëns.

With the exception of a couple of songs, all her compositions have been published since her marriage in 1885. The list includes a Mass in E-flat major, brought out by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1892; a scena and aria, "Ellende Wolken," with orchestra, sung by Mrs. Alves at a concert of the New York Symphony Society, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, in the same year; a Festival Jubilate for chorus and orchestra, brought out under Mr. Theodore Thomas' direction at the dedication of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; besides over sixty shorter works for pianoforte, one or more voices, violin, etc., also several cantatas. Her latest completed composition is a sonata for pianoforte and violin.

Of the work itself the following description was given in advance:

Symphony in E Minor, "Gaelic" (MS.), Opus 32.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The first movement, *allegro con fuoco* in E minor (6-8 time), opens *planissimo* with a tremulous chromatic passage in the strings which goes on gradually increasing in force and fullness of scoring until it reaches the *fortissimo* of the full orchestra. This passage may be regarded either as a first member of the first theme, or as a sort of introduction to it. After sixteen measures of this chromatic whizzing, the first theme proper sets in, first in the trumpets, then in the horns, then in the wood-wind against a *pizzicato* accompaniment in the strings; it is developed at some length by the full orchestra (with a sparing use of the trombones, however) and makes way, after a measure of *ritardando* (2-2 time), for a lighter first subsidiary, in which the skipping rhythm of the "dotted triplet" plays a prominent part. The second theme is, in its turn, briefly developed — its tonality is very shifting, it beginning in G major, then passing through B major, B minor, C minor, B-flat major, and other keys until comes to a closing cadence in G major. It is followed by a brisk little conclusion-theme of Gaelic folk-song character (in G major) which enters first in the oboe, then is answered canonically by the flute, and dies away in the strings.

On a return to *tempo primo*, the free fantasia begins with the

whizzing chromatic phrase of the strings, and is carried through at great length and with much contrapuntal elaboration. It ends with quite the Beethovenish "moment of exhaustion," after which a recitative-like solo of the clarinet leads over to the third part of the movement. This is developed pretty closely on the lines of the first part, and is followed by an extended coda, with which the movement ends.

The second movement opens with a graceful melody, *Alla Siciliana* in F major (12-8 time), in which the characteristic rhythm and tranquil, flowing grace of the Siciliano are strongly marked. It begins in the horn and strings, and is then further developed by the oboe, clarinets, and bassoons, the flute and horns coming in at one time as the piano swells to forte. Then follows a brisk, tricky scherzo movement, *allegro vivace* in F major (2-4 time), with nimbly scurrying violins, which is very fully developed, little hints at the preceding Siciliano melody cropping up every now and then. Then the slower Siciliano returns in its original shape and is more extendedly developed than at first, a few measures of the bright *allegro* coming back at the end to close the movement. This movement is the one which corresponds to the scherzo in the traditional symphonic form. Considering the character of its two contrasted sections—the slow Siciliano and the brisk, sprightly *allegro vivace*—one might almost call it a scherzo between two trios, instead of two scherzos with a trio between them.

The third movement, *lento con molto espressione* in E minor (6-4 time), opens with some contrapuntal prelude in the wind instruments, kettledrums, and basses *pizzicati*, after which a solo violin leads over to the entrance of the first theme. This, a melody of strongly-marked Gaelic character,—it has the characteristic Celtic closing cadence, from the third degree of the scale to the tonic,—is exposed in elaborate part-writing by the muted strings with a solo violin and 'cello (the latter taking the melody). It is followed by a more strenuous second theme, which opens as the little prelude at the beginning of the movement did, and is developed at considerable length. A third theme—of well-marked folk-song character—which appears after awhile in the strings is in reality nothing else than a counter-theme to the first. The two are much worked up in conjunction; when the counter-theme makes its first appearance in the first violins, the theme is in the 'celli and basses; then theme and counter-theme appear together in the two clarinets, etc. Still the counter-theme is at times treated entirely by itself, and so may not inaptly be called a true third theme. The development and working-out of this movement are extremely elaborate.

The fourth movement, *Finale, allegro molto* in E minor (2-2 time), is, like the first, in the sonata form. It opens brilliantly with the energetic first theme *fortissimo* in the full orchestra; the development of this theme is so protracted and elaborate that it has all the character of actual working-out. The same may be said of the development of the martial, folk-song-like second theme that follows

it — appearing first in the violas, 'celli, and bassoons in the dominant, B major — which is also worked out as soon as exposed. There is no real conclusion-theme, and the free fantasia is comparatively short, as is not infrequently found to be the case in movements where the themes are very elaborately treated as soon as presented, so that the working-out comes largely in the first and third parts, instead of being confined to the free fantasia and coda. In the coda an augmentation of the second theme returns fortissimo in all the strings, except double-basses, in unison (not in octaves), reinforced by the trumpets in unison or octaves, against full harmony in the wind instruments; after which the movement comes to a free close in E major.

This symphony is scored for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, one bass-tuba, a set of three kettledrums, and the usual strings. The score bears no dedication.

Of the performance the following are brief characterizations:

Mr. Philip Hale, in the Boston Journal, says:

Four days have gone by since Mrs. Beach's symphony was played in Music Hall. Much of it is fresh in the memory. Of how many new works can you say the same after one hearing? I admit that the slow movement is too long, that the composer seems reluctant to reach the final cadence, that there is more of elaboration than spontaneity in the movement. I go so far as to say that she might revise it with advantage. But how much there is to admire in the other movements!

I do not know what Mrs. Beach had in mind when she was writing the first movement. She was concerned chiefly, no doubt, with writing music. And yet the treatment of themes, which in themselves are of inconsiderable value, stimulated the imagination of the hearer. There was thought of

"Old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

A definite mood was created. The imagination of the hearer was quickened by the imagination of the composer. And in this symphony Mrs. Beach displays generously a musical imagination that I have not recognized in preceding works by her.

The scherzo is thoroughly admirable, a delight to the amateur and musician. And in the last movement there are passages which proclaim loudly a breadth of conception, a skill in carrying out a grand design, a mastery of climax that are not always found in modern symphonies. Themes that arrest the attention are treated in heroic spirit. The climax is sure, irresistible.

I have already spoken of the skill shown by Mrs. Beach in the orchestration. It is not necessary now to enlarge upon this subject. I admit that occasionally she is boisterous, but the boisterousness is healthy, not merely vulgar. The only trace of woman that I find in this symphony is this same boisterousness.

Saint-Saëns once wrote of Augusta Holmès, "Women are singular

when they concern themselves seriously with art: they seem first of all preoccupied with the wish to make you forget they are women, by showing an exuberant virility. They do not stop to think that it is this very preoccupation which betrays the woman. Like unto children, women know no obstacles; their will breaks everything. Miss Holmès is indeed a woman; she is an 'extremist' to the knife."

Mrs. Beach has more artistic control. She is not an "extremist." She is a musician of genuine talent who by the imagination, technical skill, and sense of orchestration displayed in this symphony has brought honor to herself and the city which is her dwelling place.

Mr. Howard Ticknor, in the Boston Courier, says:

From the single hearing that we could have of this symphony we derived great pleasure and content, and we are ready to award to it a great meed of praise. Not because it is so considerable an achievement for a woman that at the moment of our writing we do not recall another; and again not because it is stronger, larger, deeper and firmer than anything which the composer has written before. These are perhaps good reasons for praise in themselves. But we found our praise upon a broader ground — upon the personal self-control, upon the freedom and range of thought, upon the concentration of power, upon the comprehension and mastery of means, and upon the solidity and compactness of the construction. Nor should there be ignored the energy, enthusiasm, warmth and decision which imbue those more external characteristics and make the happy impression that only an artist — with no recognizable quality of sex — has held the pencil and added the colors.

* * *

Perhaps the one thing which will chiefly impress in regard to the symphony is its robustness. By this we do not mean noise, although the scoring is constantly full, large and powerful, but certainty of tension and grasp. One does not feel that there is any danger of the score pulling apart, so to speak, or that the orchestra, rushing on their several ways, will escape the controlling hand only to be brought together at last in a confused heap like a team of runaway horses. There is purpose and plan in all the stress and speed, and when the exigency of the moment is passed, ease and relief come and the convenient episode conducts naturally to the next trial. The instrumentation is interesting and notable. It is often dense, but we never found it cloudy; also there is consideration for individual character. The wooden wind (now delightfully homogeneous and malleable) is most discreetly treated, and unusual prominence is given in obligato to the dignified bass clarinet, while in the second movement there is quite a touch of inspiration in having the English horn revive near the close, the theme originally set by the oboe. Some brilliant bits of introduction and cadenza are assigned to the solo first violin, and the 'cello has also a sweet passage for itself. The drums and bass have distinction with reserve, and for once the piccolo adds its keen voice without triviality to make a strange theme more incisive.

The symphony was heard with close attention and there was long and warm applause after each movement. Of this the orchestra were entitled to a share, for they played with great care and an almost affectionate enthusiasm.

A NEW FIRM.

Mr. Louis Francis Brown, of Steinway Hall, who has been identified with the bringing here of so many of the large visiting artists during the past season, has taken as a partner in the managerial business Mr. Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld, the well-known composer, conductor and critic. Mr. Weld comes to Chicago in January from Milwaukee, when he will become actively interested in the management of the higher class artists and in concert direction. The firm will be known as Concert-Direction, Brown and Weld.

SPIERING CHAMBER CONCERT.

One of the first important chamber concerts of the season was that of the Spiering String Quartette, at Handel Hall, October 27. The program consisted of Beethoven's quartet in E minor, opus 59, No. 2; Saint-Saëns' trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in F major, opus 18, and a new quartette in G major, by Herzogenberg, opus 42, No. 3.

The Beethoven quartet in this program belongs to his best period, having been composed in 1806, in proximity to "Fidelio," the appassionata sonata for piano and other very free and fanciful tone-poems. The second number on the program was also interesting and delightful, illustrating, moreover, the happy lightness of touch characteristic of the Frenchman at his best. It is a work full of beauty, imagination, and fancy, and it was played very enjoyably indeed. The pianist was Mr. Walter Spry, who has lately returned from studies in Paris. He played nicely. The closing quartet belongs to that vast literature of unknown tone-poetry of which Germany is so full. Hundreds of men are working away in that country, professors in conservatories and the like, diligently composing in all sorts of styles; composing with a technic worthy of attention, but not gifted with imagination and fancy in the degree necessary for securing the ear of the world. The present work is well-made and worth hearing. Coming after the very strong works preceding, it naturally sounded rather weak. The working-out is elaborate, but the inner sense of climax and expression was not strong enough with the composer to impart to his creation the master touch.

COMPOSITIONS OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS AVAILABLE FOR CONCERT.

Several times a week the editor is written to for information concerning American composers, and is desired to recommend a

list of pieces suitable for musical evenings of this kind. As Mr. Liebling has played more American compositions than almost any other pianist (saving possibly Mr. Sherwood), I asked him to tell me what he would use and he kindly gave the following list, every piece of which he has himself played acceptably to the audiences.

Woodman—Romance in G-flat.

Blumenschein—Barcarolle, opus 31.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—Fire-flies.

Homer N. Bartlett—Crepuscule.

Gavotte de Concert.

Ballade.

Aeolian Murmurs.

Conrath—Menuet Moderne.

Capen—Gavotte, F minor.

Foerster—Exultation.

Arthur Foote—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, op. 15.

Suite, opus 27.

Concert Study, thirds.

Concert Study, double notes.

Richard Hoffman—Erl King.

Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony.

Geo. W. Hunt—Scherzo.

H. W. Harris—Melody and Spinnerlied.

Kroeger—Sonnets.

Joseffy—Polka Noble.

Etude in A-flat.

Arietta from Gluck.

Gavotte in E, Bach, for left hand.

Vogrich—Staccato Etude.

Kaffenberger—Fugue in D minor.

Zelinski—Prelude to the Preceding.

Lambert—Etude in G.

Bruno Oscar Klein—Suite, op. 25.

Valses, op. 32 and 39.

William Mason—Monody

MacDowell—Czardas.

Hexentanz.

Suite, op. 10.

Mattoon—Spring Song.

Nevin—Barcarolle.

In My Neighbor's Garden.

Gavotte.

Perabo—Etude in A minor op. 9.

Mrs. Samuels—Twilight.

Seeboeck—Portrait, No. 2.

Menuet Moderne.

Danse Norwegienne.

Among the more attractive chamber music he mentions: Trios by Foote, Chadwick, Foerster, Bruno Oscar Klein, and a trio by S. B. Whitney. Additional lists will be given later on, from other players.

MR. EMIL LIEBLING'S BACH COURSE.

In response to many inquiries Mr. Emil Liebling has indicated the following as his usual course of Bach in the earlier grades: Of the two-part inventions he gives in this order, Nos. 8, 13, 14, 6; then 4 and 3; then 1, 10, and 12 for the single mordent (with the note below—the character distinguished by a vertical stroke through it); then 4 and 3 for trills upon dotted notes, in which the trill instead of going entirely through stops at the dot; then 2 for the trill beginning with the upper note.

Of the three-part inventions he uses Nos. 1, 10, 12, 2, 7; of the Clavier Vol. I, prelude 20, prelude 6, 10th fugue, 3d prelude, 5th prelude, 21st prelude, 15th prelude, 2d fugue, 5th fugue, 21st fugue, 15th fugue; and for melodic invention and delicate sentiment, preludes 4 and 8.

Pursuing the classical course he then gives several pieces from the Bulow-Scarlatti selections, and then Handel, giving of the latter the Chaconne in F, Gavotte in G, Variations in E (Harmonious Blacksmith), Theme and Variations in B-flat, D minor Suite (prelude, air and presto), Gigue in F minor, Gigue in G minor, Fugue in E minor. Of Rameau he gives the Gavotte in A minor with variations. Also of the Scarlatti selections by Tausig he uses those in G minor and F minor. The Bach course then proceeds to arrangements, among which he particularly recommends the Toccata in D minor arranged by Brassin.

CORRECTION FOR THE MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS.

A couple of months ago I happened to refer to the admirable Federation of Musical-Literary Clubs, designed and promoted by Mr. Wilber M. Derthick, in terms which in certain quarters were understood in an unfavorable sense. It is not necessary to say to any old reader of MUSIC that no such meaning was intended. For aside from the well-known fact that some such plan was advocated in these pages before the clubs were formed, and the further fact of the important part which the writer took in preparing the literary material, the entire intention of these clubs tallies completely with my work and writing for many years. The idea of the Musical-Literary Clubs is excellent, and I am told that they are having a very successful progress the present season. In many places the peculiarities of Mr. Derthick's system make the clubs practicable where no organized effort, self-directed, would have a ghost of a chance, owing to local rivalries. Moreover, there are many places where there is not life enough and courage enough in local musicians to undertake anything apparently so hopeless as organizing

a musical effort combining practically the entire musical ability of the town or village. An outside person coming with good endorsements is sometimes able to combine many elements habitually hostile to each other.

There are other places, however, as mentioned before, where the local forces are able to organize themselves, and where for one reason or another they do not care to place themselves in the position of hungry children to be fed by a father so distant. When this happens I see no objection to local clubs running themselves; and if they are able to do it more to their own satisfaction, or more economically, this also is not a crime. I have received a communication from Louisville, Ky., relating to the Musical-Literary Club there, which has now been established four years. But aside from the general impression it conveys that they are doing well, it does not descend to particulars of the work.

* * *

Mr. Derthick is also undertaking to furnish lectures and recitals to his clubs upon terms more favorable than those commonly offered by managers. Among the artists who are filling engagements in these clubs are Messrs. Edward Baxter Perry, Mr. Sherwood, and Mr. Francis Walker. Not long since I attended a song recital intended for the same circulation, by Mr. J. J. Richards, a young gentleman with a good bass voice. His list embraced representative songs of different schools. In this undertaking of furnishing instructive musical entertainments Mr. Derthick takes a certain amount of risk, the greatest of which lies in the danger of underestimating the capacity of the clubs for understanding and enjoying music of a high order. When good music is to be performed before audiences poorly prepared for enjoying it, it is of the utmost importance that the quality of performance be of the very best. And this naturally costs money. Hence in the effort to offer entertainments at prices possible in small communities, there will necessarily be a tendency toward artists and combinations available for small sums — whose mediocre performances must necessarily be unsatisfactory, and totally fail in awakening an artistic taste. It is a good idea, but it is likely to prove a very dangerous idea in carrying out. The president will need all of his well-known diplomacy.

* * *

Speaking of small musical entertainments of distinguished merit, I attended a song-recital by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, assisted by Mr. Bloom, tenor, and Miss Blanche Dingley, harpist, of which the following was the program:

- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------|
| | Introductory Remarks by Mrs. Gaynor. | | |
| 1. Rose-Song, | a | "If I Knew." | |
| | b | "The Wind Went Wooing the Rose." | |
| | c | "In the Corner of My Garden." | |
| 2. Song, | | "Because She Kissed It." | |
| | | Mr. Bloom. | |
| 3. Harp, | Fantasia, | - | Saint-Saens |
| | | Miss Dingley. | |

4. Songs, with Harp Accompaniment,
 - a "Das Rathsel."
 - b "The Sunbeam's Kiss." Mrs. Gaynor.
5. Songs,
 - a "Mollie."
 - b "Sleep-Song."
 - c "Nocturne."
 - d "If Love Be Won." Mr. Bloom.
6. Harp,

a Consolation.	-	-		Liszt-Schuecker
b Serenata,	-	-		Moszkowski-Schuecker
c Mazurka,	-	-		Schuecker

 Miss Dingley.
7. Songs to the Little Folks,
 - a "The Rich Little Dolly."
 - b "Flower's Cradle-Song."
 - c "The Sugar Dolly."
 - d "Fire-flies."
 - e "Sleep, My Beloved."
 - f "Jerushy." Mrs. Gaynor.
8. Serenade, "Come Down to the River To-night." Mr. Bloom.

The compositions, excepting the harp solos, were all by Mrs. Gaynor, who gave an interesting preface to the concert. The impression of this entertainment was very pleasing indeed, some of the songs being of considerable emotional and musical range. While such a recital does not fulfill the intention of the clubs in extending a knowledge of classical music, it nevertheless belongs in the category of musical evenings which are at the same time agreeable to experience and conducive to musical enlightenment. Mrs. Gaynor is a very agreeable singer, a delightful player, and a "taking" personality. Mr. Bloom has a lyric tenor organ of rare beauty. Miss Dingley is one of our best harpists, and her selections represent the instrument in its most varied capacities. M.

ORGAN PROGRAMME, BY MR. CLARENCE EDDY.

I.

- 1—Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....J. S. Bach
- 2—Fantasie, op. 101 (new).....Saint-Saens
 Note.—Camille Saint-Saens, one of the greatest of living composers, was formerly organist at La Madeleine, Paris.
- 3—Sonata in C minor, No. 5.....Gullmant
 (Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
 I—Allegro Appassionato. II—Adagio. III—Scherzo. IV—Recitativo.
 V—Choral et Fugue.
 Note.—Alexandre Gullmant has been organist at the Church of La Trinite, Paris, for the past twenty-five years.
- 4—(a) Siciliano (new).....M. Enrico Bossi
 (In Ancient Style.)
 Note.—M. Enrico Bossi, one of the foremost organists and composers in Italy, is director of the Conservatory of Music, Benedetto Marcello, at Venice.
- (b) Toccata (new).....Filippo Capocci
 Note.—Filippo Capocci, one of the greatest organists and composers of organ music in Italy, is organist at the Church of St. John the Lateran in Rome.

- 5—Double theme varie (new).....Rousseau
(Written expressly for and dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
Note.—Samuel Rousseau is choirmaster of the Church of Ste. Clotilde, Paris.
- 6—Pastorale in E (new).....E. H. Lemare
Note.—Edwin H. Lemare is organist and director of music at the Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, London.
- 7—Marche Nuptiale (new)Salome
(Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
Note.—Theodore Salome, who died in July last, was choir organist at La Trinite, Paris, for upward of twenty-five years.
- 8—Question and Answer (new).....Wolstenholme
Note.—W. Wolstenholme, a blind organist and one of the most talented writers for the organ in England, is a Bachelor of Music at Oxford.
- 9—(a) Andante in D (new).....Hollins
Note.—Alfred Hollins, the celebrated blind organist of London, frequently plays at the Royal Albert Hall, and is at present organist of a church in Upper Norwood.
- (b) Allegro, op. 81 (new).....Guilmant

II.

- 1—Fantasie and Fugue in G minor.....J. S. Bach
- 2—(a) Larghetto, { (new)Filippo Capocci
(b) Finale, }
- 3—Pastorale (new)Clarence Lucas
(Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
Note.—Mr. Lucas is a talented composer and musical critic living in London.
- 4—Suite, Gothique, op. 28 (new).....L. Boellmann
I—Introduction—Choral. II—Menuet Gothique. III—Priere a Notre Dame.
IV—Toccata.
Note.—Mr. Boellmann is organist of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris.
- 5—Three Pieces, op. 29 (new).....Gabriel Pierne
I—Prelude. II—Cantilene. III—Scherzando.
Note.—Mr. Pierne is organist of Ste. Clotilde, Paris, where he succeeded his master, the late Cesar Franck.
- 6—(a) Romance, {Henri Deshayes
(b) Grand Choeur, }
- Note.—Mr. Deshayes, a prolific composer for the organ, is organist at the Church of the Annunciation, Paris.
- 7—(a) Communion, {Georges MacMaster
(b) Marche Nuptiale, }
- Note.—Mr. MacMaster is organist and director of music at the Church of St. Ambroise, Paris.
- 8—Minuet and Trio (new).....W. Wolstenholme

DR. WILLIAM MASON ON THE VALUE OF TOUCH.

Some time ago Dr. Mason wrote the following to the "Musical Courier" defending the thesis that a good touch is a more potent factor for the pianist than even a fine instrument. That an instrument of moderate qualities under a fine touch will sound better than a fine instrument under a bad touch. He says:

Your editorial in The Musical Courier, called forth by a statement in the Evening Post concerning good players and inferior pianos, or vice versa, has caused me great surprise. Your words are: "The

worse a piano is, the worse it will sound the better the player is," etc. My experience in the musical profession, extending over a period of 40 years, has led me to a precisely opposite conclusion, and I wish to say a word by way of explanation.

While it is true, as the Scripture has it, that men do not "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," there is nevertheless a way of getting a better or worse tone out of a piano—good, bad or indifferent—according to manner of touch and general treatment. Were it otherwise piano makers would not be so desirous of getting salesmen who have a "lovely" touch. Moreover, an expert in the art of touch can show off a piano to advantage or to disadvantage, according to the manner of attacking the keys which it is his pleasure to adopt for the time being. The instrument is in some slight sense like a human being. It resents a slap in the face, and gives forth a discordant sound; but approach it gently—at the same time firmly, if you like—and its friendly reciprocity is at once and easily apparent. Illustrations of this fact are numerous within my experience, and come readily to mind.

One instance will suffice as representative of many others, and I can vouch for the truth of my story, having been personally both an eye and an ear witness. Many years ago a concert was given by a choral society in a country town near New York. At the last moment, the regular accompanist having been taken suddenly ill, it became necessary to call in a substitute. The piano which the society was in the habit of using—never a first-class instrument—had long ago seen its best days. Notwithstanding this fact the substitute, who was not without experience in emergencies, treated the instrument tenderly and judiciously and with such effect that at the conclusion of the concert a gentleman well known in the community, whose musical taste and judgment, as well as skill as a violoncello player were universally conceded, approached him with congratulations upon having had a new and fine instrument supplied in place of the old "rattle trap" which was ordinarily used. This gentleman, who had come somewhat late to the concert, had taken a seat in the back part of the hall, which was crowded, and had not observed the change of pianists until toward the end of the evening.

A skillful mechanic with a poor set of tools will turn out better work than a bungler with a good set. A good pianist on a poor piano is preferable to a poor pianist on a good one, or, to quote the statement of the Evening Post, referred to in the beginning of this communication, "If Paderewski played on a second-rate piano amateurs would still flock to hear him, knowing that under his fingers a second-rate piano sounds better and more soulful than a first-class instrument under most other fingers."

WILLIAM MASON.

O, HOLY NIGHT!

(A Christmas Carol.)

By THOS. C. RONEY.

Oh, holy night! Oh, glorious light,
That shines on Bethlehem town!
Oh, music sweet, that from the skies
Comes floating softly down!
The echo of the angels' song
Falls on our ears again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

The shepherds heard, like note of bird,
That midnight carol clear,
And to the manger and the babe
In awe and love drew near.
And, as they gazed, the heavenly strain
Rang in their hearts again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

'Twas service sweet, 'twas homage meet
For lowly men to pay;
And we our hearts' obeisance make
Upon this Christmas day.
We join ye, angel choristers,
As ye repeat again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

Oh, holy night! Oh, glorious light,
That shines on Bethlehem town!
Oh, music sweet, that from the skies
Comes softly floating down!
We catch the golden cadences
And fling them back again—
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Are the different keys distinct as to character? If a writer wishes to describe certain moods, does he choose a certain key for it? Is there a key which is in disfavor, or one favored more than the others? If so please give a few illustrations.—E. M. B."

If the instrument is perfectly tuned, or if the singing is perfectly in tune, all keys are alike, in so far as concerns the pitch-relations of the different tones to each other. The only difference is that one is higher, another lower. One easier for average players or singers to read; another more difficult, etc. Sensitive persons believe that they experience a different impression from certain keys, and now and then one goes so far as to claim that there is a different impression derivable from the key of C sharp and from that of D flat. Now since they are played upon the same piano keys, it follows that they must necessarily be precisely alike. The same is true of C flat and B major, and F sharp and G flat. Even upon stringed instruments there could hardly be any difference between enharmonic keys, since the intonations would necessarily be made upon the same strings and with the fingers at the same points of the finger-board. There are differences in the psychological value of keys, however, depending upon the general place of the tonic in the scale of absolute pitch. Perhaps this is partly a difference of impression due to the absolute pitch, and perhaps it might be referred to another cause. For instance, song-melodies in D major and G major generally differ quite perceptibly. The tonic of the latter is a fourth higher. Hence for singing purposes (soprano) the melodies in G would generally pass around the tonic above and below, while those in D would lie mainly between the tonic and its octave. This would give the melody a different expression.

The absolute highness or lowness of a melody and its accompaniment is a much greater psychological element than is commonly supposed. If such a song as Schubert's "To be Sung upon the Waters" be transposed for alto, a fourth lower, not alone is the melody thickened by the lower range of female voice, but the accompaniment also shares in the trouble, and the effect is by no means so ethereal as at the original pitch. An impression of this kind is rather intangible, but careful observation shows that it forms itself in all sensitive hearers. It is partly for this reason, in order to derive from their voices the peculiar aesthetic quality, that basses and altos run so much to serious songs, tragedy, grave-yard selections ("In Questa Tomba," etc.), and the like. When a thick voice tries to be agile, it is like water trying to run itself up hill. Much depends upon the enthusiasm of the water.

The facility of reading is a very important matter in the circulation of music. Sharp keys are not read so fluently by the generality of readers. Hence flat keys are generally chosen. A very pretty piece, "Wollenhaupt's "Last Smile," originally written in F sharp major had to be transposed to F major, although the original key brought the runs better under the fingers, and was more appropriate to the spirit of the piece. Perhaps a tone higher might have done as well. Bach seems to have had prejudices in favor of certain keys, part of which may have been due to the uneven tuning prevalent in his time, to discourage which was one of the intentions of his "Well Tempered Clavier." His most expressive melodies are in remote flat keys.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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THIRD PROGRAM—CHARACTERISTIC MOODS OF BEETHOVEN.

As generally stated, the characteristic point of difference between what we call the classical and the romantic in the art of music lies in the feeling actuating the composer, and consequently embodied more or less successfully in his music. In the older practice, especially that of the Netherlandish contrapuntal composers of the sixteenth century, the motive of composition was that of producing a musical piece more elaborate, more imposing, or more sonorous than previous works; or, perhaps, the more commonplace conception of producing a piece as good as previous works. The purely musical (conceived from a technical standpoint) remained the moving principle with the composer. With the invention of opera, between A. D. 1600 and 1700, a new principle came into operation, namely, the expression of dramatic contrasts and situations, and so at length the expression of intense individuality, the working of strong individualities under the clash of tragic situations.

Along with the invention and development of opera, during the period here mentioned, the mastery of the violin was carried forward with great results to the art of music. About 1685, Archangelo Corelli published his first collection of pieces for the violin, and in these are found what are practically about the first examples of a well developed lyric melody, of the kind we now mean when we speak of "bel canto"—the type of melody made the very crux of the art of Italian singing. This impassioned, sustained and expressive melody took with wonderful rapidity and was almost immediately adopted into opera, the ideal of which in the beginning had been that of an artistic and dramatically expressive delivery of the text. Now melody as such has little to do with the dramatic delivery of a text. In a sustained melody (as in "Home, Sweet Home," to quote a simple type) it is first of all a question of sustained sentiment; whereas in a well determined declamation it is first of all a matter of effective delivery of the words and phrases from an elocutionary standpoint, allowing the voice all the stops, interruptions, shocks, and variations of intensity requisite for effective delivery. But by the time this sustained melody had been introduced into high art (it seems to have made a beginning earlier in folk song, although we have no precise indications upon the subject) the mere delivery of a text, somewhat after the manner of a liturgical intoning, no longer satisfied the demands of opera.

Music grew by what it fed upon. The violin, which Monteverde had placed in the position of honor at the head of the orchestra in 1608, had grown upon the ears of the people; and there was a need felt for something more impassioned, but at the same time more distinctively musical, than the mere declamation of the first opera, no matter how sing-song that delivery might be made. Hence arose the aria, which practically is a prolongation of a single moment of the dramatic situation. The first arias, and for quite a long time later, had very few words, and these were repeated over and over, as we find still in the well known arias from Handel's "Messiah." Thus opera came into possession of a simple and sustained melody, patterned after the cantilena of the violin, which was employed for marking the successive points of the dramatic action. That is to say, as the drama unfolded one new situation after another developed itself. Each new entrance of a dramatic person made a new complication and a new situation, brought to the attention of the hearer by means of the lines and then enforced by the aria, which the singer of greatest momentary importance had to sing. That these arias very soon degenerated into show pieces for virtuoso singers was an accident due to the popularity of the operatic stage, the development of the new art of singing, and a delight in the human voice as a musical instrument. It has no concern with our present subject.

Moreover, it inevitably happened that as composers multiplied and competed with each other for the favor of the public, they tried more and more to bring out in their music the very innermost passions and passing feelings of the leading individuals in the play; hence the art of expressive music was greatly developed, and the ears of the public learned gradually to feel after and enjoy the human heart-beat in the music. Thus music passed beyond the stage of working for itself as a development of musical forms or science of construction, and became more and more, in opera, the expression of individualities and moods. At the same time that this tendency was working for making the music more expressive, the necessity of pleasing the public tended also in the opposite direction of pleasing the hearer by means of agreeable combinations of tone-colors, delightful symmetries of tone-forms, and the like. So at the very time when composers of one class were laboring in opera for the development of deep expression in opera, those of another class were working no less effectually for making the music merely shallow and pleasing. Light operas dealing with shallow situations, comedy, farce, expressed by means of light and pleasing music, came to occupy more and more the operatic stage, where after all the question of amusement will always prevail.

All of these different tendencies came later on to their expression in music purely instrumental. We have seen already how Bach managed to compose truly expressive music which nevertheless is first of all strong music yet highly humoristic and fanciful, as noticed in a somewhat rhapsodical style by the great violinist, Mr. Edouard Remenyi, in this issue of Music. Then Haydn and Mozart

introduced various types of pleasing and simply expressive melody, but it is only in occasional moments that their music touches the deeper feelings of the heart. It is music to admire for its cleverness, to enjoy at times for its sweetness and tenderness, and its fresh melodic symmetry; but it is only in very rare moments that the accent of emotional individuality is given.

In Beethoven we find this quality for the first time illustrated in instrumental music; and along with this occasional accent of intensity, we have also a great and inexhaustible variety of moods and manners, appertaining to the different sides of the mighty individuality of this great tone-poet. Along with this variety of moods, which in their inner nature must be regarded as representing different facets of individuality, we have also in Beethoven a certain comprehensive element. Everything that he says to us belongs somehow to a larger whole, and that larger whole is the entire man of the composer. It is like the conversation of some highly gifted person, which while lasting perhaps for only a few minutes nevertheless affords us a glimpse into a remarkable personality, and appears in our memory as a chapter accidentally revealed out of the entire soul of the talker.

Hence in trying to form an idea of the individuality of Beethoven and the range and peculiar beauty of his music, we have to learn his most characteristic moods in order to get the range of his genius; and then to see how he combines these widely different moods into a whole—as he does in his sonatas and symphonies. Accordingly, this first program begins with several pieces comparatively small in compass, but directly illustrating the variety of his humoristic tendencies. All of these little pieces, moreover, have that accent of intense individuality mentioned above—an accent very much more observable in Beethoven than in any of his predecessors, and surpassed only by Schubert and Schumann later. The latter, it may be anticipated, is the most humoristic of all composers of instrumental music.

There are certain conditions of largeness in a piece of music intended to say something without words, and to work up to an imposing climax, which give it a different form from what is practicable in pieces having a text for doing a part of the talking. In order to reach a great effect, an instrumental music piece has to last for some time, and to continue quite a while in the same movement, as to rate of pulsation and frequency of measure accent. It has to work within a single tonality—remain in one key, or revolve around one key in such a manner as to preserve its own unity as a single being. Hence arise the long movements of the sonata and symphony. It is not possible to arrive at like impressions upon hearers by the use of shorter disjointed movements. Only by carrying a movement on for some time, and so developing it as to impress some one idea as central, and at the same time to arrive eventually at some kind of a climax or goal, can a serious instrumental movement become expressive and effective.

In Mozart these long movements have nothing like the unity of

those of Beethoven. A beautiful variety prevails, and the main ideas are repeated a sufficient number of times; but it is for beauty rather than for completing a cycle of moods, or a cycle of soul-experiences. Or if a cycle, then a cycle of pleasant and youthful experiences. In Beethoven this is not the case. When he is much in earnest, he takes plenty of time for saying his say, and says it so thoroughly that you are quite sure of what he is at. This will be shown in the present program by means of the sonata pathétique, and phases of the manner will appear in all the selections.

BEETHOVEN PROGRAM.

Selection of a quasi lyric character:

- Menuetto in E flat. Op. 31, No. 3.
- Menuetto in D major. Op. 10, No. 3.
- Subject from Allegretto, from sonata opus 90. 32 measures.
- Andante from sonata opus 27, No. 1.

Formal Variations:

- Andante and Variations. Sonata in G major. Opus 14, No. 2.
- Andante, from Sonata Appassionata. Opus 57.

Humoristic Variations and Moods:

- Theme and Variations. Opus 26.
- Scherzo in C, Sonata in C. Opus 2, No. 3.
- Allegretto from "Moonlight" Sonata. Opus 27, No. 2.
- Scherzo in A flat, Sonata. Op. 31, No. 2.

Sonata Piece:

- Allegro (first movement) from Sonata in G. Opus 14, No. 2.
- Allegro (first movement) Sonata in F minor. Opus 2, No. 1.

Sonata Piece, Impassioned:

- Introduction.
- Allegro (first movement) Sonata Pathétique. Opus 13.

NOTES.

The minuet proper, in the first selection, is a simply expressive folk song, throughout its first period. It is only at the beginning of the second period, with the dissonant C flat, that something different comes to illustration. The distinction of the mood is further illustrated in the Trio which follows, where the chords by their skips and their delightful changes, afford a most agreeable and charming contrast with the main subject. (It is upon this Trio that Saint-Saëns has written his lovely variations for two pianos, 4 hds.)

The minuet in D, from the very strong sonata in D major, opus 10, affords very strong contrasts before we pass beyond the minuet proper. The first period (eight measures repeated) is purely lyric and very lovely. The second period starts out with an imitative bit, quite in manner of fugue, one voice after another responding in a vigorous and spirited manner. When this is completed by the delightful return of the principal subject, we are led to a Trio in the related key of G major, which is in a totally different style. It goes like a scherzo, and when it in turn has been completed the main minuet returns with most agreeable effect. At the end a short coda. Both these selections contain much which is not purely lyric, but rather thematic. This occurs always in the trios, and in the second period of the minuet in D.

The next selection is the beginning of the beautiful closing movement of the sonata, opus 90. This movement takes the place of a slow movement in this sonata, and it is entirely in lyric style, except where the imperative need of relief has led to the introduction of less connected and sustained matter. The melody itself is one of the best of Beethoven. The illustration comprises the first thirty-two measures.

In the next division of selections, we come upon the Beethoven faculty of diversifying a musical theme in the form of variations. The examples here given represent certain of the simpler phases of this part of his art, and if the student is ambitious in this direction he might read for himself the variations upon the waltz in C, or the famous thirty-two variations, in which endless varieties are obtained from a very simple theme. Still more highly developed an example of this art is found in the last sonata of all, Opus 111; but these are too difficult for our present use.

The theme and variations in C, from the sonata in G, opus 14, are easy and pleasing. The theme itself affords a very pretty contrast between the staccato of the first period and the close legato of the second period. Then the sweetness of it is relieved by the strong syncopations which break it up, towards the end. (Measures 17 and 18.) The first variation has the melody in the tenor, unchanged excepting to make it legato. The right hand deals mainly with syncopated repeated notes.

The second variation is much more broken. The left hand plays the bass upon the beat, while the right hand comes in with a chord containing the melody at the half beat. The third variation brings the melody again in the bass, with an accompaniment figure in sixteenths for the right hand. At the end there is a lovely coda of six measures. Throughout these variations the harmony has not been changed, nor the melody. Only the place of the melody and the rhythm of the accessory accompanying figures have been changed.

A still more remarkable illustration of this phase of the Beethoven genius is found in the Andante and Variations which forms the second movement of the sonata *appassionata*, opus 57. Here the variations are not indicated in the notation, but the player has to find them for himself, which is easy enough, because the two periods of theme, each of eight measures, are exactly repeated in the following variations.

The theme itself has a church-like character, almost "sacred." This is due to the first harmonic step, from tonic to subdominant and back again, in the manner of the "Amen" cadence so well known in anthems. In the second period there is an intense and almost strained expression due to the chord of 4-2, the seventh low in the bass. The first variation plays the melody in the same place as in the theme, and in the same chords; but the bass enters a half beat later and holds over, so that a restless and searching expression results. The second variation, again, is very reposeful. The melody is only suggested in the upper tones of the right hand part, and the sixteenth motion is intended to have a certain chord-like character;

meanwhile the bass has a part somewhat like a melody suitable for 'cello. The third variation brings the melody high in the treble (later changing again to the left hand in the middle range of the piano) while the left hand performs an arpeggio figure in thirty-seconds. At the end a lovely coda of sixteen measures, recalling the theme in its original form. Throughout these variations not only is the harmony and melody of the theme never varied, excepting in time of coming in, but the spirit of the theme is everywhere retained. Observe that the coda is not concluded, but interrupted by the entrance of a diminished chord, leading into the key of F minor. In place of this chord, end with a chord of D flat, directly after the dominant chord preceding the diminished chord.

Quite different from the foregoing are the highly humoristic variations of the sonata opus 26. These being designated in the copy require only mention and characterization. The theme is three periods in length, the second opening with a syncopation. The first variation follows the harmony of the theme, but in a broken manner, not alone in the cutting up into sixteenth notes, but also in changes of position upon the key-board. This tendency to excitement continues in the second variation, where the melody is in the bass, in octaves broken into sixteenth notes. The third variation changes the mode to minor, and the musical treatment contains strong syncopations, implying much suppressed passion. The fourth variation is like a scherzo, bounding from one point of the key-board to another, like a musical Ariel. The fifth variation returns the harmony and manner of the theme, but in the first eight measures the melody is held in reserve, suggested rather than fully brought out, in order that the complete appearance of the melody, legato, in the ninth measure shall be more effective. The whole closes with a beautiful coda of fifteen measures. (Count back from the end, if you do not find it at first.)

Still more humoristic is the Scherzo from the sonata in C, opus 2, No. 3. Here the principal subject is quite in fugue style, excepting the order of keys. In place of answering in the fifth it answers in the octave.

It is unnecessary to add that this is a pure fancy piece, the imitations being purely fanciful and capricious, and never for the sake of completing a pattern or form. The Trio is a complete contrast and very free and effective upon the key-board. Then after the return of the Scherzo we have a delightful coda of twenty-three measures.

Less pronounced, but very beautiful is the Allegretto from the so-called "moonlight" sonata, opus 27, No. 2. This is gentle, and designed to mediate between the intense sadness of the first movement and the equally intense and impassioned sorrow and longing of the finale.

The length to which these annotations have been extended preclude at this time the minute analysis of the sonata piece, which stands as the model not alone of the serious compositions of Beethoven, but of the entire serious movements of symphony, overtures,

and instrumental music in general. For the present the following observations must remain sufficient. The term sonata is employed in music in two senses: (1) as an exact and particular designation of the plan of musical material forming the chief movement of a sonata; and (2) as a general name for the cycle of three or four pieces forming the sonata as a whole. In order to remove this ambiguity I am in the habit of reserving the term sonata for the entire work, and calling the sonata movement by an English adaptation of its German name, "sonatesatz" or "sonata-piece." The sonata piece is a complex movement, of which the first peculiarity is a double bar at the end of the first of its three large divisions. The part preceding this double bar contains all the material of the entire piece. This first part consists in turn of three elements, with more or less padding of modulating passages between. These elements are first the Principal, the subject with which the sonata opens; then the Second, the relieving subject, generally of a lyric character, which enters after from twenty to forty or fifty measures; finally the partial conclusion, which enters a very short time before the double bar is reached. Of these we will speak more in connection with the examples following. But first, of the remainder of the sonata-piece, the part following the double bar. The middle division, immediately following the double bar is called the Elaboration, and consisting of a free fantasy upon the main themes of the leading subjects, carried out in various strange keys, and mixed up together "regardless," as boys say. When the Elaboration has been carried out as far as the composer cares to do it, the Principal comes back, and the entire first part of the sonata-piece is repeated, excepting that the second and conclusion are in different keys from what they were at beginning. The sonata-piece is the most serious and diversified movement known to music, and while continuous and characterized by great unity, it is also rather complicated. Hence it will not be properly appreciated except by those who observe the leading ideas as they enter and recall them when they turn up again in the course of the treatment and development. When a sonata is written for orchestra it becomes a symphony, in which form the different ideas are more easily followed because they derive a certain individuality from the tone-color of the instrument first announcing them. When an artist plays a sonata he seeks to intensify the individuality of the leading ideas and thus aid the hearer in recognizing and remembering them.

The first example of sonata-piece is the rather light and pleasing Allegro which begins the sonata in G, opus 14, No. 2. The Principal lasts through twenty-four measures, the Second entering in the key of D with the beginning of the twenty-fifth measure. The Conclusion begins with the forty-seventh measure. Counting from the double bar, the Elaboration lasts, including the pedal point upon the dominant which prepares for bringing back the Principal, sixty-one measures. There begins the first part over again.

The first movement of the sonata in F minor, Opus 2, No. 1, is shorter and the subjects less marked than in any other sonata of Beethoven. It also has less "stuffing," the ideas following with

very little passage work between them. The Principal lasts twenty measures, the Second beginning with the F flat in the soprano at the end of the twentieth measure. The Conclusion begins with the C flat in the soprano, in measure forty-one. The Elaboration lasts sixty-two measures.

The Sonata Pathetique begins with a slow Introduction, lasting ten measures of very slow time. Then enters the headlong Allegro, of which the Principal, with its retinue of modulating sequences, lasts forty measures. The Second enters in measure forty-one; and the Conclusion in measure seventy-nine. The Elaboration lasts sixty-two measures, beginning with a few measures of the introduction.

Time will not be wasted if before playing each of these movements the subjects themselves be played through separately.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY FOR THOUGHTFUL INVALIDS. By William Horatio Clark. E. T. Clarke & Company, Reading, Mass.

This little volume (12mo., limp cloth, 50 cts.) consists of a series of short essays upon subjects designed to lead confirmed invalids out of themselves and into healthful ways of considering the world from a standpoint of enforced repose, in contradistinction from the standpoint of personal activity—which is the one usual to man.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S MUSICAL HISTORY CLUB. A story by C. H. Rowe. Cloth, 12mo., 148 pages. The John Church Company.

In form of a narrative of the proceedings of the Club mentioned in the title, the author intends to give the salient facts of musical history—its great landmarks, etc. It is one of the first attempts of the kind and seems to have been fairly well executed. To say whether in fact he has been fully successful one would need to have the opinion of a number of children who had begun to read the book and had not been able to stop until its pages were finished.

NOTES AND HALF NOTES. By Frank E. Sawyer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo., 108 pages. Elegantly printed, \$1.00.

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The following, upon a Nocturne of Chopin, may be taken as an example:

"Murmur, Soft Winds,
Over the slumbrous sea, whose velvet waves
Wash with low lapping sound in rocky caves,
Where dreaming mermaids rest,
Rocked on the ocean's breast,
By white foam-fingers caressed:
Murmur, Soft Winds.

Shine, Silver Moon,
Gleam through the branches on the ice-bound brook,
Which hides itself in many a forest nook,
Where first spring violets grow,
Blood purple on the snow,
That the heart of winter may know
That summer's heart beats below:
Shine, Silver Moon.

Love, Youthful Hearts,
Now, while thy halcyon days are long and bright,
While ne'er a cloud bedims the glowing light;
The eager years rush on,
Life's springtide soon is gone.
Love, Youthful Heart!"

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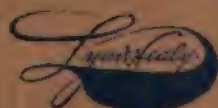
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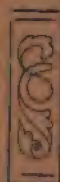
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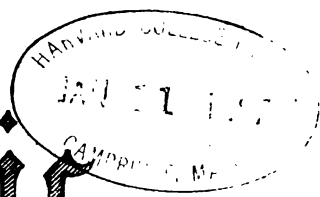
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A CELEBRATED AMERICAN TENOR—CHARLES R. ADAMS.

BY JOSEPHA CLIFFORD.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Charles R. Adams held positions as first tenor in the leading opera houses of Europe, those of Berlin and Vienna being naturally the best known. In this career he created many important roles, and from a beginning as lyric tenor of the Italian school he came at length to be the most distinguished exponent of the Wagnerian roles, being celebrated alike for the rare beauty of his voice, his magnificent dramatic ability, and the consummate taste and splendor of his dressing. A career like this is full of romantic incidents, which his countrymen might read with pleasure and pride; but for the present we have to do with the singer's life alone.

Mr. Adams is of genuine New England family, born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1834. His first teacher of singing was Mr. Edwin Bruce, for many years a prominent organist and choir-master in Boston. He continued his studies with Mme. Arnoult, a celebrated French teacher, then resident in Boston. During several years he sustained the tenor roles in the oratorio performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, and always to the satisfaction of the musical public, upon which his hold became very strong. He sang not only to Boston audiences, but was also heard in concert and oratorio in all the principal cities throughout this country.

Having determined to make music his profession, Mr. Adams studied and traveled with Prof. Mulder, formerly one

of the professors of the Royal Opera, Paris, and accompanied him and his wife, Mme. Fabbri-Mulder, to Europe, in 1861.

Sailing from St. John, New Brunswick, for Barbadoes, West Indies, they gave concerts and opera at the islands when opportunity offered. Here Mr. Adams doubtless laid the foundation of his operatic career. Prof. Mulder gave him constant help and encouragement, and Mr. Adams displayed



As Lohengrin.

surprising histrionic ability. To his noble singing was added dramatic action of wonderful grace and sincerity.

Arriving in London, Mr. Adams called upon Balfe. During the visit he sang some of that composer's own songs, much to his delight. Upon his advice Mr. Adams called upon Louisa Pyne, who was then giving opera at Covent Garden. She immediately offered him an engagement, which he

was obliged to decline, being under covenant to rejoin the Mulders in Holland for a musical tour. During this tour he received from Vienna an invitation to go to the Austrian capital to sing "Elvino" in "La Sonambula," with Mme. Artot, at very short notice. After some misgivings, he went to work, learned the opera in three days and scored a great success. To timid singers such a thing seems almost incredible. It



As Don Jose.

was really his first important operatic engagement. But all who know the man agree that he has ever been devoid of self-consciousness, and this has been a great part of the secret of his success. His art was everything to him, and every thought and faculty existed only as a glorification of the same.

After this engagement he accompanied the Mulders on a

three months' tour in Russia. Upon his return he accepted a three years' engagement at Pesth, Hungary. Here he had for an instructor the celebrated Barbieri. Before the expiration of his contract he was released in order to accept a higher call to the Royal Opera in Berlin, where he sang with brilliant success for three years. In response to solicitations of the management of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, accom-



As Tannhauser.

panied by munificent pecuniary inducements, he left Berlin and signed a three years' contract at the capital of Austria, where he duplicated his successes at the German capital. He afterward sang in "La Scala" in Milan. During his residence in Italy he zealously pursued his studies, under Lamperti.

Later he returned to Vienna, and so great was the satisfaction he gave that he sang there for more than nine con-

secutive years the heroic tenor roles, and was the leading favorite of the audiences at the Hofoper. During this time he sang two seasons at Covent Garden, London, one season at La Scala, Milan, and one at the Royal Opera, Madrid, as well as at all the principal houses of Germany. Such perfection of singing and action combined provoked the most in-



As Raoul.

tense enthusiasm everywhere. This modest and simple-hearted man (as all his friends knew him to be) was the recipient of the highest honors and attentions. He had the great advantage of singing the principal works of Wagner, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Verdi, under the personal supervision of those conductors. His repertoire was remarkable, including over sixty roles. Perhaps the most conspicuously successful were Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Raoul in "Les Huguenots," Masaniello, Don Jose in "Carmen," Rienzi, Vasco di Gama in "L'Africaine," Arnold in "William Tell," and Manrico in "Trovatore."

In response to a call from the Handel and Haydn Society,

Mr. Adams returned to America to sing at the festival in Boston, May, 1877, sixteen years since he had set foot in his native land. His appearance was, of course, the cause of a great ovation. His countrymen were proud of him, and their welcome, combined with his own sensations at finding himself once more before his old friends, overcame the artist, and it was some minutes before he could begin. John S. Dwight writes: "Mr. Adams was most warmly greeted, as he presented himself with a quiet, manly bearing and an air of experience and distinction such as one might look for in the American singer who had held the place of leading tenor for nine years in the Imperial Opera at Vienna. There was the stamp of the artist manifest ere he had sung three measures. His was the robust kind of a tenor, of large compass, evenly developed, under complete control, and intrinsically very sweet in quality. He sang superbly, in a frank, large, masterly dramatic style, each tone fraught with meaning and intention. The high B flat was splendid and his baritone notes were musical and solid. Nothing could be finer than his musical declamation or his enunciation, for which this impassioned "Ingemisco," from Verdi's Requiem, affected as the composition is and over-strained, afforded him considerable scope. Recalled with hearty plaudits, he sang it even better than before." Of Mr. Adams' singing of Handel's "Samson," Mr. Dwight says: "Never, unless it were in Braham's time, have we heard so beautiful, so refined, so touchingly eloquent a rendering of "Total Eclipse"; had he been blind, as Milton and Handel were, he could hardly have conveyed the spirit of the poetry and music more imaginatively."

For this one society (the Handel and Haydn) Mr. Adams has sung some thirty or forty times. He sang one tour in this country in German opera with Mme. Pappenheim, and two in Italian with Max Strakosch. In addition to this he has done any amount of church, oratorio and concert work since he settled down to teaching, some thirteen or fifteen years ago.

During the tour with Pappenheim they gave the first production of "Rienzi" in this country at New York. Mr. Adams put the entire opera in scene and sang the title role. The performance was a great success, the opera being warmly received.

In the nature of the case it is impossible in a mere sketch like the present to do justice to the artistic record of an artist so brilliant, so diversified in gifts, and so fortunate in all his undertaking. Meanwhile as teacher of singing and lyric interpretation of every grade, Mr. Adams devotes his later days to the artistic development of his pupils. But of the striking principles of his art and his keen analysis of art-problems, another occasion must speak.

MUSIC AND THE CEREBRAL CIRCULATION OF MAN.—FIRST EXPERIMENTS.

Adapted from the Italian of Professor M. L. Patrici.

The third issue of 1896 of the remarkable musical magazine, *La Revista Musicale* (Turin), contains a detailed account of an interesting series of experiments by Professor M. L. Patrici, upon the influence of different kinds of music upon the circulation of blood in the brain of man. These experiments belong to the same category as those so well known in the

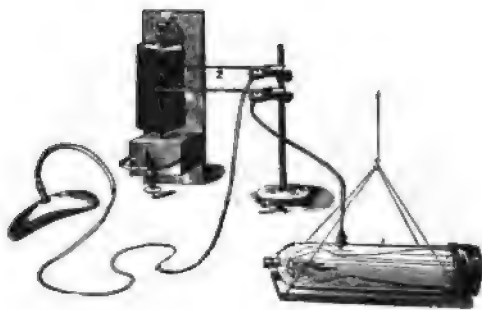


Emanuele Favre, Aged 13.

annals of physiology upon the digestive processes, where observations were carried on by means of a convenient wound in the stomach. A boy named Emanuel Favre, aged thirteen, of Bramans in Savoy, while acting as assistant to his employer, a wood-cutter, was severely wounded in the head by a glancing blow of an axe. Through careful treatment in the hospital he was restored to health, although the wound was more than three inches in length, cleaving the bones of the

skull for the entire distance. When the wound was healed the bone did not fully cover the exposed brain, in consequence of which the changes of circulation in the brain could be determined accurately. The boy himself was of a docile, bright and intelligent disposition, probably rather more than normally sensitive to the action of music. The points to be determined were, first, whether the circulation of the blood in general is influenced by music; then, whether that of the brain is more or less influenced than that of the remainder of the body—for, as is well known to physiologists, the circulation of the blood is by no means alike in all parts of the body.

Above is a portrait of the boy as he appeared after the wound had healed. For determining the progress of the circulation an apparatus was adapted from one formerly in use called the Pletismograph (measure of volume), consisting of a closed cylinder of glass for holding the arm in water, and a registering apparatus connected with the needle of the galvanometer. For registering the pulse in the brain a cap of gutta percha was made, with an electric connection capable of showing the slightest modification in volume and pulsation. The entire apparatus is here shown.



Apparatus for Measuring the Pulse.

The record of cerebral pulsations assumed the form here shown, in which each beat appears as a line about seven millimeters in length, and through the natural rhythm of the pulse they fall into groups containing each one from five to six pulsations, corresponding to a complete inspiration and expiration. Any sudden change in the volume of blood takes

the form of a large oscillation in the path of the lines. The diagram below has two such, one occasioned by a sonorous excitation, the other by a physical act. The former, as will be seen, is much more normal in the regularity of its deviation from the undisturbed current than the second, where a physical act made sudden demands for blood for other parts

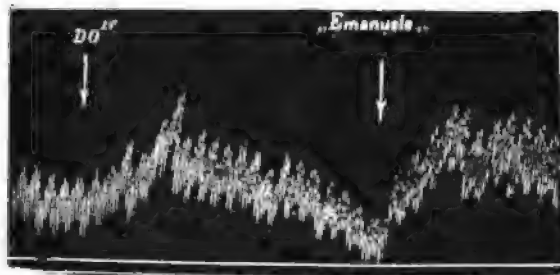


Fig. I.—Cerebral pulse of Emanuele Favre. The volume has two great oscillations; the one by a sonorous incitation, the other by a physical act.

of the system. Great care was taken to discriminate between changes of the current due to other causes than those of music, and to this end careful preliminary observations were made. For example, it was observed that the pulsation took a higher range after a musical note, and that the same result followed the very near repetition of the same note. Figure 3 shows this.

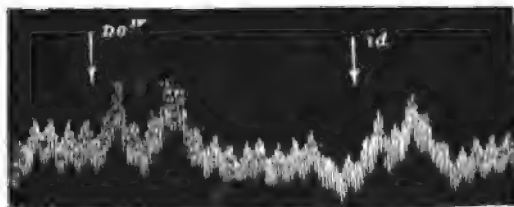


Fig. II.—Increase of pulse by a musical stimulus and repetition of same after a brief interval.

It was also found that the increase in the current was greater with a high note than with one of lower pitch. For instance, C (third space of the treble) produced the changes shown in diagram Figure 2; while from middle C a much less disturbance was created, as shown in Figure 3.

It had also been claimed by former observers that any excitation of the brain by musical sounds increasing the cerebral pulse must necessarily be accompanied by similar de-

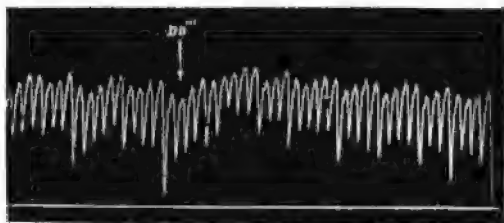


Fig. III.—Showing less increase of pulse by C, an octave lower than in previous example.

crease of the pulse in other parts of the body. Accordingly the figures following bear two tracings, made simultaneously, the one of the cerebral pulse (marked C), the other of the pulse in the arm (B). The tracings themselves are dissimilar in a marked degree, that of the arm pulse being merely a

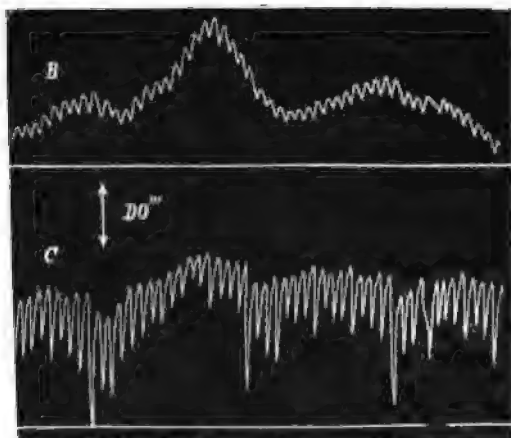


Fig. IV.—Cerebral pulse (C) and pulse of arm (B), written simultaneously. Incitation of C-4, same as in Fig. I.

toothed line, without wide oscillations, while the cerebral pulse shows a much larger amplitude of vibration.*

In repeating the experiments already made with a single tone, three combinations presented themselves:

*[Possibly this may have been due to the superior sensitiveness and flexibility of the integuments over the brain in the subject, as compared with the comparatively firm integuments protecting the pulse at the wrist.—Ed. Music.]

1. The volume of the pulse in the arm was elevated in the same proportion as that of the brain, in two curves mainly corresponding.

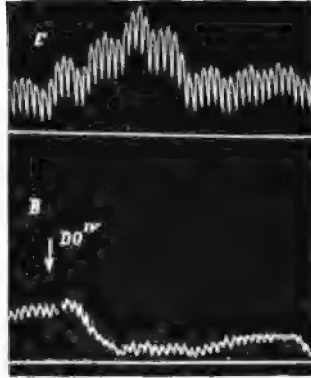


Fig. V.—The pulse of the brain is augmented considerably by the incitation of C-4, while that of the arm diminishes.

2. In a second case the two tracings comported themselves inversely; the convexity of the cerebral curve was accompanied by a concavity in that of the arm. Evidently while

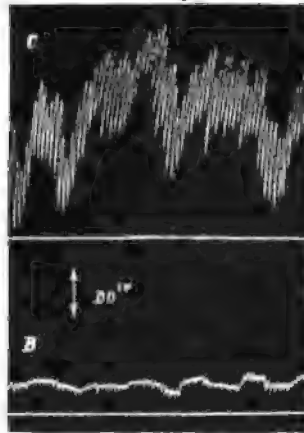


Fig. VI.—By the incitation of C-4 the pulse of the brain is augmented while that of the arm is not affected.

the brain circulation had expanded, that of the arm had contracted.

In the former case there would seem to have been a general augmentation of the pulse, shared by the brain and the arm

alike. In the latter, the blood rushed to the brain in consequence of some contraction in the arm and the peripheral circulation.

3. Less easily explainable on pure mechanical laws was the third combination, in which the volume of the peripheral circulation remained constant while, nevertheless, that of the brain was much increased by the incitation of a musical sound.

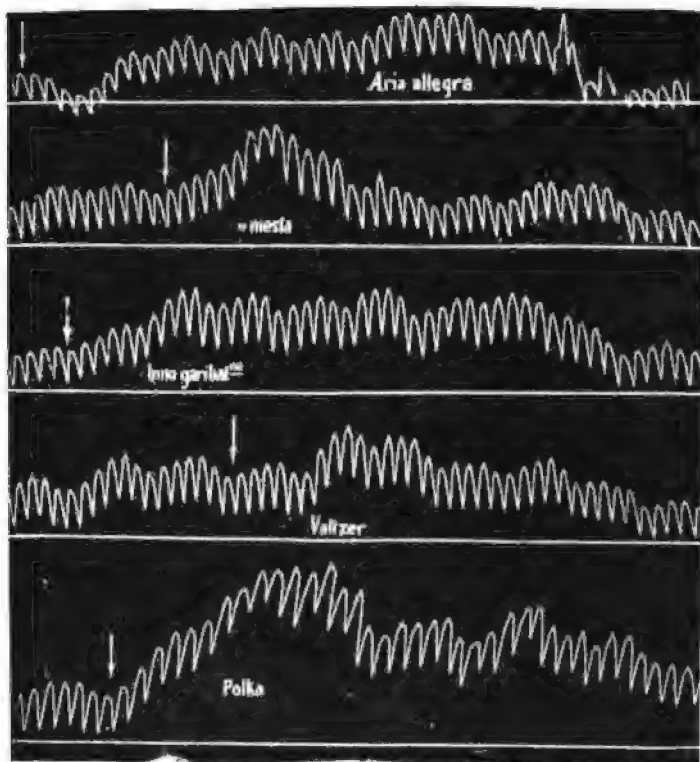


Fig. VII.—Showing elevation of the cerebral pulse of Emanuele Favre through the incitation of music of different intonations and different rhythms.

In the example, tracing 6, the note C-4 (third space treble) occasioned in the arm not the slightest disturbance; nevertheless the cerebral curve performed a very large oscillation. Evidently this particular note had some special inciting quality for the subject; while, moreover, the apparent stability of the pulse of the arm would not necessarily prove a like stability in all parts of the body, especially in the abdomen.

Professor Werthheimer was able to increase the cerebral circulation in certain animals by making a stricture in the abdomen. We will return later to this question.

* * *

For determining the influence of melodic stimuli I had recourse to the performance of simple music. I was impatient to ascertain whether the influence of this would correspond to that of single notes. I select five tracings, taken at considerable intervals of time, which are reproduced in Figure 7, and show unmistakably that an access of cerebral circulation takes place under the influence of music, more or less marked and persistent according to the nature of the melody, whether a pathetic air or martial, and a movement slow or rapid. Every increase in the pulse was related to an acoustic incitation, and not to the attack of any extraneous emotion. The diverse amplitudes of the oscillations cannot be employed as determinants of the quality of the music, but depended mainly upon the relative strength or the intensity of the sounds, with which in these experiments we did not particularly concern ourselves.

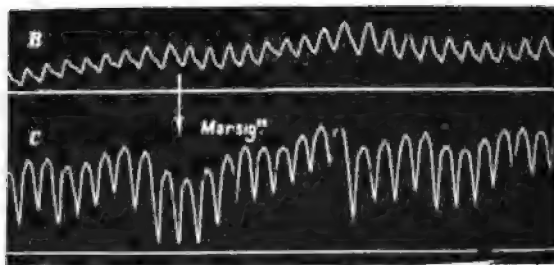


Fig. VIII.—Equal elevation of cerebral and arm pulse through the incitation of the Marsellaise.

It would also have interested me to have ascertained whether in my subject there was an opposition of the vaso motor circulation with that of the brain, under the incitation of musical sounds, but the results were negative.

According to the theory of Fere and Tarchanoff, that is to say, according to the current theory, it ought to appear that whenever the cerebral pulse of Emanuele Favre was being affected by a melancholy air, the instantaneous substitution of a lively air ought to show an important augmentation. This, however, does not appear always to have been the case.

In the fifth tracing of Figure 7, all the curves show a gradual subsidence, as the music progresses, from the high point taken at the first incitation. The subsidence, however, seems to have been of a periodic nature, for in several cases it happened that there was a fresh augmentation just before the end of the air.

Leaving the action of the purely musical stimulation upon the cerebral circulation, let us pass to the comparison between the circulation of blood in the brain and in the periphery. In Figure 8, a tracing showing the comparative circulation

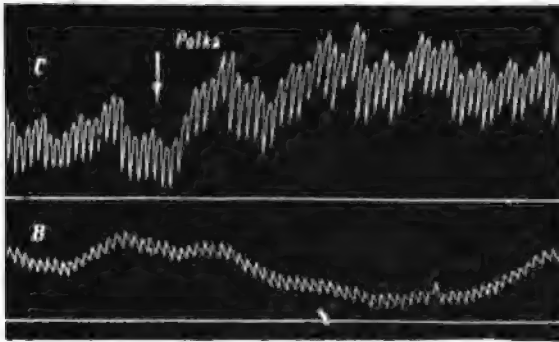


Fig. IX.—Increase of brain pulse; diminution of that of the arm.

of the arm and brain during the singing of the Marseillaise hymn, both circulations were considerably augmented.

In Figure 9, on the contrary, the incitation of a polka

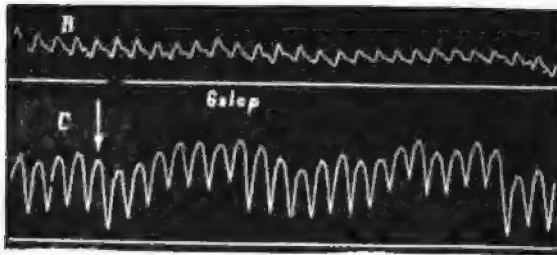


Fig. X.—Volumetric increase of the pulse of the brain accompanied by immobility of that of the arm. Incitation, Galop.

seems to have augmented the cerebral circulation, while it diminished that of the arm in about the same proportion.

In Figure 10, we have still another combination, the circulation in the arm remaining unchanged, while that of the

brain was considerably augmented under the incitation of a galop.

And here we are brought back to the question, whether at least these cases of cerebral hyperemia, without simultaneous contraction in the vascular area of the periphery, are active expansions of the "rete sanguina," real nervo-muscular functions.

That question could be given an affirmative answer if one followed the conclusions of similar experiments that prove the existence of the cerebral cells as agents (as exemplified by psychological facts) that do not cause at all the contraction or distention of the smaller arteries in other parts of the body.

Two English physiologists, Roy and Sherrington, do not admit that nerves exist in the partitions of the brain cells; both admit that the chemical variations that take place in the gray cells may locally provoke circulatory movements. Nevertheless, this hypothesis would destroy the active character or value of certain arguments ("pletismografice cerebrale") proving the influence or action of music. This hypothesis would act indirectly on the circulation of the brain through the mediation of chemical processes, which, it is logical to imagine, could be stirred up under the crust or skull by the sensations and emotions resulting from melodic stimulants.

But if every or any elevations or swellings of the volume of the brain are always of an hydraulic nature, if in every case they are the result or rebounds of blood waves pushed through the active constrictions of vessels into parts far from the body and escape our experimental observations, we doubt whether we can satisfy or accustom our mind to an unexpected conclusion; that is, that a psychological agent, such as music, should spend itself upon the vessel apparatuses of the arm, of the leg, and of the intestines, sooner than on those of the brain.

The ultimate judgment that physiology will pronounce on the problem of the vasomotor nerves of the brain will, it seems to me, influence notably the success of a recent theory on music and on the psychology of sentiments in general.

In his book "*Piacere e Dolore*" (Pleasure and Pain), our Sergi has afforded the auxiliary of his authority to the hypothesis of Lange-James, which establishes as basis of emo-

tions the phenomena of organic life the circulatory and respiratory changes in the center of the "Medulla oblongata." Sergi agrees that the more elevated emotions, esthetics, also reside in those inferior nervous centers, and that the brain does not do anything else than become conscious of the mutations that take place through nutrition in life. The fact that breathing and the heart act or react manifestly under the influence of sounds and melodies, is used as an ultimate argument to confirm the direct relations between the exciting esthetics and the center of those functions.

The esthetic sentiments, and among them musical emotion, becomes thus deprived of the intellectual character attributed to them by modern science. Sensations and perceptions, will, and intelligence would continue to be localized in the brain; on the contrary, emotions would have to descend toward the spinal centers.

Physiology teaches us that also the highest cerebral functions, memory, the power of volition, attention, intellectual labor, all acts stripped of emotional elements, are accompanied by clear modifications in the apparatuses of organic life, in the heart, the pulse, the breathing, the secretions.

It is not for this that one can think of depriving the brain or cerebral globe of the seeds of these noble psychical functions. Others may conciliate these incompatibilities. Meanwhile, the principal and sure conclusion of our first experiences is this: That every sonorous or melodic excitement causes the affluence of blood to the brain to be greater; that one more wave of that red humor invades the gray substance, so as to give almost a vermilion varnish to the images which are presented and to render the interior vision easier.

The temptation is great to ascribe to that cause the great lucidity of the brain in association with music, the traveling of thought amidst the meanderings of memories which seemed lost.

But the depressing or exalting character of music does not correspond to the abasement or elevation of the pletismographic curve. The circulatory effects of musical stimuli are direct, not subordinate, to the movements of breathing. It is not decided whether the variations in the volume of the brain are autonome nervo-muscular functions or the passive reflections of vasomotor phenomena in other regions of the body.

Elevation or acuteness produce a cell or vasal reaction approximately proportioned.

Our observations were made upon one case only, upon a boy not familiar with esthetic sentiments, of which we wished to experiment the psychological effects; for that reason it is advisable to be very prudent in one's conclusions. A rich series of researches could be made with profit if cases of musical persons with opened skulls presented themselves. The cold physiologist guards himself from expressing that desire here. It would seem a bad augury to the readers of the "Re-vista."

Turin, Laboratory of Physiology, 1895.

CHRISTMAS OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY H. S. SARONI.

Let me introduce you to a little town in the very center of Germany. It is now "side-tracked," as it were, railroads passing on either side of it but giving it nothing but the cold shoulder. There is nothing to entice the tourist to enter its gates unless it be the frowning battlements of an old castle which stands, and has stood for centuries, on the summit of a mountain, washed by the river "Saale." In history it stands forth as the birthplace of the notorious Catharine of Russia, and beyond that there is nothing to remind one of its existence. But musical memories cluster around it. Bach and Handel were born within its immediate vicinity, and amongst the lesser stars of the musical firmament, Robert Franz and the genial Franz Abt found a home in close proximity to it.

It must have been about 1831, the time when the cholera made its first appearance in Germany, when every sound seemed to be muffled, there came to this town a magician whose wand called forth sounds that seemed to have been brought from the spheres above to banish the fears of cholera and death and to point to a life beyond where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The wand was in the form of a fiddle-bow and the wizard was none other than Paganini.

I can see before me now the gaunt form stalking along the street towards the opera house where the rehearsal was to take place, his violin-case under his arm, his face turning neither to the right nor to the left, but bearing a fixed, absent look as if the affairs of this world concerned him not. As a matter of course, the stories of the murder of his wife, his imprisonment, etc., had preceded him, and expectation was on tip-toe—not so much to hear the artist as to see the murderer. This is not the place to go into rhapsodies about his playing, and the less so because, at that time, I was a mere boy, incapable alike of appreciating the perfection of his technique or the beauty and weirdness of his compositions, and

a panegyric of any kind could only be a second-hand one, but it reminds me of another artist who made his appearance at the same place some ten years later. He was called the Paganini of the north and was none other than the genial, liberal, amiable Ole Bull.

No greater contrast could possibly be imagined than the character of these two artists: the one morose, suspicious, penurious; the other cheerful, confiding and liberal to a fault. The pet of the ladies, the idol of the students, the friend of the needy, Ole Bull came to our little town to assist at a court concert, of which a series were given every winter and to which the citizens were invited by the court. The fact of such men as Paganini, Ole Bull, Ernst and others of that ilk, being engaged to play, and such artists as Madame Schroeder Devrient, Madame Methfessel, etc., to sing in them, is certainly sufficient proof that there was nothing niggardly about them. But in the meantime we have wandered from our subject, and it is time to return to it.

Bernburg, for such is the name of the little town to which all the foregoing refers, is now "side-tracked," but it was not always so. Sixty years ago, when no iron horses were snorting on the highways of Germany, Bernburg was a commercial center; not a pound of merchandise could leave the seashore on its way to Leipzig or Berlin, but it had to pay its tribute to the coffers of the Bernburg municipality; the treasures of the Indies, the looms of Holland, the furnaces of England, the vineyards of France, all were represented by the huge freight wagons, as they lumbered along the cobble-stone pavements of the now nearly forgotten town.

But what has all this to do with Christmas? Nothing, except that with the holy season come back the memories of the old town: the old church steeple where dwelt the town musician with his journeymen and apprentices; the quaint pump, on the market-place, with a huge bear on the top of it; the narrow portal of the bridge where the freight wagons had such a hard time to squeeze through. The fact is, these memories crowd upon me so thick and fast as my mind's eye brings them before me that I forget this is Christmas morning, and that I promised to write about it.

Now, imagine yourself entering the town with me, on Christmas morning, A. D. 1839, and you are greeted by a

choral evidently coming from a higher region. You look up and from a high steeple, protruding through a large opening, you see five or six slide-trombones, flanked by as many French horns. The performers are invisible, but you guess already that they are the young men and apprentices of the town musician. Why his residence should be so lofty a one I cannot tell, unless his aspirations for everything high and noble in music induced him to separate himself from the common herd to be that much nearer to Heaven.

Let us enter the dingy door that leads to his abode and investigate the realm of the muses. One flight of stairs after another we mount with increased difficulty of breathing; rats, bats and owls scurry away or blindly fly against the little loopholes that admit the light to this dreary waste of dirt and dust. On we mount, and now an ominous click greets our ears. It is nothing but the huge pendulum of the town clock swinging to and fro. We watch it for some minutes, imagining that every vibration brings it lower and lower, and no wonder the uncanny aspect of the place should bring to our mind the holy inquisition with its terrible tortures and punishments. We can almost see the victim tied to a huge block, shuddering at the click of the merciless pendulum which, coming nearer and nearer, ultimately cuts him in two. We shudder as we leave the gruesome place and are delighted when another staircase brings us to the belfry, where we meet again with light and life.

The light is admitted through large apertures which, when seen from below, take the form of Gothic windows, but which to us are nothing but apertures that admit light and air. The life is represented by several youngsters who, balanced on joists or rafters, or sitting astride one of the big bells, con their lessons; one blowing into a French horn, vainly striving to produce a musical tone; another torturing a flute, a third one maltreating a clarinet, and all exhibiting an independence of melody truly wonderful. On we mount and arrive, at last, at the domicile of the illustrious town musician. He is monarch of all he surveys; and that is little enough. Four very small rooms, one of them used as kitchen, the other three as bed-rooms, parlors or sitting-rooms, is the sum total of all his domain, unless you include the belfry where most of the practising is done, or an upper—as a matter of course smaller—

story, where journeymen and apprentices congregate after their day's work is done. Just now there is a savory odor arising from the kitchen. A sharp whistle, and from possible and seemingly impossible places come the men and boys, cheerful and evidently with a good appetite.

As town musician he has various duties and privileges. His duties consist in ushering in the breaking day with the solemn strains of a choral and in a similar manner bid adieu to the parting day; he has to act as fire warden and to supplement the ticking of the town clock, which is under his especial care, by announcing the quarter hours as they glide by, by means of a blast on a tin horn. His privileges are many. A child is born and—for a consideration—he announces it to the curious public by having his myrmidons play a lively strain through the openings of his fastness. A couple is married, and again—for a consideration—he congratulates the happy pair in his musical fashion. A poor mortal is taken to his last resting place, and what more fitting than that the town musician who, figuratively speaking, assisted at his birth, at his wedding and, perhaps, other festivities, should also assist at his burial? And accordingly the trombones come into play again with a solemn choral, which begins when the hearse leaves the domicile of the bereaved family and ends only when the last shovel of earth is thrown upon the grave.

But this is Christmas morning and this is the day when his harvest begins.

Breakfast is barely over, and the apprentices have barely time to snatch a few "pepper nuts" from the Christmas tree, when the command is given to "move," and twelve or fifteen sprucely clad men and boys, their shining instruments in their hands, descend stairs after stairs, until they reach that region for which the apprentices have yearned for many a day. And now the fun and work begins. House by house is greeted with the strains of a polka, or a march, or a galop; the youngest boy, cap in hand, enters the dwelling, and on his return his face is a perfect index of the liberality of its inmates. From morning until night continues this Christmas greeting, not only Christmas day, but the next and the next until New Year's day puts an end to this species of genteel begging.

Christmas greetings are very apt to lighten the heaviest

purse, for it is not merely the town musician who claims your consideration. In the wake of the latter follows the military band, who think themselves several degrees above the town band, at least in musical respect, and their claims seem to be acknowledged by their patrons if one can judge by the increased largesse they receive.

Hardly has the military band disappeared when the night watchman puts in an appearance. A doleful tune on his horn, a strain of his midnight song, is an appeal that few refuse to answer. Then in turn come the shepherd with his crooked horn, the cowherd with his straight horn, the swineherd, even the gooseherd, each one with his peculiar tune on the horn, and each one more or less generously remembered. The letter-carrier also comes in for his share of Christmas welcome; perhaps the baker's boy who brought your bread, the butcher's boy who brought your meat; in short, anybody that can stir up the slightest claim pulls open your purse-strings and you feel relieved when you think the last claimant has departed, when a large crowd of men and boys form a half-circle before your door and begin to sing. They are in uniform, i. e., the men wear a black surplice and square caps, Oxford style, the boys wear stove-pipe hats in inverse ratio to their size. They sing glees and motettes in excellent manner. The fresh sopranos of the boys are particularly attractive. But who are they? They are the embryo teachers, the embryo precentors, the embryo organists of the country. Generally poor, when young they enter the seminary, where they receive, free of cost, instruction in the three R's, music, and possibly a little grammar and Latin. Patiently waiting for years, growing in mind and body, for some vacancy caused by death or removal of some other kind, and at last the Herr Cantor gets a situation in some little village, gets married on the strength of it, raises a family, teaches what little he knows, plays the organ in Sunday's church and fritters away a life that, under other conditions, might have been a benefit to himself and to mankind in general.

But these promotions are slow in coming and in the meantime the poor seminarist must live. To eke out this miserable existence the whole seminary is organized as a choral society, who at noon of every day assemble and sing a few pieces before the doors of the few patrons who contribute to their

livelihood. But on Christmas and through the Christmas week they give the benefit of their musical education to the general public. Not a house in town is missed and poor and rich alike contribute their mite to the support of these worthy disciples of Apollo. To them, like to all of us, Christmas comes but once a year, but with them it is always a merry Christmas!

AN INSUFFICIENT EXPLANATION.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

In spite of the multitudinous duties that speedily beset them, the Rev. Jonas Fitch and his bride had moments when they were distinctly homesick. Their new parish of Pawpaw, situated in the corn belt of Indiana, had few points of resemblance to Boston, and the accustomed is after all the great cushion of life. Being descendants of Revolutionary heroes they did not voice their feelings to each other, but they each, as by a spontaneous impulse, sought relief in re-reading the Iliad, of course in the original, as became natives of the modern Athens and college graduates about whom the academic atmosphere yet lingered. Mrs. Fitch's specialty had been mathematics. Before meeting the fateful Jonas, she had secretly aspired to succeeding Prof. Maria Mitchell. But, having consecrated herself, so to speak, to the assistance of an apostle of the Lord, time went in dish-washing and hunting up orthodox church material, and little was left over for calculating "right-ascensions," and discovering new stars. Then, mathematics is an unsocial science. The Iliad, on the other hand, can be discussed, and the Rev. Jonas had an opportunity to air his views. He had many on all sorts of subjects, and, as became his age, he believed them final. Being of an introspective turn, and much given to revery, he was inclined to find in the Iliad, as in the Bible, occult meanings. The characters were, he fancied, types of mysteries. Helen especially attracted him. He believed her a type of "the ever feminine," and he liked to talk about her at length, his hands folded, and his eyes rolled up, while Mrs. Fitch darned stockings, or hemmed towels. Perhaps it was this division of labor that made that little woman acrid. It is certain that she soon openly sniffed at "the divine one" among women, and at last said flatly she did not believe the like of her ever existed. "She seems to me just vain and wicked," she declared. "I believe she is just a figment of old Homer's evil imagination." "It has been my observation," said the Rev. Jonas with ag-

gravating self-assurance, and suddenly coming out of the cloud-land of thought, "that fact beats anything man can conjure up. Yes, beats it all hollow."

Mrs. Fitch with difficulty repressed a rising inclination to sob. It seemed to her at once curious and suggestive that "the divine one" had even yet the power to cause dissension. The very next afternoon they went to call upon twin sisters, their chief financial pillars, Mrs. Barkin and Mrs. Judd, elderly widows living in a wide, brick house set well away from the cottonwood-shaded street.

The twins were sitting on their east gallery knitting shells for a counterpane out of cotton yarn. Now and then a scarlet bilsted leaf floated down the quiet air. Delicious herby scents came from the blossoming dahlias and marigolds. The blue-birds, flitting in flocks about the osage hedges shutting in the grounds, lisped softly to each other, "summer is ended," but the violet sky was the sky of June. Though it was their first formal visit, the minister and his wife declined to be shut up amid the glories of the sacred parlor, which the sisters spoke of descriptively as "their saloon."

"Let us sit here with you," pleaded the minister. "And tell us about yourselves. Were you born here, or did you, like us, come from somewhere?" "We alls war bawn an' raised in No'th C'liny," replied Mrs. Barkin, the more talkative of the two. "We keim urp hyur after th' wa' along 'ith them as we alls never 'a' missed if so be they'd stayed behind, which do show as thur Lord don't shower down no blessins onadulterated." Her dark eyes were intent upon a small figure moving like a pink cloud down the steps of the next house. "My husband, Joel Barkin, an' a better man never lived, he usitur say as thur saints'd spile in no time with nawthin to 'flict 'em, an' keep 'em in practice, which may be thur reason as Providence do lay sich a pow'ful hand on some as don't no ways set theirselves urp to be fust in thur kingdom."

"I b'lieve in thur devil, Mr. Fitch. I do fo' a fac'," interposed Mrs. Judd, who evidently was laboring under some excitement. Though the image of her sister, a less mild and philosophic temper was indicated in the sensitive region of the lips. She was, too, a trifle less stout, and wore her widow's cap with a more coquettish air. "Ef so be, you mean thur Widder Newphar, Anibel," she continued, addressing her

sister, "I'd advise ye to speak right out. Thur minister an' his folks air bound fur tur meet urp 'ith her mighty soon, fo' onless all signs fail, she are about tur treat herself to a seb-enth husband!"

"Mercy to me!" exclaimed the minister's wife, while her Jonas glanced at her triumphantly. "Has pretty Mrs. Newphar, who leads our choir, been married six times?"

"Yes'm, an' ef it wur possible, she might a been married sixteen times, thur men are that betwattled with her," said Mrs. Barkin calmly. "An' she are fifty year ole, an' thur mother o' our chill'n in law. Yes'm, Hennery Jawn, Amabel's son, married her daughter Julany Sawyer, her paw war an inventin' man as got urp a flyin' machine as flyed plum away 'ith him an' never brung him back, which some folks say war planned, an' my Emmy Jane she married her son Abimelech Weaver, her oldest. Ab'm's paw war killed six months after he war married to Linny by a tree fallin' onto him, which warn't, I'll 'low, his wife's fault. As fur Sawyer's flyin' away a puppose, whyee, I ain't one to be plumb sure-o' whut you can't prove."

"Mrs. Newphar must have been a very fascinating woman," commented Mr. Fitch, rubbing his lean jaws with a bony hand. "Must have been a wonderful person in point of fact."

"She never knew mo'n a pinchin' bug," replied Mrs. Judd, with keen scorn. "On'y this mornin' she says to me, says she, 'Amabel, do you reckon this yur talk about thur tilin' masses bein' eat urp by gold bugs are true, an' we 're goin' tur have a pes'ilence?'"

"All I said was, 'Thur Lord's will's goin' to be done, but I don't reckon this country aire goin' to be talked tur pieces.' I know'd I'm ign'ant enough tur make a bigger mistake inside an hour, but I war sorry a thinkin, o' our chill'n havin' sich mothers an' mother-in-laws. However, Linny Newphar know how tur sing, an' how to dress herself, an' keep young, if that are wonderful."

Mrs. Fitch fanned herself uneasily. A diplomat would, she felt sure, have something to say in such an emergency that would sweeten the currents of thought in the two sisters, and then divert them into new channels. But inspiration failed her, as it often does most of us in trying moments. She was, too, anxious to hear more about this beguiling woman, who

in the choir had seemed a delicate creature in the early twenties, and whose voice had a peculiar, touching quality, indescribable, a something that set the nerves thrilling. Mrs. Judd hastened to relieve her curiosity. Her soft tones were prideful. "We alls, thur Tubbinses, thur Newpharses, an' thur Papineaus war raised in Peach Settlemint," she said. "Our father, Dan'l Tubbin, kep' a sto', an' owned leben niggers. We alls, Anibel an' me, warn't raised tur do a lick o' work. Yas'm. Our ma war a Newphar. Thur Papineaus war po' white trash, an' down tur thur very bottom o' thur pot, an' Linny she war jis' a lank-legged, red-headed little hussey mighty glad o' a pa'r o' ole shoes, ur a cas' off gown, till a preacher by thur name o' Rukes came to our place, a preachin' that thur end o' thur world wur at hand. He foun' out Linny Papineau could sing, an' thur way he kep' her at it wur a caution. Thur war one tune especial he war allays a callin' on fur, an' thur words war,

'Oh, haste ye sinners, turn and pray,
For just at hand is the great day
Of judgment and of burning.'

"O' cose thur women couldn't see Linny a goin' tur meetin' with scource enough clothes tur cover her, an' she war rigged forth, an' she had a way o' puttin' things on 'at wah jis' outdacious."

"Thar warn't nawthin' as warn't becomin' to her," interposed Mrs. Barkin, dispassionately. "An' havin' had good clothes once she jis' nachelly kep' 'em, fo' she begun tur scuffle fo' herself, an' spun, wove, an' sewed, an' so forth, fo' all 'twould have her, an' it war then our Bud Joe fell in love with her. They alls wore 'cension robes at sich times, as Mr. Rukes 'lowed it would be advisable, an' Linny did look like she could fly easy in hers, it bein' white, o' cose, an' she'd perked it out with ruffles. She showed she had thur shenanigan then in homespun, jis' like she do now in ole rose silk, an' pea green, an' sich. Mr. Rukes, fo' all thur time war short, 'lowed he'd be pleased tur spen' what thur was o' it with her, an' thur war our Bud Joe. But she took urp with Ab'm's paw, who kem o' thur Weavers in thur nex' county, an' got a livin' preservin' peaches mostly."

"Did they can peaches then in North Carolina?" asked Mrs. Fitch in astonishment.

"Oh no'm. Jis' made brandy o' 'em," chuckled Mrs. Barkin. "Well, Sam'l havin' let a tree fall on hisself, our Bud Joe coated Linny a second time, she havin' got mo' an' mo' entrancin', but she took urp with Jim Talley, thur dep'ty sher'f, an' Joe, driv fairly wild like, shot hisself through th' neck, an' war brung home plumb dead."

Mrs. Fitch cried out in horror, and the Rev. Philetus raised his eyebrows. He was quite sure no woman would ever drive him to despair, but he was none the less curious about a man who had been thus coerced. "It war a pow'ful stroke tur maw," continued Mrs. Barkin, calmly. "It war lucky that Linny's man took her to Saltville tur live thur eight months as he survived. The wa' had bu'st forth, an' them war ram-pagious times, an' Talley he got shot in thur lights, by some men in thur mountings as war Federals. He lef' his widder comfortable, but them war lonesome times an' it war on'y ten months when she married urp with Timothy Dowd, who could stay tur home if he war so minded, he havin' los' thur use o' one eye, but uncommon knowin' tur see with th' other, an' could play thur fiddle, an' havin' a right smart o' land, an' niggers, an' mules, an' turpentine. Amabel an' me war married urp ourselves at that time to Saltville men, an' on thur same day, which maw said war an uncommon savin' o' cake, the same bein' foun' necessary somehow tur weddin's. O' cose we all lived at Peach Settlemint, fo' my Joel an' Amabel's Eli war both in thur army, an' we all war shut o' thur sight o' Linny till Timothy, he somehow got hisself burned with turpentine till he died. Then she kem home, an' set herself urp in thur ole Mitchell homestead, thur family bein' gone offen thur face o' thur earth, an' she took ole Papineau home with her, an' done fo' him, an' begun fo' to take reg'lar music lessons on Lucy Mitchell's ole piano, which f'om négllect an' rust had got tur sound like it war a tin pan. She learned tremenjous, and soon know'd mo'n her teacher; but ole Papineau war ole Papineau, jes' like a hawg ain't changed when you put him in a new pen, an' sir, one day he got pow'ful drunk, an' he lay hisself down in our shuck pile a smokin' his pipe, an' fust we all know'd thur settlemint war burnt out root an' branch, as ye may say, except Linny, thur ole Mitchell homestead bein' a right smart away f'om thur big road. Our paw, though ole an' mighty religious, warn't one of them

pious as sots down an' talks about "thur Lord's will," an' lettin' it "be done," whilst somebody elst does thur scufflin fo' him. It war jis' thur fall afo' Lee's surrender, an' we alls lived in thur ole school house, thur bein' no other place except we go with Linny, which we all pintedly wouldn't. But come spring, Linny she kem urp hyur into Indiany fo' tur see some o' thur Weaver kin, an' she writ back that thur war a right smart chanct fo' folks hyur tur raise cawn an' hawgs. Paw he ris urp, an' he sole his pine land tur a Yankee as give him a right smart mo'n 'twus wuth, thur trees bein' win' shook, an' we an' thur Newpharses, and thur Barkins, and thur Judds kem urp hyur, 'fo' says paw, 'tur do business a man hasitur have money, or be whur there is money.' Thur war coal foun' in our land, a right smart chanct o' it, an' work an' thur Lord's blessin' have done thur rest fo' us. O' cose Linny she captivated the men urp hyur, jes' like she did in No'th Caliny, an' fust off fo' her footh war Joshua Sawyer, a York state man, Julany's father, an' thur inventin' feller. Well, after he flyed away, she war nachelly jubious in her min' fo' a cornsidable length o' time. But bein' berefted affected her like brick dust do tin. She jis' got harnsomer an' harnsomer, an' as fo' her singin', well, sir, thur music folks said she war plum inspired, an' a Dutchman as come from Indianapolis, he got her to sing opry, in a low-necked waist an' long ear-rings, an' she did look beautiful."

"She looked bodacious!" snapped Mrs.' Judd. "It war fo' thur benefit o' thur tem'erance society, an' she married thur president o' it thur nex' week, Philander Rugg by name, an' a l'yer by profession. It did seem like Linny war a goin' tur settle down atter that, but Mr. Rugg he went down thur Mississippi fo' somepin or another thur nex' year, an' thur boat blew itself tur pieces, an' that war thur end o' him, fo' his remains war never foun'."

"Linny made a mighty pretty widder that time," said Mrs. Barkin, taking up the narrative. "An' o' cose she sang tur meetin' an' everywheres thur war a chance, an' that thur Mr. Nattkemper made chances fo' her to sing high, squeally pieces with them there low necks on, an' he an' all the other music folks'd sit on thur front seats, an' roll urp their eyes like ducks in a shower, an' say, 'How beautiful it war!' Well, when it come July, Amabel had a decline o' thur healths. Eli, he'd built

this yur house after one him an' Amabel saw in Indianapolis, with a hall to one side, an' a saloon, long an' slim an' narrer, an' Linny she war plum gone on it. She would sithe, an' whimper, an' say, 'If the Lord'd on'y spared her precious Rugg, she'd a had a house with a saloon jes' that away.' An' then she sit down to my Emmy's piano an' sing, 'Weary, so weary; oh, weary of tears'—enough to break your heart. On'y my Joel he'd never pity her. He said she ought to sing,

'My path in life is choked with weeds,
I'm wearing them because
My late lamented husband's gone;
Oh, what a man he was!'

"He usitur say as she jes' 'hoodood her men, an' as thur man as dast be her sixt' would dast anything.' Well, as I was sayin', Amabel had a decline o' her healths, an' f'om th' first, she would no ways see Linny, who begun in consequence tur hang aroun' Eli. Somehow she war allays a chancin' on him a comin' f'om thur pos'office, ur thur grocery, ur thur mill, an' he begun tur speak urp fo' her as 'a mighty, smart woman,' which it give me aiger chills tur hear, as Amabel she war a gittin' wusser, an' wusser, so she war bedfast, an' shrunk away tur a shadder. Even ole Doc Lummis admitted one day as she must be roused. Says he to me, says he, 'Sis Barkin,' says he, 'my 'lixer pills have roused folks plumb outer their graves, but it don't seem like they move her a paag. The Lord hasitur help, or she's gone.' Well, it war an August day, and thur heavens war shet tight down onto thur uth, an' Eli he didn't go out, we war that tarrified, but lay down on thur lounge in thur settin'-room, an Ab'm, an' my Emmy, an' me war a watchin', Ab'm a fannin' o' his maw, when Linny outwittin' thur hen-headed hussy we had in thur kitchen, got in. Fust she come on Eli, an' says she, in a voice all butter an' honey, 'I know all about it, dear friend, jes' cas' yourself on thur Lord!' Thur nex' minute, afo' I could collec' myself, she war in thur room. She give a kind o' scretch when she sees Amabel. Then says she, a holdin' urp her han's, which war mighty pretty an' white, 'I hopes you've made your peace with your Maker, Amabel. ' You've been mighty worldly, an' took urp with th' things o' this sublunary spere. But yore past all that now. Yore goin' tur

leave a good home fo' somebody, an' a generous provider, an' a goin' to your las' account, an' I hopes yore prepared.'"

"I hope I am," says Amabel real hearty an' sharp. "An' I'm also prepared to live. You needn't no ways wear yourself out about my soul, Linny Papineau. Jes' now I'm goin' tur have a cup o' coffee an' a biled, fresh hen aige.'"

"I war roused," put in Mrs. Judd with much energy, "an' I've outlived Eli ten year already."

"I'd orter explained as there war a new preacher at thur New Light meetin', as carried a cane, an' said he experienced sich blessin's as he couldn't sin no mo' an' Linny'd been keepin' her hand on him like till he called her 'an angel,'" continued Mrs. Barker. "He war a Newphar from Kentucky, an' on'y remote kin to maw's folks, an' he had long light hair like wire, an' big, pale, gray eyes, an' folks come to hear him from all over thur county, an' they got so full o' religion they had fits, an' Linny she whu'llled in, atter Amabel war roused, an' sung fo' him reg'lar, an' at las' she married him, an' they moved tur Hominey Junction. I never know'd how they managed, but he war thur toughest o' Linny's men, an' I reckon thur mos' wearin'. She aint said much, but she aint had no use fo' preachers sinct, especial them as claims tur be extra sanctified, an' she have now been a widder six years, though havin' onnumbered chances tur change her name. Elder Newphar he didn't leave her nawthin' but a few books, an' a pair o' baptismal pants he kep' tur have handy fo' sich as mus' be immersed into thur kin'dom, but she had prop' putty enough fom Mr. Rugg's land turnin' out tur be full o' block coal, an' she's been tur New York, an' studied thur voice, she calls it, so it aint no wonder she can lead thur Pawpaw choir like she do."

"She an' Col. Pinner aire pintedly comin' hyur," cried Mrs. Judd in great excitement. "Jes' look a yan!"

Mrs. Fitch started nervously. She felt her curiosity to have a near view of the fascinating Mrs. Newphar was indelicate. Her husband was, however, otherwise minded. "I, Amelia, propose to wait," he announced.

Col. Pinner, the great politician of the district, bore himself jauntily. A sharp eye might have noted his black beard and hair had greenish lights, and that his width of shoulder was the result of art, and much cotton wadding. But to the ordi-

nary observer he was, all in all, a man to look at twice, showing at once, as he did, a fine appreciation of what a congressman owes himself, and the public, in the way of deportment and toilet. The little woman with him was a marvel of pink and white prettiness. Her eyes were as brightly blue as the sky, and had the guilelessness of childhood. Her reddish blonde hair, indisputably her own, waved in a fluffy bang above her delicately curved forehead. Her figure was girlish, her movements had the grace of sixteen. Only young eyes could see in a strong light, that over the soft skin was a crape-like veil of etching. Her manner was simple, her voice singularly low, and sweet.

"Wish me joy!" she said, addressing both the sisters. "I have promised to marry Col. Pinner next month, and I am very happy." The twins murmured good wishes, not without embarrassment, and the minister rising offered his hand, and introduced his wife.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, raising his hat, and making a comprehensive bow to the company. "I am the one to be congratulated. I am going to have the pleasure of introducing your charming friend," he turned to the sisters, "and relative, not only to my friends in Washington, but to Europe. I go in April to Russia on government business."

"He's deefer'n 'n adder," snapped Mrs. Judd the moment the two were gone. "But tur think o' Linny Papineau, thur lowest o' po' white trash, a cuttin' a swell in Washington 'n then in furrin' parts! Cinderella's nawthin' to her. Our relative, indeedy!"

"I will say as Linny allays speaks well o' her various husbands onless it may be Elder Newphar," said Mrs. Barkin, dispassionately. "My Joel, he usitur say as she war a great woman in her way, an' a plumb mystery."

"She are a bodacious minx," cried Mrs. Judd irritably, "an' as fo' Joel, he war nawthin' but ur man. She'll sing and smile her way pas' St. Peter, I reckon. Eli'd allays ruther hear her sing'n to eat. Goodness tur me! She aire dumfoundin'!"

"It must have been her voice," said Mrs. Fitch when she had lighted the evening lamp, and the Rev. Jonas had brought forth his Iliad. "I have noticed that musical women are always attractive."

"Her voice is an insufficient explanation," said the Rev.

Jonas, who needed no enlightenment as to the personality under discussion. "And I have known women of rare musical gifts decidedly unattractive." He had stretched out his long legs, and, putting back his head, rolled up his eyes. "To me, she is a modern Helen. A mystery."

Mrs. Fitch's lips trembled with scorn, and vexation, but mathematics had taught her an exact habit of mind. She knew she could not declare Mrs. Newphar a creation of a diseased imagination. She knew, too, she could not account for that lady's progress through life. More than all, she knew her Jonas was quite capable of arguing all night. Slipping a ball into the toe of one of her lord's socks, she meditatively drew the worn spaces together with deft stitches. "I think," reiterated Jonas, drawing himself up, "she is truly a mystery." Receiving no reply he took up the book. They finished it that evening and Mrs. Fitch declined to re-read the *Odyssey*. "I am going to study the problems in conic sections sent me by my old instructor at Smith for a time," she said sweetly. "My mind needs to rest."

THE MAKING OF A SONG.

BY WILLIS JAMES BALTZELL, A. B., MUS. B.

A distinguished writer on the subject of Aesthetics traces the phenomena of the world to two sources, spirit and matter, and to a combination of both, since neither source rarely exists alone—at least within the range of ordinary experience. In applying this analysis to a song, we consider the materials, musical and literary, as one element, the work of the poet and of the composer as a second, the combination of the two, the finished song or the product, as a third element. Of course there may be distinctions in the product resulting from mind acting on matter, and indeed must be, to give to certain products what is known as art form; differing in this respect from certain other products not so classified. What causes this difference is not the province of this article to investigate.

Starting with the proposition that someone has conceived the idea of writing a song, it is evident that certain conditions must be observed in the making. A song consists of music to be executed by the human voice in conjunction with articulate sounds, as embodied in words. Hence two elements are necessary, text and music. The element of the text will be considered first.

It is rare, indeed, that one person unites, in himself, the functions of composer and poet, although such a condition would, perhaps, be ideal, especially were it possible that both gifts should have equal power of expression within the range of their respective mediums. Since, however, a composer must depend upon others for his text, a very important step toward the making of a song would seem to be taken in the selection of a suitable text.

It is evident that no hard and fast rules can be laid down in regard to the selection of the text, since men will usually act in accordance with their ideals, and these are largely determined by individual knowledge. It is no part of the policy of the writer to make distinctions, that might appear invidi-

ous, otherwise he would quote extracts from songs purchased at random from the stock of music dealers, and try to draw some principles from these by way of illustration.

It is truly a deplorable fact that so much inferior text has been used in song writing. This condition arises from the fact that the composer is frequently a man of scant literary culture, and sometimes, even of irregular and meager education. Dr. H. A. Clarke, Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, said to the writer that, in his opinion, no one should attempt song writing who has not a thorough acquaintance with the principles of prosody. The absolute truth of this statement, it seems to me, is so apparent, that no special amplification of the thought is necessary.

The text may be inferior or unsuitable for various reasons, such as concern rhythm, accentuation, poetic or non-poetic quality of the words, character of the central idea, lack of unity and effective climax; it may be forced, vague or disconnected in thought, written up to rhymes, or may contain other faults of a general description, or may be lacking in artistic form, and defective in construction.

It is a frequent complaint of teachers of singing, that good teaching songs are scarce, and the writer's own experience confirms this. Teachers are compelled to change songs in various ways, and doubtless have been questioned by pupils, "Why do you give me this song, if you find it necessary to make changes in it?"

Is it not a fact that in selecting songs for teaching purposes, many are found which are really unsuitable for use by pure-minded young women; and what is still more to the point, unsuitable for public rendition because the text is mawkishly sentimental, ultra-erotic, prurient in content, vague in meaning, and lacking, more or less completely, in true poetic nature?

The writer inclines to the opinion that the best song writing can be done when the text is truly and purely poetic in character and language. Prof. Corson of Cornell University, whose statements in literary matters have the weight of authority, in a work recently published, entitled "The Voice and Spiritual Education," says that poetry, and even impassioned prose, is an idealization of language, and demands a corresponding idealization and elevation in vocal expression in the

reading. If this be true, if idealization of language be a condition of true poetry, how much of what is written in verse would be rejected as impure and non-poetic. I have often been disposed to question if any good is done to the art of song, or to the singer, by the addition of a musical setting to little stories in verse, such as are ordinarily called "ballads." It does not strike me that such writings deserve or need music to heighten their expressive qualities. It is drawing music to lower levels than her proper place. We read much of the mission of the art of music, and its duties are preached to us from the pages of every music journal in the land, yet one seldom sees any note of the wretched debasement which music suffers in being wedded to vulgar, unpoetic, silly, trifling or simply unsuitable verse.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, in his articles on American Composers in *Godey's Magazine*, has written forceful and timely criticisms on the text used by various composers.

But granting that the composer has literary training sufficient to insure ability to select fit text, he is obligated to choose such lyrics as are suitable to his powers. Not every composer can use successfully all styles of text. Some have capacity for the expression of passionate, dramatic effects; others are most successful in quieter, more flowing expression, partaking more of a discursive or reflective nature.

After the text has been chosen, the next step is to study it. This study should be two-fold in nature, according to the elements of an art-work, its material, and its imagery or emotive side, which may be considered to represent the spiritual element.

Let us first take up the material element in the text. The first step, as it seems to me, is to study the rhythm. This is absolutely essential to a proper appreciation of the correct rhythm of the song, for one should perfectly correspond with the other.

It is possible that some may wonder why prose is not available for the purposes of song writing as well as verse. It is answered that verse does not, of necessity, imply rhyming final syllables. It may exist without the latter, but can not exist without regularity of meter, the result of which is favorable to division into symmetrical phrases, one essential of musical composition. Impassioned prose frequently shows as

strongly marked and evident rhythmic beat as verse, but this is so rare an occurrence as not to affect the principle stated above.

The basis of rhythm lies in the unit of measure, which is itself divisible into two or three parts, or multiples of two or three. This in music gives rise to duple or triple rhythm. I have noted songs in which, it has seemed to me, the composer has not felt clearly the difference between a duple and triple rhythm. There are poems in which three successive syllables can be written in either rhythm, e. g., an eighth note followed by two sixteenth notes, or three eighths. Care should be exercised in such a case as this, and the rhythm which best suits the text and its character should be selected. It is evident that the rhythmical figure of an eighth and two-sixteenths is more agitated than one of three-eighths in a triplet, which is smooth and flowing, although the latter may be rapid in succession.

The character of the text must be considered. If this be passionate, rapid in action, if strongly accented words and syllables follow in close succession, the time should be duple rather than triple. Occasions will also arise in which the composer must discriminate between simple and compound rhythm, noting, however, that a slow duple is equivalent to a rapid compound. In general it may be said that triple rhythm expresses more rapid motion than duple, yet lacks the agitation and restlessness of the latter. It is easy to understand why it is more rapid, since the unit of measure, abstractly speaking, is, in one instance, divided into twos, in the other, into threes, hence the individual succession will be more rapid in the latter. The time value of the unit of measure is determined by the character of the text.

I have noticed cases in which composers have used simple rhythm where compound should have been used instead. Many songs written in 3-4 time should properly be in 6-8, according to the distribution of expressive accents in the text. It may be said that compound rhythms are more quiet and flowing than simple; triple rhythm generally lacks the strength and dignity of duple.

Cadences have great influence in defining the expressive qualities of a song. Certain musical cadences are strong and final, others are inconclusive, unexpected and vague; some are

restful and others are unsettled in character. The cadences of the poem should be studied carefully so that the musical cadences may correspond in effect, as to finality or inconclusiveness. Caution must be observed and full cadences, especially in the tonic key, be avoided except when the current thought is unmistakably closed. This suggests a weakness in the strophe form so common in song writing. It suits some poems, but not all. It seems unsuitable whenever one idea passes through several stanzas. The fault of over-use of full cadences is very common in the works of song writers, and shows lack of musical feeling, of thorough training, or lack of an honest principle and endeavor to do writing which truly represents the poem; or, one might call it musical laziness.

In studying the spiritual side of a poem, especial care is to be given to appreciation of the thought contained in it. If the poem be a true work of art, there will be something in it. It can have but one true meaning, and the thought must be fully appreciated else the real meaning will remain unknown. A valuable aid to the study of the meaning of a poem is to read it aloud. This opinion is confirmed by high authority. The thought of the poem may be contained in similes or in imagery or word-pictures which constitute a metaphor. These pictures may be direct in representative quality or may express certain emotions, or the emotions of a poem may be presented without the aid of simile or metaphor. A poem is usually a medium for the presentation of imagery or word-pictures, or representative of emotions. The duty of the composer is to appreciate the thought of the poem, conceive its pictures, assimilate its emotions. Having done this, he has reached the final point of his analysis.

But analysis is not all. The creative faculty which is now to be exercised by the composer is essentially synthetic, at least in its primal manifestation. The writer believes that what we apprehend in various art products is but a manifestation of aesthetic feeling under varying conditions. The human mind is the generating point of all art products, and the human mind works according to well-defined laws, which are the same in all cases, the difference in results being due to the difference in the nature of the materials used. By way of amplification it may be said that it is possible to conceive

of a body of men taken from the different art callings, one a poet, one a painter, another a sculptor, and still another a musician. Let us suppose that the idea "Solitude" is suggested for representation. Is it not true that each one would be able to conceive and to reproduce for the world's apprehension the expression of the idea "Solitude," one in colors, one in marble, the third in words, the fourth in musical sounds? The mind, in each instance, will work according to its laws, the results being determined by the materials employed; each kind of materials developing a peculiar set of laws. So I believe that in the study of a poem, a composer should strive to appreciate and to assimilate the central idea. Reading a poem aloud, memorizing it, studying it, will fill a composer so completely that his mind should grasp the essence of the poem, which essence is to be transferred to another art and expressed in new materials and according to the special laws involved in the use of these new materials.

The composer now reaches his own peculiar work. Having received full and complete impressions upon his emotional nature, he seeks the expression of these impressions in musical terms. The music will consist of two elements, the voice part and the instrumental setting, or the "melody" and "accompaniment." As to the method of preparing these, two methods are open to him; one to invent a melody and then to add an accompaniment to it; the other, to make the melody and accompaniment inter-dependent, or, to express it otherwise, to make the musical portion of the song the counterpart of the poem, which has its own melody, and that melody inseparable from the poem itself, for the poem is the very *raison d'être* of the melody. Of the two plans, the latter is certainly the more highly organized.

The composer's view of the poem is dual in nature, objective and subjective. In the objective side is embodied the fact that the poem is made up of pictures or statements which exist in the poem itself, apart from the composer and independent of him. These pictures or statements are the medium for the presentation of the thought and have their own special character. To represent this I conceive to be largely the province of the instrumental portion of the song.

The subjective side is the impression which these pictures or statements make upon the composer—which should also

be made upon the hearer of the song—and the voice part of the song, or the melody, is its natural expression. The melody in its rise and fall or “melodic curve,” as a certain writer expresses it, and in any other distinguishing feature, should be the representation of the rise and fall of emotion, or, to state it differently, the varying strength of the mental stimuli.

Having filled himself with the thought or central idea of the poem, I think the composer should attempt to find the corresponding instrumental expression—having due regard for harmonic basis and rhythmic pulse—which represents the thought; or, one might say, the musical equivalent of the thought, which becomes the setting—as the metal to the jewel, the background to the central figure in a painting, the garden to the mansion. It seems to me that this should be conceived first of all; not necessarily in entirety, but at least in essential characteristics. I do not think it the province of song to attempt the finding of a melody, *per se*, for mere melody is not expression sufficient to represent the whole content of a poem. As said before, the creative portion of a composer’s work is synthetic. To rely upon melody alone, is denying to the poem its inherent right to complete expression, to be presented ornately and in rich, warm colors, if such be demanded. But whatever be the character of a poem it can be more truly represented when the voice part bears such relation to the instrumental portion that it becomes an integral part of the song, rather than the song itself.

There is a great divergence of opinion as to the precise content of the word “melody.” Taking the popular acceptance of the word, as defining the nature of the term “melody,” I would say I do not intend to decry it. I think music should strive under all circumstances to embody melody; my objection is to the narrow limits within which many would circumscribe the term.

I conceive the melody of a song to represent the emotional side of a poem, and its flow, melodic direction or curve should be the direct outcome of the varying strength of emotion aroused by the appreciation of the poem. I believe the inflections of speech used by a well-trained reader make a valuable guide to a composer in reducing to tangible form the melodic impressions received from a poem. I hold to the opinion that if one can not read a poem in such manner as to indicate clearly and unmistakably the meaning, he can not

render the song which consists of the same series of words and accompanying music. One of the great teachers of singing, whose name is familiar to the vocal world, makes frequent use of reading in connection with the study of songs. If reading be an aid to the singer, why not more so to the composer? What advantage is it to a singer to gain a perfect appreciation of the text, if the composer has not done so before; if the composer's work be untrue to the text?

The writer does not mean to suggest that the method indicated will enable any one with a knowledge of the science of composition to "make a song." The ideas set forth are rather an attempt to study the mental processes involved in song making, and seek the point of union which must exist when the conception represented in one kind of materials is to be transferred to another. In this respect I view a song as a work in which both words and music should be equally representative.

In regard to the technical equipment of a song composer, I venture to suggest a few thoughts. No musician can do his best in song writing who has not studied the influence which the use of the human voice, in that form of activity denominated as singing, exerts upon the musical materials used. I do not believe that the knowledge of the registers, the range of each kind of voice, and other matters of limitation which are easily learned, and form the major portion of the equipment of many would-be song writers, is sufficient. The real genius of the voice, as a musical instrument, should be studied and mastered; that which distinguishes it from all other means of producing musical sounds, such as the violin, flute or clarinet. It frequently happens that the director of an orchestra is asked to examine scores in which the range of the various instruments has been carefully respected and even technical difficulties peculiar to each instrument observed, yet the real nature of some instruments and their true capacities neglected or even violated. So can it be with the human voice, and such is often the case.

What is in the mind will come out when the mind seeks expression. No more, certainly; often, less. The mind acts in channels which become strongly defined by frequent repetition of the same act, thus promoting quickness and freedom of mental activity. If a man has learned, it matters not how, whether by personal study under the direction of an experi-

enced teacher or by virtue of mental grasp—if he has learned the true nature of the singing voice and its capacities, his work should follow the proper lines without special thought or care. His song writing should be vocal in nature. Such is the power of the human mind to work in directions proper to the predetermined conception.

If the composer has devoted himself to the study of musical science, not simply harmony, but also the various forms of contrapuntal writing for stimulus to melodic invention, orchestration for tone coloring and representative effects, and form for its value in construction—if the composer has done this, and he received a musical nature as a matter of mental gift, the study of a poem on aesthetic-psychological principles should give to him a conception which will seek musical expression. The value of that musical expression, artistic or commercial, will be determined by the strength and capacity of his musical knowledge and experience, and sometimes by entirely adventitious circumstances.

By a musical nature I mean that quality in the mind which impels an individual to seek expression of his emotions in musical materials rather than in any other way. The poet sees a bird flying in the air and some conception is flashed through his mind which he expresses in language; the analogy is plain as regards the painter, sculptor and musician. This mental quality is a prime essential to the musician.

Many are disposed to view song writing as one of the lower forms of musical expression. I think this idea correct in the main; but there can be as much variation in the musical value of songs, from the lower to the higher forms, as between a common brass band march and a symphony. The quality is determined by the kind of work done, and by the adherence to recognized art-forms, and song writing may conform to true art-principles.

A song may contain a clear system of tonal relations, well-defined rhythmical figures, and artistic form; a sonata can show no higher elements, the difference lies in the construction. Of course it is recognized that the sonata form is the most highly organized form in present use.

My plea is for earnest, thoughtful work on lines as clearly defined and prescribed as in the larger forms of instrumental writing. This can not but remove song from the low standards so evidently followed by many writers.

FOLK-MELODY.

BY H. F. GILBERT.

Much has been written in appreciation of the primitive yet beautiful poetry of the folk-songs. For many years this department of folklore has been closely studied. Folklorists have frequently brought to light a rough-hewn stanza containing exquisite and romantic thoughts, which were expressed with charming naïveté. It seems that the melodies to which many of these songs are sung are equally worthy of attention. It is of these melodies that I wish to speak.

The people of a nation are usually possessed of several melodies more or less musical, to which they either chant or declaim their popular poetry or accompany their accustomed work. The origin of these melodies is as mysterious as that of the folk-poems. It is supposed that one of the people, of a more musical nature than the others, originates the melody which, in course of being sung or played, is adapted to the general idea. A distinctive characteristic of a folk-melody is, that it is the product of many minds, rather than being the apparent product of one only. In fact, it possesses nationality rather than individuality. One of the elements which go to compose melody is rhythm; a regular division of time. So a person performing any kind of labor which requires regularity of movement, has one of the elements of a song all ready to hand, and, as to sing is an inborn tendency, he soon supplies the other elements of melody, and there we have a folk-song. The work helped to compose the song and now the song helps to do the work by inducing the man to strike, or the woman to rock the cradle, in time to the music.

While in the field the primitive hunter found that to imitate the calls of birds was a useful acquisition, and from this sprang a class of folk-melodies which imitate bird-song.

Almost every occurrence in the lives of primitive peoples has called into being its own peculiar music, either bright and joyous or dark and lugubrious, as the case might be, but

all reflecting the national character with more or less sincerity. Thus funeral and marriage music, music to accompany various incantations, melodies supposed to possess medicinal qualities, prayer melodies, love melodies, and melodies to which the historical records of the people were chanted, so that by remembering the melody one could call to mind the words. This method was also used to assist in remembering the laws. An interesting modern example of the tendency of the people to melodize is to be seen in the street cries of our large cities. Some of them are very characteristic.

There are more folk-melodies to be found in major than in minor. A perfect folk-melody usually contains something which is characteristic of the people from which it springs, and characteristic of them only; but what this something is, is very difficult to define. Evidently national characteristics do not spring altogether from the kind of scale in which a melody is composed. The melody, "There Is a Happy Land," is composed in the Chinese scale, but it does not sound Chinese. Nor do they lie altogether in the rhythm. The Scotch and the Hungarians frequently use the same rhythm, but their respective folk-melodies give one an entirely different impression. But it is a certain finely-balanced combination of all the elements of melody that finally produces, after the polish of many years, a folk-melody as simply beautiful as a wild flower, and as difficult to reproduce.

Nationality in art is a much-discussed point. Both sides have many able and learned adherents. But we may safely conclude that national flavor in music is an indisputable fact. Thus a musical score by Edward Lalo will give one a very delicate and decidedly different emotion from a score by Schumann, for instance, although both composers used the same scale, the same laws of harmony, and nearly the same combination of orchestral instruments. It may be urged that the difference lies in the men themselves. True; but the men themselves are products of different nations, and as such reflect, to a certain extent, the national spirit of their respective nations.

We do not care to how many other causes the difference in their music can be assigned, the difference in the nationality of the men certainly plays no small part in causing an ulti-

mate difference in their music. The fountain-head of nationality in music is to be found in the folk-melodies. The folk-melodies are very near to the people: they spring from the heart of the nation; and thus contain the musical essence of nationality. Many musical composers have appreciated this fact, and in their endeavors to give national flavor and meaning to their music, have searched out and studied the national musical spirit, as evinced in their nation's folk-melodies, and have taken this beautiful wild flower to their hearts, and loved it, developed it, and wrought over it until a noble symphony was produced, which is as much a national product as the folk-melody, although it required the thought, energy and technique, so to speak, of the cultivated musician to give it form and being.

Such a musician was Anton Borodin, a Russian. His vocation was the science of chemistry, but as he had always loved music, he soon devoted the leisure which chemistry afforded him to the exalted avocation of musical composition. But there is nothing of the dilettante to be seen in his works. Here we find the earnest and reflective national musician. Borodin spent many years in studying Russian folk-melodies. Having absorbed their inmost spirit, he embodied it in many strong and beautiful works. Two finished symphonies, an opera, a symphonic sketch, and an unfinished symphony, are among his published works.

Edward Grieg is another composer who has laid the foundation of his musical activity in the folk-melodies of his country—Norway. In very many of his compositions we see the subtle element which charms us in the Norwegian folk-melodies, grasped, brought forward, and placed in the magic light of artistic development.

The list of musicians who are indebted to the suggestions of the folk-melodies is a large one, but this article would be incomplete did I not mention Peter Tchaikowski, the Russian, Antonin Dvorak, the Bohemian, and Johan Severin Svendsen, the Norwegian. These men also have developed the suggestions of the folk-melodies in a most remarkable manner.

Considering the amount of great music already written, which is but a broad and artistic development of the suggestions of the folk-melodies, does it not seem that herein lies

a healthy and unfailing source of art inspiration. Many men have found it so, and does it not seem reasonable that a work of art which is of humanity should be more solidly founded at any rate than one which rests merely in the fancies of a few unbalanced individuals?

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

A correspondent asks that some one define the relation of music study in the public schools to other studies, such as Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar, History and the like. As no one has offered for this undertaking, and as I happen to have convictions not wholly in harmony with the emotional generalities commonly talked concerning music in the public schools, we will consider the question here for a moment, and in order to do so intelligently let us first ask ourselves, What is the precise relation to life and education of the studies already named?

The trained mind differs from the untrained mind mainly in three particulars. First, in the power to control the attention and direct it to any object desired and retain it there until an end is accomplished, such as acquiring a certain knowledge, resolving a problem, and the like; second, the trained mind has an abundance of what we might call the rudiments of knowledge, by which we mean a stock of general concepts upon most of the subjects coming up in common life; and, third, the trained mind in its best form is also a cultivated mind, in that besides these elementary concepts it also has a considerable furnishing of ideas, sayings and thoughts of the greatest and best minds—such as one derives from literature, history and cultivated intercourse. The highest type of mind goes further than this, namely, in arriving at original thought of its own, which sometimes amounts to adding something to the “best that has been said and done in the world,” and so to the richness of culture.

In these definitions we have already an implied answer to the question, Wherein does the self-made man differ from the man made by schools? For in the school the atmosphere is supposedly favorable to study, and the surroundings also favorable. Hence the school by diversifying the subjects of attention and by frequent necessity of reporting for recitation, assists the student in acquiring the elementary concepts of intelligence, as noted above, and in the same act trains the attention

without overtaxing it. The self-made man has to pick up these concepts by his own reading, or by contact with life, and he does it at a disadvantage; but commonly in the effort he develops or illustrates a greater control of the attention, and very often arrives at a positive originality, which if properly rounded out by culture may be of great value to the world. The self-made man who does a smooth job, is like a man who carves a statue with a pocket knife. It takes longer and costs more effort than if proper tools had been employed, but the statue may be of standard smoothness, nevertheless.

But to return to our Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, and so on, in the schoolroom: they are designed to serve a two-fold purpose—they afford material for applying the attention, and the ideas or general concepts learned from the studies are intended to form part of the elementary furnishing of mind, and so to pave the way for higher attainments later on.

It is entirely true that music is capable of being so used as to discipline the mind quite as thoroughly as any of the other studies pursued, not excepting Algebra, Geometry or Logic. But in a different way, and I do not think that this is the best use of it in the schoolroom.

One of the drawbacks of schoolroom life is the conflict of what the Swedenborgians call "proceeding spheres," or personalities of pupils and sometimes of teachers. We are dealing so much nowadays with electricity and various potent but unseen forces that we begin to understand how serious an influence may be which merely disturbs. Now it is quite possible for an uncongenial personality to disturb merely by proximity, without saying or doing anything mentionable. There are people who stop our train of thought when they come into the room, even if with the best possible intentions. Moreover, in the schoolroom there are always some who come to school in a bad humor. The bad humor of these is felt by the sensitive ones, and it hinders study and often leads later on to neglect of study. Now, music (singing) has the power to harmonize the school. It also relieves the strain of study, and it calms the restless. Moreover, it predisposes the mind, or puts it in an attitude in which it is easier to perceive and retain truth. There is no other exercise which can do this to the extent that singing can. The physical exercises now so much in vogue do something of this sort. When all the children

stand, move, gesture, breathe and attend in the same way, the instincts of contradiction which so many children inherit (or have developed as the wrong-side-out ability to inquire and test) yield, and a certain harmony takes its place. But music does this much more thoroughly than physical movement, because in singing there is an altruistic element per se. Neither utility nor beauty are the ends which lead a child to sing, but a longing for expression. The sustained and affectionate tone of the singing voice reacts upon the soul of the singer, as also do the tones of each react upon the others. And so after only one or two songs the schoolroom is in quite a different state from what it was. Immediately that lessons are again taken up, the minds take in ideas more quickly and more amiably; the axles of life have been oiled, and friction is diminished or done away.

There is also in singing quite an exercise of soul in the unconscious learning from beautiful sentiments of the poetry sung; but this, fine as it is, I hold to be of less value than the rudimentary use of music already defined. The best thing a song can do is to make the singer better—if only for a few moments. And the bettering which the music itself does for the singer is more spiritual and more lasting than any possible lesson remembered from the poetry.

Hence I consider it more important for the school and for the child to learn to sing in the spirit I have mentioned than to learn any number of musical technicalities, including that great feat of "transposing the scale," which used to be the pons asinorum of the singer. Almost every idea and fact one learns in the common school is forgotten sooner or later, excepting possibly the duty of nouns to agree with their verbs (or vice versa) and the multiplication table. But the mental training is never lost, and the main thing is to get as much of it as possible, and as amiably as possible, to the end that the way of further knowledge may seem to the child a pathway of roses and of pleasant sights and sounds.

In any graded course of public school music, extending over several years, the natural curiosity of the pupils and a very small attention on the part of teachers will lead to a training in the little of science which elementary singing contains. All this will come almost of its own accord. To read music from the staff is (in Hamlet's phrase) "as easy as lying" when

once the elementary traits of melody have been felt by the pupils. The writer who finds it necessary to lie awake at nights to make his verbs agree with his nouns has missed a part of the literary instincts. Once having any kind of language instinct and once shown the trait of agreement, he never thinks of it again; verbs do this of their own accord—just as girls get married if the noun suits them. It is part of the everlasting nature of things.

If I understand them correctly, it is such uses of music as these which are upheld with so much enthusiasm and poetical potency by my friends, Messrs. Tomlins and Cady, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, and others, whom Mr. Liebling described respectfully as "mahatmas" of music teaching—referring to the Himalayan height of their point of view. Personally I do not find the point of view inaccessible, and I think that, when brought down to the language of common life, as I have sought here to do, most practical readers will find it to harmonize with many facts in their own experience.

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One of the arts of modern education is to understand the influence which the unconscious plays in mental development.

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Through its influence upon the unconscious state of mind, music is one of the most potent instrumentalities in education, if we rightly employ it.

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I have before called attention to the fact, foreign to the present discussion, that in the serious study of the pianoforte, for instance, there is mental training of very decided potency; and culture as well, also of high potency. But for use in the schoolroom, for children between six and ten, the most noble use of music is this unconscious control of spirit-state, upon which acquiring knowledge, retaining it, and understanding it, so much depends.

II.

The seventh concert of the Chicago orchestra had for its main feature that astonishing and spirit-stirring work, Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony. And what a work it is! What power! What depth of feeling! What splendor of instrumentation! What vigor of rhythm! And how new and original! Here is a master work. Played with rare clearness and

sympathy, it naturally made a profound impression upon the audience both at the matinee and in the evening. The house was by no means full, but after the first movement there was active applause; and after the lovely Romanza, repeated rounds of applause, amounting to a demand for a repetition—which Mr. Thomas wisely declined. At the end still more applause. Surely the audience was stirred, and appreciated the fact that in this work there was a voice crying from out the musical wilderness of the vast empire of the north—crying in accents of national force, but with cosmopolitan intelligibility.

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In this work Tschaikowsky solved the problem of creating a new symphony, original, strong, of world-currency in its appeal to the heart, yet distinctly national, not alone in the half-barbaric rhythm of several of its leading motives, but still more in the inner qualities of power and emotion. It is quite off the same piece as Russian painting. I have before referred to the Russian room at the Columbian fair, where such pieces as "Dressing the Bride," "The Tartar's Answer," "Christ at the House of Mary," "Romeo and Juliet," and many others, showed similar combinations of imagination, force, and masterly technic. In the Holland room, immediately adjoining, were many paintings adjudged masterly by those expert in such things; but you had to learn to appreciate them. In these Russian works, on the contrary, there was something which seized you at once, compelled attention, remained fixed upon the memory, and stood out as the expression of an untamed individuality. Thus it is with these things of Tschaikowsky. Russian in the texture of many of his motives, Russian in the half barbaric pomp of his climaxes, wholly Russian in the tyrannical grip in which he binds at once the three main chords of the key into a single complex klang (as at the end of a certain pedal point in one of the movements of the symphony), it is nevertheless cosmopolitan in the mastery of orchestral technic and in the working out, which while so thoroughly original nevertheless follows mainly the lines of a first-rate finale in opera.

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Naturally one likes the second movement best of all. This wonderful romanza-like song of the horns, and the equally fascinating and elusive melody of the oboe—what two more

striking and workable themes can be found in symphony? They are indeed very pronounced, and the general impression of the work is emotional, almost sensational. It is highly sonorous, far surpassing the traditional bounds of symphony, but is it any the less a great work?

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When Mr. Thomas played this work two years ago I took occasion to ask him some things about it, after first of all praising the manner in which he had interpreted it. Mr. Thomas was disposed to deny it the name symphony. "Yes," he said, "it is great music, highly emotional music, if you please; but it is not symphony. In symphony one wants the best, the noblest, the most refined, but not the sensational, the extreme, the exciting." He went on to say that Brahms was nearer the symphonic ideal, with his reserve—his "grey somberness," which fails to inspire Messrs. Finck and Kelley.

* * *

I am not sure whether frequent hearings of this work would increase our love for it or make us tire of its vigor and grasping demands upon the hearer. This is a point I would like to see tried. At any rate, it is one of the greatest of late works, and along with the masterpieces of Brahms, I would like to hear it and its brothers, the fourth and sixth, at least once a year until further notice. When we become cultivated perhaps some orchestra will go upon the road in one night stands playing all the season this symphony, surrounded by a few selections from Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Why not?

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The same concert contained three other interesting works. First of all, the rarely heard overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, as finished by Wagner, and a powerfully dramatic work it is. Then Mr. Thomas' own arrangement of Bach's sonata for violin and cembalo, for orchestra—a delightfully executed piece of work, very interesting from every point of view, illustrating in terms intelligible to all Bach's imagination, delicate fancy, and real poetry no less than his marvelous technic. And, finally, Schumann's powerful and highly expressive overture to "Manfred." Thus the program, of which these works formed the first part, the Tschaiowsky symphony

forming the last, consisted entirely of works of rare emotional and musical quality. It was the program most worthy of respect of all in the season thus far.

III.

In a recent number of the Chicago Tribune a column of opinions concerning Beethoven was given, especially collected from Messrs. Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Walter Damrosch, B. J. Lang, Mancinelli, and William L. Tomlins. They are given entire upon another page. They are curious for what they say, and equally for what they do not say. But we must not take them too seriously. Undoubtedly the opinions were called forth in view of the approaching celebration of Beethoven's birth, and the eminent gentlemen were speaking as seconding the nomination of Beethoven, and not out of their absolute opinions, taking in the entire sweep of art.

Mr. Thomas, for instance, speaks of Beethoven's place among the greatest of the immortals, and he might well have quoted Taine, who speaks of four geniuses of the highest order: Dante, Michel Angelo, Shakespeare and Beethoven. Mr. Thomas also touches two significant points: That Beethoven's music does not sound so finished and contented as that of Mozart; and that it embodies all that we are and have accomplished. In this he came very near saying something better, namely, that the art of music has for its ultimate end to express soul-life in all its phases, reaches, and most splendid moments. This it had already begun to do in the music of Beethoven, particularly in the symphonies. But, in the nature of the case, while mental life is constantly increasing in quickness, complexity, perhaps nobility, and strength, so also must the art of music advance generation after generation, as so well suggested in the article by Mr. A. Fouillée, reprinted in *MUSIC* for December last. And in the same way that the books of former generations lose their vitality except for the scholar (with the very few exceptions of works of the highest range), so also must the masterpieces of music constantly flow by in a sweeping current, century after century; and man can no more abide by the masterpieces of any one generation than he can stop the flow of a Niagara or a St. Lawrence. Brahms and Tschaikowsky much more nearly represent "what we are and what we have accomplished" than does the music of Bee-

thoven. Fifty years ago Mr. Thomas' statement was true; it is now, in journalistic parlance, not "up to date."

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Mr. Seidl regards Beethoven as the middle pillar of modern music, as the composer without whose work Wagner would have been impossible. He finds himself unconsciously forming a story for each of the Beethoven overtures. Mr. Damosch mentions the fact that the Beethoven sonatas are very little played now. He also refers to the emotional power of the great scene in "Fidelio." Mr. B. J. Lang "regards Beethoven's influence on the musical art of today as far surpassing that of any other composer." Here I would take issue. I believe that as an inspiration for composers two other names are far more influential than Beethoven; they are Bach and Wagner. Bach because he represents absolute music, in and of itself, with the least possible of the story-telling element. Therefore it is always fresh, and, because we come to it unhampered by a story which we seek to make the music fit, we are able to feel it at its true worth. And Wagner because he carried thematic development and orchestral coloring so much farther than anyone else.

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In this connection the Beethoven evening of the Chicago orchestra may well be mentioned. The program consisted of the overture to King Stephen, the fourth symphony, the Choral Fantasia (Mr. Hans Greuning at the piano), the eighth symphony, and a chorus from the music to "The Ruins of Athens." The choral fantasia has not been heard here for many years; but it is about as well, for while the work is pleasing it is not at all deep, and is of interest mainly as a fore-study for the ninth symphony. The symphonies on the program were those in lighter vein, and the concert as a whole lacked contrast, and did not make any representation of the strong and deeply moved moods of the great master.

* * *

I think there is a tendency towards making too much of the symphonies of Beethoven. Write what we may about classical form and the like, it remains true that Beethoven was after all a mere man, trying to write something new in the way of music for pleasing the ears of the men and women of Vienna

along between 1796 and 1826. Posterity probably had few if any charms for him. Sometimes, as in the Heroic symphony and in the fifth and ninth symphonies, when moved by a great conception, he reached an astonishing sweep of imagination and of emotional expression. At other times, as in the works of this program, he aimed mainly at the pleasing, the jocund, the playful. These works show his musical powers in a very attractive light, but I cannot see that it is of advantage to put a halo around them before playing them. It is like the old women who read the bible only on Sunday and in their best gowns. They miss half the good points in it because so pre-occupied with the expectation of something inspired and not understandable. If our symphony programs took the range they ought in all good sense to take, and brought us first and foremost all the symphonies of Brahms and Tschaikowsky, who are the greatest symphonists of the last quarter of a century, we could then have these lighter works of Beethoven as the lighter parts of the programs; for in them he was simply writing good music. It is play, and a jolly mood is better for understanding it than any number of damp towels around the head, or any kind of protuberance of bumps of reverence. What is the good? When Beethoven makes a good joke, why do we look solemn and try to discover where the prayer should be said? Prayer and reverence are both good in their way, but there are times when plain common sense is equally profound. These light works of Beethoven belong to such times.

* * *

Mr. Tomlins endeavors to account for Beethoven's choral writing by attributing it to his deafness. I imagine it is merely a case of his never having taken the trouble to find out the range, powers, and conveniences of that extremely clever if limited instrument, the human voice. Mr. Beethoven is a dead failure as writer for voice, whether chorus or solo. Why not say so? He knew pretty much all about the orchestral instruments of his time, and he is distinctly clever in contrasting them and in writing for them. He had noble ideas at times for which choral expression would have been very suitable, if only he had known how to manage the writing. But he did not. Many smaller men write better for voice. The finale of the ninth symphony is a complete failure for this reason. Why not say so? To transpose it a note down spoils the

connection of keys with the preceding movements. Even though the hearer cannot identify the source of his unhappiness, he can feel that somewhere there is a bad feeling in his ears. He is not happy. Beethoven might have taken more trouble!

* * *

In short, I look for the time when some of the works of Beethoven will stand nearly where those of Mozart do now. Does any musician speak of Mozart in terms other than those of reverence? Never. But do they play the Mozart works? Never! Mr. Thomas speaks of the finish of Mozart's symphonies. Yes, they are finished, very. Beautiful works they are, delightfully spontaneous. But how often do we hear one? One symphony once a year. Why? Simply because, while the works are beautiful and representative of very high musical genius, they do not in equal degree represent human nature as it now is. The inner disposition of man has changed. Mozart is not "up to date." Neither is Beethoven. It is not a question whether later men have written better, broader, more beautifully; it is a question of answering to the innermost heart of a generation, as so that as in a mirror it realizes its own inmost—its struggles, its raptures, its aspirations. This is what Beethoven did for his generation, and he did it so well, as the greatest man of his generation, that he was a little ahead of his public. They failed to understand even his hours of play, regarding the eighth symphony as on the whole rather extravagant. For the first half of the present century Beethoven did as Mr. Thomas says, "expressed in his music what we are and what we have accomplished." But at the middle of the century other hands took up the work. Mendelssohn brought the "ewige weibliche" to expression, and Schumann brought out deep things of the heart. But these, even, we have left behind. The cloud-compelling Brahms expresses many of the modern man's concepts of power and daring, of imagination boldly soaring in all true directions; and Tschaikowsky adds thereto those elements which even Brahms regarded as foreign to music, but which the modern musician, even Mr. Thomas himself, feels to answer to something very deep within his heart—something which he longed to say, but never could.

This is what Mr. Thomas feels regarding these later masters. Observe the different manner in which he leads a Tschai-

kowsky fifth or sixth symphony. The man is moved; the musician finds his heart in the work. Intellect may disapprove, but the unconscious response of the inmost nature lends to his conducting a vigor, a flexibility of nuance, a boldness, an emotion-compelling expression, which it very rarely knows in other works, and then only in the very highest, such as Beethoven's third, fifth, ninth, and the two of Schubert.

The world moves and we move with it. Every generation has and must have its own music, just as every generation must have its own food and writes its own books. Why not say so?

IV.

The Chicago Manuscript Society gave its first concert December 10 in the hall at Summy's recital hall, at 220 Wabash avenue. The program contained the following representations of Chicago art: Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, five songs, "If I Knew," "The night has a thousand eyes," and three of the children songs; Mr. Gleason, Gavotte from "Otho Visconti;" Robert Goldbeck, Poems of Melody, Mexican Dances, and Interlude; Adolf Koelling, Polonaise for piano; P. C. Lutkin, Canzonetta for piano; W. H. Sherwood, Idylle, Gypsy Dance and Medea; Henry Schoenfeld, Revery and Serenade for piano and violin; Mrs. Eliza Mazzucato-Young, Staccato Study for piano, and Psalm CXXX. On the whole the ladies carried off the popular honors, with Mr. Sherwood a good second. Mr. Koelling's Polonaise was rather brilliant. All the compositions were well made, having passed the inspection of the committee; several of them are already in print and are selling extremely well, particularly those of the ladies and Mr. Sherwood. There was nothing representing the larger aspects of musical art, either in the way of extended works or of strong imagination.

The particular work which a manuscript society can do, which will not be done without it, is that of promoting composition in the more serious and less commercial vein, in which young composers are in danger of being discouraged for want of appreciation and hearing. A manuscript society, if including all the leading composers, and managed in a broad and liberal spirit, might easily control the resources necessary for giving a half dozen performances of original chamber works in a season, and at least one or two orchestral evenings. This is what it must do.

Mr. Clayton F. Summy is a public-spirited citizen of Chicago who deserves a credit which but few have given him. Coming to Chicago quite a number of years ago as teacher of piano in the Hershey school, he afterwards left teaching for music selling, and after some years with Lyon & Healy, set up in business for himself, where he soon gathered around him the most select patrons, those who desired fine editions and a fine class of publications. Later he took up publishing, and here he showed unusual taste and sagacity. Last year he founded a series of chamber concerts and tried to combine all the chamber music organizations into a single series. This did not succeed at all. This year he continues the chamber concerts in Handel hall, a much better place for the purpose, and has engaged only the Spiering quartet. The musicians of this organization are doing excellent work, and there is a prospect that Mr. Summy's sacrifices in furtherance of this commercially unprofitable form of musical activity will be met in proper spirit.

The things which please me in Mr. Summy are his love of music, his willingness to give up a certain amount of hard cash for supporting worthy things in it, and his modesty, which is such that very few know how influential are the services of the modest gentleman in the background who makes the wheels go around. The Chicago Manuscript Society gives its concerts in his recital hall, and many piano recitals are given there every month. All of which, let us hope, the recording angel has securely made matters of record to Mr. Summy's credit.

* * *

Speaking of the insufficient patronage for musical entertainments of a high character, mentioned in these columns some time ago, I had a letter a few days ago saying on excellent authority that at the last Mapleson night in Philadelphia, there were exactly eighty-four people down stairs, all told. In the same city Seidl once gave a concert with his orchestra, brought over from New York for the purpose, and the receipts were exactly twenty-six dollars—against traveling expenses amounting to at least four hundred dollars, hall rent, advertising, hotel for about one hundred men, and so on. These accidents were due not to a deficiency of money in Philadelphia, or to a want of love for music; but mainly to incapable management.

Cincinnati, also, is mentioned as a place where there is very little money for concerts unless the management is able to work them up as a fashionable fad. The free concerts given by the schools is commonly assigned as excuse—but I confess that this excuse still fails to satisfy me.

* * *

I made a mistake last month in locating Mr. Wolff's excellent English opera work in Philadelphia at the Academy instead of the Grand, as it should have been. Also it appears that the Castle Square company in Boston has not abandoned grand opera, but has lately given "Faust," "Trovatore," and "Carmen," as well as "Olivette" and "The Lily of Killarney." While not materially affecting the value of my complimentary reference to their work, the errors might as well be corrected.

* * *

Omission was also inadvertently made of credit for the article on "The Nature and Evolution of Art," by Mr. A. Fouillee, in the last number. It was translated for this periodical from that beautiful *La Revista Musicale Italiana* (Italian Musical Review)—the handsomest musical periodical in the whole world.

W. S. B. M.

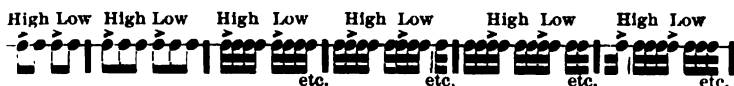
HOW TO DEVELOP AN OCTAVE TECHNIC.

BY LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

First of all I would develop the thumb as much as possible by playing repeated notes with it alone (see example below). The repetitions must follow in an unbroken rhythm (without perceptible breaks after accents or between rhythmic groups) and be made clear by means of metric accents, given alternately with a high and a low wrist.

In this part of the work I recognize two stages. In the first stage the motion should be that of the thumb alone, without perceptible movement of the hand as such; in the second, the repetitions will be made with a hand motion, very slight in extent, but hand and not the thumb as such.

To avoid inattentiveness and to stimulate the rhythmic independence of the student, it is advisable to practice the repetitions also with regular "negative" accentuation, i. e., accents falling regularly upon parts of the measure which are naturally light. In this practice the sound contradicts the inner feeling of the rhythm, because while the student is feeling the measure as written, the accents define it to the hearer as something quite different.



These repeated notes should be carried out on the white keys alone, on the black keys alone, and up and down the chromatic scale.

The next thing would be to give similar development to the fourth and fifth fingers. This will be accomplished by first making the repeated notes with the finger alone; later with the hand. Each finger can be treated by itself; later both together, by playing the chromatic scale in repeated notes, as above, the fourth finger taking the black keys, with the wrist raised; the fifth finger, the white keys, the wrist low. Care must be taken in all these exercises that the elbow does not participate in the slightest degree.

Next I would practice the chromatic scale with the thumb alone, being particularly careful that the thumb should touch the white keys near the black, and the latter just at the end, so that the line of travel up and down the keyboard is as nearly as possible a straight line. Attention should be given that the thumb turn inwards in playing the white keys, and outwards in playing the black keys, whereby it will lie nearly crosswise upon the black keys. This will tend to make the thumb more flexible, intelligent, and responsive. The crosswise position of the thumb is merely for practice, and not to be retained in actual playing.

When tolerable rapidity is acquired, similar training should be given the fourth and fifth fingers. This differs from the manner directed in the paragraph above; there every note of the chromatic scale was repeated several times, but here the scale is continuous, without repetitions. The wrist is elevated for the fourth finger on the black keys, and depressed for the fifth finger on the white keys.

Further training can be obtained by practicing any number of ordinary five-finger exercises in octaves, and if there is a tendency towards stiffness of wrist, the alternate elevation and depression of wrist at stated intervals, as two notes, four notes, eight notes, can be applied.

The chromatic scale can now be practiced in octaves, and in a great variety of ways. The examples following show a few of the ways in which I would do this. Those in which the upper note or the lower note is repeated against a holding note in the other voice are very important and useful, and must not be neglected. (b, c, and e below.) The form d is more difficult.

The image contains two staves of musical notation, labeled 'a' through 'e'.
 Staff 'a' shows a chromatic scale in the right hand (treble clef) with notes beamed together. The left hand (bass clef) has a single note, D, with the instruction 'Depressed. Elevated.' below it. The text 'With positive and negative accents. D.' is written below the staff.
 Staff 'b' shows a similar exercise, but the left hand has a single note, E, with a sharp sign (#) above it.
 Staff 'c' shows a chromatic scale in the right hand, with the left hand having a single note, D, with a sharp sign (#) above it.
 Staff 'd' shows a chromatic scale in the right hand, with the left hand having a single note, E, with a sharp sign (#) above it.
 Staff 'e' shows a chromatic scale in the right hand, with the left hand having a single note, D, with a sharp sign (#) above it.

To aim at a great rapidity in repeated notes is the secret of rapid octave playing. Kullak's work is invaluable, though incomplete. Loeschhorn is also good. When one has acquired the correct motion of the fingers and the wrist, and has done all the preliminary work conscientiously, the best thing is to make octave studies of good finger etudes. For example: Chopin Etudes, opus 25, No. 2, in F minor; opus 10, No. 12, in C minor, the one Dreyschock used to play in octaves; opus 10, No. 5, on the black keys, etc. The latter is also good practice in other keys, as for instance in A major.

To finish, I will say that octaves ought to be practiced legato, staccato, with and without positive and negative accents; with elevation and depression of the wrist, as well as without any appreciable motion of the wrist. The more ways one finds to practice one thing, the better the results will be.

I practice all double notes in the manner advised above for developing octaves, i. e., with each voice separately, with repeated notes in one voice and holding notes in the other, staccato in one voice and legato in the other, staccato, legato, super-legato, heavy and light, etc.

Economy in motion is a great deal in technic, and particularly so in octaves.

SOME POPULAR SINGERS OF LONG AGO.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

Great is the charm of a beautiful voice; but, alas, how evanescent! Like the pictures in "dissolving views," one name follows another across the lyric stage, each for the moment gathering a meed of honor and applause, only to give way within a very few years to successors still more gifted, newer and more attractive. Thus it has been in our own time with the tenors Campanani, De Reszke, and the rest. And thus it has been from the very beginning.

To begin with one of the greatest names, according to English tradition, there was the Jewish tenor, John Braham (Abraham), who after a boyhood full of poverty, ambition, and moderate successes, finally achieved the foremost position upon the operatic stage in England in 1801. During a succession of years he followed the curious practice of composing all the music of his own role in the operas in which he appeared. In the height of his popularity the manager of the Theatre Royal in Dublin paid him two thousand guineas for fifteen performances, and renewed the contract for thirty-six nights upon the same terms. It was said of him that, in energy and pathos of style, Braham was unrivalled, and his powers in this respect were especially conspicuous in accompanied recitative, which generally expresses strong passion; thus, "Deeper and deeper still," of Handel, was the chef d'oeuvre of Braham's declamatory and pathetic manner. His compass extended to about nineteen notes, and his falsetto, from D to A, was so entirely within his control that it was hardly possible to distinguish where his natural voice began and ended. After his voice had lost its natural power he was successively engaged at various theaters, on the strength of a reputation which seemed immortal, and his proficiency in singing Handel was universally acknowledged when his career as a popular vocalist had reached its termination.

Madame Vestris was also a celebrated name in England between her début in Peter Winter's "Il Ratto di Proserpina," in 1815, and her death, in 1856. She was of Italian stock. Among her most notable successes were many popu-



MR. JOHN BRAHAM.

lar songs, such as "Cherry Ripe," and "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone." Her best claim to a place in musical history lies in her having created the role of Fatimah in Weber's "Oberon," April 12, 1826.

Another most pleasing English singer was Madame Caradori Allan, the daughter of a French army officer, Baron de Munck. The girl studied music merely as an accomplishment, but after the death of her father, necessity pointed to the stage as a promising field. Accordingly, taking her mother's name, Caradori, she came to England in 1822 and at three days' notice made her first appearance upon any stage as Cherubino in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Her career lasted until towards 1850, and among her notable distinctions are those of having been one of the solo artists at the Westminster Abbey celebration in 1835, and the creation of the

soprano role in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in 1846. She died October 15, 1856. "Her voice," says Mr. Julian Marshall, in Grove's Dictionary, "though not very powerful was exceedingly sweet and flexible, and her style almost faultless. She had much knowledge of music, and sang with great delicacy and expression. In a room she was perfect. Her appearance was interesting, her countenance very agreeable, and her manner modest and unassuming; she always pleased, though she never astonished, her audience." A writer, contemporary with herself, observes: "The principal advantages possessed by Madame Caradori are a voice of great sweetness, flexibility,



MADAME VESTRIS.

ty, and justness of intonation; and extensive knowledge of the different branches of her art, and a facility of reading music by which she is enabled at once to sing and accompany, a prima vista, any vocal piece which is presented to her. To these may be added an intimate knowledge of four languages, an agreeable person, a graceful deportment, and high moral character."

A most attractive soprano, of world-wide celebrity, was the beautiful Madame Schröder-Devri-

ent, born at Hamburg, in 1804. Both her parents were stage people, her father a fine baritone singer and her mother a tragedian of such powers as to be familiarly known as "The German Siddons." Miss Schröder made her first appearance at the Vienna Opera House in 1821, and at once became famous, such was the beauty of her vocalization and the power of her acting. In 1822 she played Beethoven's "Leonora" in the master's presence. He was not easily pleased, and probably heard very little of the singing. But he could see, and when the performance ended, smiled on the young artist, patted

her cheek, and said he would write an opera for her—a promise never kept, unhappily. Continuing to increase her renown between 1822 and 1832, Madame Schröder-Devrient (she married Devrient, the actor, in 1823) inevitably turned her steps towards London. She made her début at the King's Theatre in 1832. Chorley, who closely followed her career during the season, has given us the following description of her appearance and characteristics:

"She was a pale woman; her face, a thoroughly German one, though plain, was pleasing from the intensity of expression which her large features and deep tender eyes conveyed. She had profuse fair hair, the value of which she thoroughly understood, delighting, in moments of great emotion, to fling it loose with the wild vehemence of a Maenad. Her figure was superb, though full, and she rejoiced in its display. Her voice was a strong



MME. SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT.

soprano, not comparable in quality to some other German voices of the class . . . but with an inherent expressiveness of tone which made it more attractive on the stage than many a more faultless organ. Her tones were delivered without any care, save to give them due force. Her execution was bad and heavy. There was an air of strain and spasm throughout the performance."

A more exclusively English celebrity attaches to the next name upon the list, Mr. John Parry, whose lease of life was comprised between 1810 and 1879. Son of a celebrated Welsh bardsman, John Parry junior was a rarely gifted artist. A

writer in the Musical Times gives the following interesting account of this most pleasing of comic singers: "He was a comic artist, but he could do much other than make folks laugh. Harpist, pianist, singer, organist, teacher, arranger, draughtsman, painter in water colors—all these parts our hero played at some period of his life, and in all showed a degree as well as a versatility of talent that fairly entitled him to a place among remarkable characters. To some it may be news that he handled the pencil, but evidence that he could use it to some purpose remains in a large Sketch Book, now before me, filled with quaint conceits drawn with spirit and the subtle perception of humor which distinguished him as a musical entertainer. It may be imagined that, in going from one thing to another, Parry was not quite sure where his greatest strength lay. That was undoubtedly the case for



MR. JOHN PARRY, JR.

some time. He began quite seriously as a harpist and pianist. Six years later he appeared as a baritone, singing ballads and accompanying himself upon the harp, in the fashion of a true Welsh Bard. This went on till 1836, when even his diffidence and mistrust of himself—he had both in excess—gave way to consciousness of more special powers. The result was a revelation to the public. At

a concert given for his benefit in June of the year just named, Parry joined Malibran in singing "When a little farm we keep," and presented such an excellent imitation of Harley that the public were delighted. His line being now marked out, Parry settled down as an entertainer. First, however, he appeared upon the stage of St. James's Theatre, where he played in the "Village Coquettes," an opera of the old English type, written by Charles Dickens, with music by John Hullah.

Parry did not remain on the regular stage. He could do better as a singer of humorous songs, like "Wanted a Gov-

erness," and in that line he labored until 1849, then setting up an entertainment in which large water-color drawings, from his own brush, were exhibited. The artist's last appearance took place, for his own benefit, at the Gaiety, in 1877. Two years later (February 20, 1879) he made his exit from the stage of life.

Better known in America is the name of Henry Russell, composer of "The Ivy Green," so often sung by the late Dr. Geo. F. Foot; "The Ship on Fire," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and the like. After some early studies of music at Bologna, in Italy, he returned to England and presently set out for America, where he seems to have resided mainly for about seven years. It is said that he wrote or composed more than eight hundred songs, thus exceeding in number if not in quality those of Franz Schubert. To a certain extent, Russell was a replica of the minstrel of ancient days, who stirred the hearts and inflamed the actions of his countrymen. He spoke to the masses in a language they could all understand. It is a truism to say that his "I'm Afloat," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and others of like character, were potent incentives to English exertion. Those who heard Russell sing can recall the strong feeling he exhibited, and can understand the moved auditor who, after hearing "Woodman, Spare That Tree," exclaimed: "And was the tree spared, sir?" One of the songs in which his melodramatic art was shown in strong light was "The Maniac." Curiously enough, he is also the author of a treatise on the art of singing. Henry Russell is still living, or was so quite recently.



MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

By way of imposing tail piece to these sketchy reminiscences what could be more to the point than that of the great Lablache, whose ponderous frame and immense voice will be remembered by many now living. Born at Naples in 1794, he was educated at the conservatory there and immediately after completing the course made his debut at the San Carlo, and at once entered upon a career which was a long success. Arrived in England he became a special favorite of Queen Victoria, to whom it is said he gave lessons in singing, besides taking part in the private doings of court. Early in the fifties he began to think of retirement and bought an estate at Maisons-Lafitte. He died in 1858, in Naples.

Lablache was of enormous size, standing about six feet two, and turning the scales somewhere in the vicinity of four



LUIGI LABLACHE.

hundred. These unusual proportions were at times highly inconvenient, and when he tried to take any carriage but his own he was liable to a series of adventures like those in the comic papers. His voice was as large as his body, and of singularly pure quality in spite of its enormous sonority and volume. Mr. A. Devin-Duvivier tells a story of Lablache, dating from the time

when he was living in Paris. It happened that the American dwarf, Tom Thumb, came to live in the same house, having the apartment above Lablache. Now, Tom Thumb was quite the rage among the English especially, and during the day he used to hold a sort of seance in his rooms, each visitor paying a guinea for a familiar interview with the dwarf. One morning, as Lablache was just going out, a typical Englishman stopped him at the door say-

ing, in English-French, that he desired to see Tom Thumb. "Walk in," said Lablache, "C'est moi." ("It is I.") The Englishman naturally looked his astonishment, but followed the ponderous singer into his apartment, where, as the custom of the house was, a servant immediately appeared with a salver of wine. They drank and the Englishman, when he had recovered his breath, began again to desire an explanation. "It is quite easy," said Lablache, in perfectly good English. "You see me now as I am" (vox solemnis) "in my hours of ease. But when I go before the public that is my art," and here the great voice became ponderous and melodramatically impressive, "I r-r-r-educer myself," at the same time illustrating by holding his vast right hand about two feet up from the floor. The jaw of the Englishman dropped, and he tendered his guinea for the interview—which Lablache waved away, saying, "Give that to the servant."



AN EARLY PICTURE OF JENNY LIND.

Among the cuts from which I have made the selections of pictures in this fragmentary paper there is a very sweet one of Jenny Lind, representing her probably at about the period when she had made her American fame and had begun to be the center of artistic society in London. But of her career and vocal qualities I shall not now speak, inasmuch as they have so recently been celebrated in your pages.

OLE BULL'S FIRST APPEARANCES IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

In the Autumn of 1843 Ole Bull came to America, and made his first appearance before the public in New York. There have come into my possession several letters describing the impression he made at that time. The first of these was written by George William Curtis, who had just left Brook Farm, and was not yet twenty years of age. It was addressed to John S. Dwight, who had become his intimate friend while he was living at the West Roxbury community. That part of it relating to Ole Bull is as follows:

Saturday Night, November 25, '43.

Why do I love music enough to be only a lover, and cannot offer it a life-devoted service? Yet the lover serves in his sort, and if I may not minister to it, it cannot fail to dignify and ennoble my life. I am just from hearing Ole Bull; who this evening made his first appearance in America. How shall I fitly speak to you of him; how can I now, while the new vision of beauty that he caused to sweep by still lingers? Yet itself shall inspire me. The presence of so noble a man allures to light whatever nobility lies in us. He came forward to a house crowded in every part, with the calm simplicity of Genius. There was no grimace, no graces, but a fine grace that adorned his presence and assured one that nothing could disappoint, that the simplicity of the man was the seal and crown of his genius. A fair-haired, robust, finely-formed man, the full bloom of health shining on his face, he appeared as the master of the great instrument, as the successor, in point of time, of the world-famous Paganini. Yet was one confident that here was no imitator, but a pupil who had sat thoughtfully at the artist's feet; and felt that beneath the depth of his expression there was yet a lower depth; who knew himself consecrated by a will grander than his will, to the service of an art so divine and so loved. In him there was that sure prophecy of latent power which surrounds Genius, and assures us

that the thing done is an echo only and the shadow of the possible performance. The playing followed this simple, majestic appearance. It was full of music, irregular, wild, yearning, trembling. His violin lay upon his arm, tenderly as a living thing; and such rich, mellow, silver, shining tones followed his motions that one seemed to catch echoes of that charmed melody whereof music itself is but the shadow and presentment. The adagios reminded me of Beethoven, not as they were imitated, but as all the great ones, in their appearing, summon all the rest. The mechanical execution was faultless. I detected no thick note. It was smooth as the sea of Summer, embosoming only deep cloud-shadows and the full sunlight, but no lesser thing. Then the end came, and he withdrew, and my heart followed him. Do not be alarmed if the critics call him cold, and speak of him disparagingly when others are mentioned. The noble and heroes serve divine powers, and at last win men. Men of talent and application love their instrument as it introduces the world to them; men of genius as it interprets to them and to the world the mystery of music.

In the same letter, but writing a few days later, Curtis said: To-night Ole Bull plays the second time. I shall go to hear him. The Frenchmen are cliqued against him, for Vieuxtemps has arrived, and they mean to maintain his superiority. He has no announcement as yet. Wednesday night: I have heard him again, and the impression he made on Saturday is only deepened. He played an adagio of Mozart's. It was simple and serenely chaste. His beautiful simplicity is just the character to apprehend the delicate touches of the master, which he drew to us, without any ornament or addition. It was as if Mozart had been in spirit in the instrument and given, with all the freshness of creation, the music that can never lose its bloom. The evening was glorious. Had you only been there! Yet you will see him in Boston. Do not fail to write me how he impresses you, that is, particularly. I cannot misapprehend his power so much as not to feel that it will seem to you very grand. Observe his manner toward the orchestra; how Olympian! how supreme! yet with all the gentle grace and tenderness of Power. Good night. May you ever hear sweet music! Your friend,

G. W. C.

This letter is somewhat sophomoric, as might be expected; but it gives the impression of an intelligent listener. Curtis

had given much attention to music; he had studied it at Brook Farm under Dwight; and he was able to judge wisely of what he heard, compared with the great majority of concert goers.



Later on he contributed to "Dwight's Journal of Music;" and to music he gave not a little of his interest. Of course Dwight had his word to say of Ole Bull, in his turn; but the letter now given was written before he had heard the Norwegian. It

was addressed to Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and treats of Bull's rival rather than of himself. Henri Vieuxtemps was a Belgian violinist and composer, correct and elegant, much admired in France, but cold and wanting in true genius. At least, such is the verdict which time has passed upon him and his work. It was because Dwight's opportunities for studying the best musical expression at this time had been limited that he gave to Vieuxtemps such high praise. Yet he always kept more or less fully to this verdict, preferring the Belgian to the Norwegian. In her letter about Ole Bull, which will be found in her "Letters from New York," Mrs. Child compared him to the Persian Nightingale, which in that country is called the bulbul.

Boston, December 25th, 1843.

My Dear Friend, Mrs. Child:

All things conspire to make me write to you. It is Christmas night; * * * * and, above all, you have spoken to me irresistibly in that splendid letter to the "Courier" about Ole Bulbul. This last I believe I must thank for effectually breaking the spell of my strange, unpardonable silence. * * * I shall not rest until I hear your Bulbul. They tell me that in him is the living presence of commanding genius in music; and that is what I have hardly, perhaps never, met. I have divined, recognized (through a glass darkly) genius in the works of great composers through the imperfect medium of uninspired performers, or through my own poor efforts to study myself into their meaning by slow and painful transfer of the printed notes to the keys of my piano.

I have been charmed, transported, robbed of my sleep and haunted for days by the wonderful performances of violinists and pianists. But I do not feel quite sure that music has yet spoken to me through one of her appointed organs, through one of her chosen sons, in the person of a performer. And yet I have heard something so near to inspiration that I require the presence of Ole Bull to show me whether it was not that. During the last week my sleep was broken, and all my habitual scenes and functions made stale and wearisome and obsolete, as it seemed to me, by hearing, not indeed a Persian Nightingale, but a something between a canary-bird and a thrush—I mean Vieuxtemps. He is the perfection of art, if nothing more; and he must be more to be that. Of his tones what you

say of Bulbul's would not be an exaggerated description. Sometimes there was nothing earthly in them; they were like spirits disembodied; they did not contradict or limit my soul as all things material or finite do, as all things must do which have not perfect beauty. My soul was free with them. Like the stars and the tints of the sky at all hours I enjoyed them with an entire surrender of myself, and with a sweet repose. Then they were wild, nervous and electrifying. Indeed, the bold certainty, bold yet calm, the sudden flashing energy with which he always attacked a theme was a perpetual surprise and a perpetual conquest. The melody was continually new-born under his hands; there was no possibility of its becoming old or wearisome. The nature of the instrument, too, its appetizing harshness, its racy, sharp violinity, came honestly out, more eloquent and musical than if it were all sweet. His compositions, not very profound or impassioned, were beautiful, were original. They were very chaste, as was his whole delivery and bearing. This made it seem cold and only artistical to many; but there was a uniform, subdued sensibility, and a quiet earnestness in his whole air that would not let me believe him without a soul. He moved my soul; could he have done it unless he played from at least an equal depth? Could he have caused me to feel, if he did not feel himself?

He was born for the violin, I know. A youth of twenty-three, he has exhausted its known powers. The most experienced critics cannot discover a want in his performances. Perhaps you think if the critics can't the simple hearts can. Well, he delighted me with the peculiar delight of finding something perfect in the outward. Modest and unconscious, not thrusting himself between his music and you, he seemed to be the artist in a high and holy sense, to be filled with the true idea and sentiment of art, to love himself in exercising an infallible mastery over his instrument. But not an infallible mastery over this most wonderful, most common instrument, this human heart. He certainly has not conquered the multitudes like Ole. Perhaps, though a true artist, he yet lacks genius; if he had it, it is not of the popular, recognizable sort. One thing was most wonderful to think of afterwards, that his art, so admirable, so inspiring, seemed at the moment nothing strange or difficult, nothing but the simplest, no more marvelous than daylight, but yet as marvelous, as hard to explain or analyze. I say he is between a canary and a thrush because he

is such a polished singer on the one hand, and yet so far from being a tame one. He laughs and rocks like the thrush; he is wild and woodlike and mysterious and inimitable like him.

Wednesday, 27th: I am just from the Fourier Convention, where I spent day and night. It is intensely interesting—probably the only great audience in this world where most exciting controversy could be carried on in a perfectly sweet spirit on both sides. How much of this is owing to the “Spirit which hovers over the face of the troubled waters” when William Channing’s voice is raised? But I cannot tell you of it in this. Here I feel with new force the divine significance of music. You have said the truest thing ever said about it, when you called music the “soprano or feminine principle of the universe,” the principle of all things, etc. That music is so becoming recognized as the Art of arts, the soul of them all, at the very same time when the law of social harmonies is being announced, is a fact not without significance. Were it not worth while to give a life to develop the analogy?

Give my regards to Mr. Child and to Mr. Hopper and own me still as your sincere (but unworthy) friend, J. S. Dwight.

Mrs. Child knew little of music in a technical way; but she had an immense capacity for its enjoyment. She went into raptures over the playing of Ole Bull, and her letters to Dwight show with what delight she heard him. Her reply to the preceding is as follows:

New York, April 23, 1844.

Dear Friend:

It would be uninteresting to recount the manifold little hindrances which have delayed my answer to your refreshing and most welcome letter. Suffice it to say that it has not been because I do not always carry the memory of you in my heart. You are one of the few whom I want to go into heaven with, and stay near forever. Your letter exhilarated me like a shower-bath. It made me feel more cheerful and strong for weeks after. I am glad my letter about Ole Bulbul found such an echo in your soul. It is proof to me that I struck a chord in the “everlasting chime.” If I did say “the very best thing that was ever said about music,” it must have been Ole Bulbul’s violin that told it to me.

You, unfortunately, know so much that this Shakespeare of the violin may not delight you as he did me. I have known

nothing like it in my experience of pleasure. Perhaps none but the ignorant could feel such a rush of uncriticising, overwhelming joy. Connoisseurs give the palm to Vieuxtemps; but I persist in my belief that France made him, and God made Ole Bull. I have certain theories about the nations which make it difficult for me to believe that France ever goes very deeply into the heart of things, though her mechanism of all the external of man and of society is most perfect. The application of this theory may, of course, be very unjust to individuals. I am not quite willing to be convinced that the genius of the French minstrel equals that of the Norwegian. I cannot explain exactly why; except that my imagination has annointed and crowned Ole Bull king of the realms of sound, and is willing to admit no rival.

So long as I am presumptuous enough to give my opinion at all about music, I will, with becoming diffidence, just whisper in your ear certain feelings (I cannot call them thoughts) which I had while listening to the opera of *Il Puritani*. I was continually troubled with the incongruity between the subject and the music. The drama came in obtrusively between me and the spirit of the composer. It plagued me, and I wanted it out of the way. To me the music spoke of the struggles and aspirations of a human soul. Its first youthful adoration of Nature, going up in worshipful chorus, like birds saluting the morning; the restless seeking after its other half, in wild sweet strains through shady groves; its fluttering love, its pleading earnestness, its undefined fears, its sudden joys, its passionate clinging to the sweet ideal—the tearing asunder, the deep sorrow, the agonized supplication; and, at last, the triumphant joy; the dawning of a better life.

What has Cromwell's army to do with this? I shut my eyes to get rid of the incongruity, but I could not; it would come between my soul and Bellini. It may seem presumptuous for me to say so, but I don't believe it had any business there; any more than the sulphur breathing dragon of Calvinism would have in a world of beauty and order. Will you tell me what you think of this? * * * Farewell. Your affectionate friend,
L. M. Child.

To this letter Dwight did not make reply; but Mrs. Child was full of enthusiasm about Ole Bull, and wished to pour out her admiration into willing ears. After a few months she wrote

to Dwight again; but in the corner of her letter she wrote: "Please not read this letter to strangers. I have written with too much abandon for the public eye."

New York, October 23, 1844.

Dear Friend:

How soon you went silent again, after writing me that beautiful letter about Vieuxtemps. And I wanted so to have you write me what you thought of Ole Bull. I will not be like the man who urged Stuart, the artist, to come and give his opinions of some old pictures he was exhibiting. "Some people say they are copies," said he; "but I swear I'll knock down the first person that intimates they are not by the old masters." I will not thus ask your opinion of Ole Bull; but I shall be deeply grieved if you do not deeply feel the beauty and the power of his music. It has awakened in me a new sense—it has so stirred the depths of my soul, and kindled my whole being, that my heart bounds forth to meet one that sympathizes with me. Old as I am, it is the strongest enthusiasm of my life. I could have thrown my arms around Susan Lyman's neck when she told me that her experience had been like mine, that from him she dated the birth of a new sense. It may seem presumptuous in poor ignorant me to say it; but against a million learned critics, I do say I could venture to assert that nothing but genius, and transcendent genius, too, could take such possession of my soul.

There has been a French clique here that have tried from the beginning to underrate him. Partly on account of Vieuxtemps and partly because he and his music are both too spontaneous and inartificial to please the French. They have done a great many mean things and tried hard to set a fashion of criticising and depreciating him, as they did Shakespeare before him. What's the use of comparing him and Vieuxtemps, or Shakespeare and Racine? The things are too different in character to be compared.

Concerning the alleged "false notes" of Ole Bull, I, of course, do not presume to judge. But I don't believe the assertion; simply because I do not believe that an organization so exquisitely attuned to music as his could itself endure false notes. Certainly, he has reasons for departure from established rules; wild and wayward they may be; but it surely is not want of ear, or want of knowledge. You know the critics com-

plained much of Beethoven's aberrations. They alleged that he did certain things which distinguished masters of the science had forbidden. "Do they forbid it?" said Beethoven. "Well, then, I permit it." One of the oldest musicians here says: "I



am a cool and candid observer. I have heard Vieuxtemps, and admired his skill and finish. I have heard all that the French and Italian critics here have to urge; I have heard Paganini again and again; but there is no mistake about it;

no man has done such wonders on the violin as Ole Bul. No man living, or that has lived, equalled him in tone and power. Paganini himself fell short of him in these attributes."

You would be charmed with the personal character of Ole Bul. He is just like a child. Diffident of himself, and sensitive, oh, so sensitive, that a rude breath hurts him. The extreme and beautiful simplicity of his character is not appreciated by the worldlings. To them it seems like weakness. Then all nature breathes through his soul with such free joy. The other day he was playing on the violin, and a bird in the room mocked him exactly. He cried, he laughed, he jumped. He was like a child to whom an absent mother had returned and spoken suddenly. He makes false notes. If he does, so does nature herself.

Now, my object in writing this is to ask you if you admire his genius, as I hope you do, to write one of those eloquent articles of yours for the Democratic Review. Don't let any one know that I asked you, though; for should he hear of it, I think it would both give him pain and offend him. He pursues a very dignified and manly course about such things. He leaves his reputation to take care of itself, without any such efforts on the part of himself or his friends. Does he impress you enough to make you wish to write about him? If not, I need not charge you not to undertake it. If you wish to hear him frequently, with a view to understand and describe his characteristics, I can easily have matters arranged so that it will be pecuniarily easy for you to do so. Tell me frankly whether you would like to do it. And, I pray you, answer this letter before the end of the world.

Susan Lyman spent a week in New York a short time ago, and I got more acquainted with her than I ever was before. She is a lovely and a gentle creature. We talk much of you. I have been studying a great deal about music for the last few months; and I have so wanted you near to answer questions. There are so many things books cannot tell me. By the way, Ole Bul says that what I write is to him like the study of counter-point. What does that mean? It must be florid counter-point, I think. Now, please do write me before a great while. If I do not sign any name you will know that this bubbling effusion comes from your affectionate friend,

L. Maria Child.

As will be seen by this letter, Mrs. Child had become so accustomed to calling the great violinist Bulbul, that she quietly dropped the last letter from his name altogether. A week later Dwight replied to this "bubbling effusion." The first part of his letter, relating to personal interests, was cut away by Mrs. Child; but that which related to Ole Bull remains, and begins in this wise:

Now, as to Ole Bull. I heard him twice last winter. Excepting only a symphony of Beethoven, or a mass of Mozart, nothing ever filled me with such deep, solemn joy. I had spoken warmly of Vieuxtemps; and still he is very beautiful in my memory. The popular award of "artistical perfection" to Vieuxtemps, and "genius" to Ole Bull, is not quite just to the former. I felt in him more than he gave me to hear. I do not believe that he has exhausted himself yet. But Ole Bull is undoubtedly the stronger and greater man. I should doubt if he were the more simple of the two. He is certainly the most original, the most never-failing and commanding. He does inspire, as the other cannot. The most glorious sensation I ever had was to sit in one of his audiences and feel that all were elevated to the same pitch with myself, that the spirit in every breast had risen to the same level; my impulse was to speak to any one and to every one as to an intimate friend; the most indifferent person was a man, a living soul to me; the most remote and proud I did not fear nor despise; in that element they were accessible, nay more, worth reaching. This certainly was the highest testimony to his great Artist, nature his great Soul. Frederic Rackemann, the pianist, who has himself the fire of genius, was intimate with him. He would speak by turns of Ole Bull and of Vieuxtemps as the greatest, and that apparently with the most entire unconsciousness of any inconsistency. Yet I judge that his sympathy was more with Bull. Once he said that Vieuxtemps was altogether the greater artist; but, on being pressed, he said that Ole Bull could do all that he could, with a little study, and a great deal more. It was plain where his enthusiasm shone forth.

I should really delight to do the thing you propose, were I only sure of one thing, my ability. I have, to be sure, very, very little time, my musical and literary life being almost indefinitely postponed. But I would contrive to steal time. Let me say that I will expose myself to the temptation of doing it;

but I will not promise. Hear him more, I certainly should; and your kind suggestion about the pecuniary facilities would be highly acceptable, nay, indispensable; for now that I am so lost to intellectual society in Boston, so identified with a despised sect, and so absorbed here as to lose the run of musical acquaintances, free tickets are not at my command, as they once were. One thing more: I want to know Ole Bull; yet in my obscurity I cannot seek him out, surrounded as he is, always by a brilliant crowd. Is it not possible that the freshness and originality of our community life might interest him enough to warrant his riding out to Brook Farm? Mr. Chickering or Schmidt would gladly show him the way. Were I in the city I certainly should know him. I cannot answer your question about counterpoint. With warmest acknowledgments to Mr. Hopper, I am sincerely and gratefully your friend,
J. S. Dwight.

To this letter Mrs. Child replied, and it closes the correspondence. Afterwards Dwight wrote of Ole Bull with enthusiasm in "The Harbinger," published at Brook Farm. He was never so much carried away by his genius, however, as was Mrs. Child; and it is evident he did not quite fully respond to her excess of ardor.

New York, Nov. 4th, 1844.

Dear Friend: I thank you for your prompt answer and for the cordial manner in which you speak of Ole Bul. That expansion of soul, that lifting up above the region of narrowness and contention, that going forth of the heart to greet all the world, which you describe so eloquently, is precisely the effect his music has had upon me. It has gone so deep into my soul and wakened there so many free, noble, and gentle feelings, so many fairy fancies, so many remembrances of a heavenly home, that he himself seems to me like a friend of my early childhood. I have to make a continual effort to remember that he is a distinguished foreigner at the Astor, whom I have met but twice in my life, and toward whom it is proper to observe a certain conventional restraint. It is the more difficult to observe it, because he is himself so spontaneous and childlike in his manners.

When I used the word "simplicity" I referred rather to his character than to his music, yet his music, though certainly

not simple, seems to me to have a sort of groundwork of simplicity, like Nature, in her gushing, leaping, whirling beauty, her tangled prodigality of grace. Do I so express myself that you take my meaning?

I am certain that you will be inspired to write. His music will take you up on its strong, free wings and carry you high above all the heavy and fettering influences of earth into the region of pure inspiration. Only don't repress your enthusiasm, as almost everybody does. Give Pegasus a free rein. My spirit is hungry for the article now. I find it hard to wait.

I will request him to give you a ticket for all his concerts in Boston on the ground that no man in the country is so well qualified to understand and appreciate him. They will be left, under cover to you, at the bookstore of James Munroe & Co., Washington street, on the day of the concert. You had better ask them to take charge of any note left for you. I do not know when he will be in Boston. The papers say before long. He lives in such a continual whirl that he is apt to forget things, and he may possibly forget this. But he is extremely courteous to all ladies, and as I never before asked any favor of him I think he will try to remember it.

I think I had better not say anything to him about going to Roxbury. I know him very slightly and have no claims whatever upon him; but the very enthusiastic manner in which I have written of him may make him feel a sort of obligation to comply with any request of mine. And I imagine that he is one of those who would cheerfully promise anything to oblige a friend, but would feel the promise a continual load, and if he found it inconvenient to fulfill it, would be tormented with continual self-accusation, as coarser natures are for crime. I cannot bear to give such sensitive beings any cause of uneasiness. I feel a sheltering tenderness toward them as I do toward infants. You can easily get introduced to him and thank him for your ticket, and then improve the acquaintance if the way opens. I will tell him who and what you are. Will you take particular notice of his *Pecuerdos de la Habana*? He told me that he wanted me to observe well the first note. He said that note contained all that followed; all the rest was a mere flowing out and amplification of the

first note. I told him I thought that was the way God made the universe. He said note, but I thought he must have meant notes. He seemed to take particular delight in that composition and was anxious to know how it would strike an unscientific person. But the only time I heard it the orchestra accompanied him so badly that all things went into a snarl, and I lost the thread altogether. They played me the same trick with his "Mountains of Norway," from which I expected much, but received only confusion.

Oh, dear, how I want to see your article! You will make many things clear to me which now oppress me with an undefined glory. You will be inspired. Only do as I do. Lie down peacefully on the music, as on the broad Rhine, and let it float you along, gazing upward to a whole heaven full of stars.

Your frank confession is appreciated and revered by me. From this intense longing for the other half of being I also have suffered much. Do not look for the twin soul too earnestly and she will come in good time. Sincerely and affectionately your friend,

L. M. C.

The article on Ole Bull was not written, doubtless owing to the changes which took place at Brook Farm as the result of the Fourier convention and the new duties which came to Dwight, in consequence. Ole Bull had a feeling that Dwight was not favorable to him, and there was reason for this opinion. He did not find in Bull the artistic perfection which he desired. Yet it is interesting to have the testimony of three such persons as Curtis, Dwight and Mrs. Child to the wonderful skill of the great Norwegian artist and to the sensation which his playing created.

THE STEINWAY FAMILY.

The death of Mr. William Steinway, at his home in New York, November 30, 1896, closes the personal history of two generations of one of the most remarkable families known in the history of music. The three great representative personalities of this family were the father, Mr. Henry Engelhard Steinway, born in an obscure forest hamlet in the Harz mountains, in 1797; C. F. Theodore Steinway, born at Seesen in 1825, and William Steinway, born also at Seesen, in 1836. Three other brothers, Charles, Henry Steinway Jr., and Albert, were men of ability and played important parts in developing the American piano and the great house known by the family name, Mr. Henry Steinway Jr. having greatly improved the over-stringing system; but all these died comparatively young, and the work of founding and developing the fortunes of the house was borne mainly by the three great names already mentioned.

Mr. Henry Steinway, senior, was born in humble circumstances, but of a good German stock. His face at first sight seems that of a modest, quiet man, perhaps a trifle wanting in self-assertiveness. This construction, however, is not borne out by his history, for as a very young man in military service he showed himself of distinguished personal courage and determination; and the manner in which he found for himself a field in the world in spite of the trammels of the guilds, which dominated everything relating to the exercise of a trade in Germany, indicates the same resolution; as also does his bold yet prudent removal to America, in 1850. When Henry Steinway received his honorable discharge he desired to learn the trade of a cabinet-maker, but found that five years' apprenticeship and five years' work as journeyman were the minimum for being allowed to set himself up as master. Now, as the young man had already found a girl to marry, he did not desire ten years' probation. So in a manner already somewhat American he got himself taught the principles of cabinet-making by a non-union worker, and at the end of a year

broke German tradition by offering as his masterpiece an inlaid desk, with secret drawers, and the like—a piece of work such as any master might be proud to have made with his own hands. But the guild did not permit a cabinet-maker in the first stages to submit a masterpiece of so elaborate a



MR. HENRY STEINWAY, SR.

character. A certain plain kind of chair was the highest achievement permitted for several years yet. Moreover, when he wished to exercise his trade in his native town he was met by the disagreeable alternative, that he could not do so in this irregular manner; while at the same time he could not

go anywhere else to work, because tradesmen were not allowed to work anywhere but in their own birth places, except after considerable red tape. Therefore he turned to the trade of building organs, which as yet was comparatively free from trammels of the guilds. And after another year he had mastered this and set himself at work as master.

Quite accidentally he found himself a piano-maker. Being of irrepressible musical gifts and tastes, he desired to have a piano for his boys to practice upon, and as work was cheaper than money he made a piano, taking care first to find out what the best points were in a piano. Accordingly in this, his first instrument, he managed to combine some of the best traits of the English and German pianos, which were the only ones known to him then. The instrument found a purchaser ready, and Mr. Steinway set himself to make a second for his own use. Thus he found himself a piano-maker without premeditation or intention. A business grew up around him, and he began to distinguish himself, and as early as 1839 exhibited a grand and a square piano at the Brunswick State fair and received the first premiums. These instruments were hunted up afterwards, and have been shown in Chicago and in New York. They are well made pianos, beautifully finished, and with tone still remaining in them.

Now a curious thing happened. By a readjustment of the custom house regulations (which at that time in Germany were much as if we had a custom house for every county), the city of Seesen was cut off from the outside world, being entirely surrounded by foreign territory. The price of a German piano then was from one hundred to one hundred and twenty thalers. The tax upon these of Steinway, if they were to be sold out of the city where they were built, would be about sixty thalers—which amounted to prohibition. Accordingly the business was removed to another city, and Henry Steinway began to think of America.

So in 1849 he sent his son, Charles Steinway, to New York, who reported so favorable an outlook that the family followed in 1850, all but the oldest son, Theodore, who remained behind to finish up the work begun and look after property interests. Theodore Steinway removed to Brunswick and there established a thriving factory of his own; and did not come to America until 1865.

Upon arriving in New York, Mr. Henry Steinway and his sons Henry and Charles sought employment as journeymen at the leading piano factories of New York, desiring to learn something of American methods and tastes; for the American piano was already in a position rather commanding, thanks to the labors of Alpheus Babcock, Jonas Chickering, and others. William Steinway was apprenticed to the firm of Nunns and Clarke, then famous piano-makers, where also Mr. Henry Steinway worked. About three years followed along this line, the capital brought from Germany being added to by the wages of the frugal workmen.

In 1853 the house of Steinway and Sons was founded, and they began in quite their old way by combining the best qualities of the pianos then in sight. Nunns and Clarke were making rather a wide square piano with wooden frame (an iron hitch-pin plate), felt hammers (the only felt hammers then in use), and French action. The Chickering piano had the iron plate of Alpheus Babcock and Jonas Chickering, was rather narrow, had English action, and buckskin hammers. It was solid, but the tone was rather thin and soon became hard, owing to the hammers. Steinway and Sons began with a wide piano, a full iron plate, felt hammers, heavier stringing than had been used previously, and French action. It was, therefore, a distinct advance over anything then made.

In 1854 and 1855 they made a new scale square piano with over-strung scale, permitting the strings more room to vibrate and giving a larger tone. This was the first successful over-strung scale made in the world, although several other attempts had been made. I will add, although the Steinway official accounts do not say so, this scale was soon superseded by something better, but for a while it served well its day. At the fair of the American Institute in New York, in 1855, there was a great exhibit of pianos, reaching nearly to one hundred in number, and the judges happened all to be good musicians, William Mason at the head. These judges determined to make the examination perfectly fair, and accordingly the name boards were removed from the instruments and peculiarities of make concealed as far as possible; and after a long time in coming to a point the three premiums were awarded to three instruments, which, upon being put together again were discovered to be all by the same makers,



C. F. Steinway

Steinway and Sons, a firm of whom the judges had never heard so much as their names. These particulars I had myself from Dr. Mason several years ago. So the second and third premiums were given to pianos of the next best make, and the house of Steinway and Sons began that career of standing at the head which has been their favorite occupation ever since. The peculiarity of these instruments which established them above all others then shown, was the combination of the over-strung scale with its greater vibratory power, with agreeable action, solidity and fine finish. It is not necessary to go on with the fortunes of the house from this point. Everybody knows how it grew and grew—much like the emerald peach which Eugene Field once told us of.

Mr. C. F. Theodore Steinway was induced to come to New York, in 1865, to take the place left by the death of two of the Steinway sons, Messrs. Charles and Henry. He seems to have been of the same indomitable perseverance as his father, willing to take unlimited pains for an end, if thereby he might arrive. Accordingly one of his first works in the new world was to find a way in which the iron plate of the grand piano might be able to resist a tension more than twice that demanded of the German grand then in use. By actual experiments in ores and alloys he finally discovered a way of casting a plate which would stand a strain of more than 2,500 pounds to the cubic millimeter—a strain nearly twice that demanded of the metal in the Prussian cannon. It was Theodore Steinway who first made the upright piano possible; for the old uprights lacked the solidity and tonal qualities desired. Many of his experiments were afterwards superseded by better schemes, but practically the solidity of the upright piano, as now made, and many of the qualities in the best grands, were due to inventions and plans of Mr. Theodore Steinway. He returned to Germany, taking charge of the Steinway and Sons' factory at Hamburgh, about 1885, where he died. He was a man of scientific turn, who took his art seriously as being partly a science. He was a man highly honored both in his home city and throughout the artistic world and scientific world. Helmholtz wrote him that his observations upon the Steinway grand had led him to modify his theories concerning the vibratory possibilities of steel wire. He was a member of many learned societies.

Mr. William Steinway had a training somewhat different from that of the other sons. Being the youngest but one, he naturally fell into rather more ameliorated family conditions, and being but fourteen when he reached America, he was more of an American. Although he learned his trade as workman and invented several not unimportant improve-



MR. WILLIAM STEINWAY.

ments, he very soon came to have charge of the office work, and it is due mainly to his genius and many-sided activity of mind that the Steinway piano has acquired the prestige which it now holds. Starting with very small capital, making one piano a week, as the affairs of the firm grew it became necessary to have continually more and more capital,

and this is where William Steinway's powers stood the company in hand. By frugality, judicious investments in real estate, and foresight, the firm made a steady progress; and this in spite of the very large advertising expenses demanded for bringing their instruments before the public in a proper light. Thus they built the great factory between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets, along Fourth avenue; and thus they built the Steinway hall and warerooms in Fourteenth street, where the offices and retail warerooms of the company still are. Later they built their case factories at Astoria, on Long Island, and now there is a town of Steinway, with all modern improvements, and many of those features of model towns for workmen which other masters seek celebrity for—but which Mr. William Steinway provided for his men out of his fellow feeling and goodness of heart.

Mr. William Steinway was somewhat of a politician, the mayoralty of New York having several times been offered him, when nomination was equivalent to an election; and for the last four years, despite his rheumatism, he devoted weeks of time to his work as president of the New York Rapid Transit Commission, whose elaborate report is well known to those interested.

As president of the Liederkrantz Singing Society he went with the company on a visit to the mother country, and they received honors far and near, and Mr. Steinway had an interview with the old Emperor William, more than an hour in length. Most remarkable of all Mr. Steinway's plans for the firm was his dealings with artists, and it is due to his foresight that several great pianists have been successfully heard in America.

It is easy to see, from this brief record, that the family Steinway and the house of Steinway and Sons mutually explain each other. The family had gifts, aspirations and industry, which came to realization in the American piano as we know it to-day, to such a degree that there is not a pianoforte made anywhere in the world which does not owe something to this world-renowned firm. The successes of the house are tokens of the diverse and many-sided qualities of the ruling spirits who made it, and particularly of the late Mr. William Steinway, who, while a far-seeing business man, was of an impulsive, warm-hearted, artistic temperament—a

man to love and to honor. That all this popularity was based upon solid business traits is shown by his private estate, which was probated at two millions and a half. It is a long way from the bench of a piano journeyman to interviews with the emperor, presiding over rapid transit commissions for finding ways of quick traveling up and down Manhattan Island, and a wealth of two millions and a half at the end of one long business panic when every estate has been whittled down and "written off" by figures of all sorts of unheard-of potency.

The Steinways were remarkable men, great men, if you like; and the late and last surviving member, Mr. William Steinway, was most highly gifted of all—a man of distinguished mark anywhere in the world.

MUSIC IN RACINE.

BY JOSEPH JIRI KRAL.

It was in Racine, Wis., that I have had the pleasure of listening, for the first time, to Dvorak's noble symphony "From the New World." It was in 1895, when Mr. Thomas and his orchestra were making a tour of the northwestern states. On that night the Belle City Opera House was crowded to its utmost threshold and every seat was taken notwithstanding that there were other attractions in the town. This one fact alone ought to raise the rank of Racine—and yet some people will insist that Racine is not a big town! Well might we retort: Blessed be the little ones, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven, or something to that effect—but Racine is not a small town by any means.

The Belle City, as Racine is very fittingly called by those poetically inclined, numbers well nigh thirty thousand inhabitants, it possesses thirty churches and one hundred and ninety manufacturing establishments with a combined capital of twelve million dollars. What interests us most at present, however, is the fact that Racine is a musical town. You will find here all kinds of the noble art, from the simple chimes of St. Luke's church, which Mrs. Mach declares to be perfectly lovely, up to the strains of Schulte's fine orchestra. Henry Schulte's brass band and orchestra, to employ the official title, originally organized in 1877, is the foremost musical organization of the city, and it may rightly be said that Racine owes most of its advancement in music to Professor Henry Schulte and his orchestra. Mr. Henry Schulte himself is a native of Racine. He was born here on August 4, 1858, and like most good musicians gave evidences of musical talent in his early boyhood. His was a musical family: five brothers, all of them were devotees of the art and all of them were members of the orchestra when first organized. He took charge of the orchestra, as director, in 1881, when but a young man of twenty-three summers, but his record shows that he has ever been and

is the right man in the right place. His concerts, both classical and popular, have delighted many audiences both in the old Bates Opera House and the new Belle City Opera House. Mr. Schulte was the musical director of the Racine Opera Company when that organization produced their best operas; he has always striven to raise the standard of musical taste and judgment in Racine and I must say that he has been successful. He may likewise justly be proud of his musical school,



HENRY SCHULTE.

having educated nearly one-half of all the members of his orchestra. When he took charge of the organization it was really but a nucleus of an orchestra; now it numbers about forty members, and Mr. Schulte himself is, as the Romans would say, *facile princeps* among the musicians of Racine. He is also director of the *Deutscher Maennerchor* (German Male Chorus) of thirty voices, and the St. Mary's Church choir. On Thursday, September 24, of this year, he was tendered a testi-

monial concert by his orchestra in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of his assuming the leadership. The program of the concert was as follows:

PART I.

- Overture—*Semiramide* Rossini
Schulte's Orchestra.
Selection—"Little Christopher" Tobani
(From Caryl and Kerker's Musical Comedy.)
Orchestra.
Flute Solo—*Souvenir de Hungaria* Popp
Mr. Carl Woempner.
Battle Hymn, from "*Rienzi*" Wagner
Mr. Adolph Schulte, tenor. German Male Chorus. Orchestra.

PART II.

- Overture—"Morning, Noon and Night" Suppe
Schulte's Orchestra.
Basso Solo—"The Two Grenadiers" Schumann
Dr. Gustave Bjorkman.
Piano Solo—Concerto in C Beethoven
Allegro. Largo. Rondo.
Miss Harriet E. Bates.
(String Quintette accompaniment: H. Schulte, violin; Chr.
Jensen, violin; H. Wiegand, viola; Jos. H. Schulte,
'cello; J. Bernhart, basso.)

PART III.

- Contralto Solo—a. "I Cannot Help of Loving Thee" .. Clayton Johns
b. "Ah, 'Tis but a Dream" Hawley
Miss Estelle Rose.
(Accompanist Miss Laura Alschuler.)
{ a. Melody in F Rubinstein
b. Intermezzo from "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" Mascagni
c. Swedish Wedding March Sodermann
Orchestra.
Recitation—Home, Sweet Home Somerville
Mrs. Lewis D. Miller.
Episodes in a Policeman's Life (Descriptive Piece) Reeves
Orchestra.
March—Anniversary
Orchestra.

The concert may be accepted as a criterion of musical preferences in Racine. Every number was received with enthusiasm and Mr. Schulte received an ovation as he appeared on the stage. Among his friends he is known as a composer of considerable merit, though he does not write for publication. He is deservedly popular.

To the Columbian Orchestra, of eighteen members, belongs the honor of having among its members one of the oldest, if not the oldest, musicians of Racine, Mr. Anthony Hayek. He too comes of a musical family, having received his musical education from his father, who was a country teacher in Bohemia. Mr. Hayek was born in 1846 at Chocen, Bohemia. In

1854 the family emigrated to the United States and settled at Racine. Here for years the father and four of his sons, Anthony, Frank, Joseph and John, made music for hundreds, both in and out of church. Lawson's and Hayek's Orchestra existed for eighteen years. At present Mr. Hayek plays the clarinet and saxophone with A. C. Gillman's Columbian Orchestra. He, too, has been an active musician ever since his boyhood.



ANTHONY HAYEK.

Beside the two orchestras mentioned above, Racine is the home of Patterson's Band and Orchestra and the Rawson Family Band of six members, I believe. Acoustically good halls there are seven: The Belle City Opera House, the Lakeside Auditorium, Casino, Dania, Y. M. C. Association Hall, the Armory and North Side Turner Hall. To estimate the number of musicians in Racine is rather difficult; there are seventy-eight members here of the Union of American Musicians and at least four hundred pianists, professionals and

amateurs. In fact it would be hard to find a home without a piano or a violin or some other musical instrument, mandolin, banjo, zither or the like.

The foremost place among our pianists belongs to Mr. William R. Williams, son of Thomas R. and Elizabeth Williams of this city. He is a young man, only a few years over twenty, but a thorough musician. His technique is very good and the young artist is really in love with his instrument, a magnificent



ANNIE PEAT.

Steinway, the best piano in the town. He played for me several pieces from Godard recently and I confidently predict a great future for him.

Among our lady pianists Misses Annie Peat, Harriet E. Bates and Laura Alschuler are the most popular. Miss Peat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Peat, is a native of Racine. She was a good pianist at the age of nine and is well known throughout the state. She has likewise been successful as a piano teacher and has a large number of pupils. Miss Har-

riet E. Bates began the study of music at an early age, and under the best teachers. For four years she studied the piano and theory of music under Mr. Julius Klauser of Milwaukee. Her skill has been approvingly passed upon by critical audiences of both Milwaukee and Racine. She is a member of the Monday Musical Club of Milwaukee and one of the leading members of the Racine Musical Club. She, too, has a large class of pupils. In Miss Laura Alschuler we have another gifted pianist. A precocious child, she was placed with the best instructors and to-day ranks high among musicians as well as scholars, for she is well read and a delightful conversationalist. She studied piano and harmony under Mr. Klauser. For the coming year she holds the honored position of president of the Racine Musical Club. The club meets at the residences of members. For the purposes of comparison I append below the program of a chamber concert given by the Racine Musical Club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Kirkby on Thursday evening, December 3, 1896:

Duet.....	Selections from Mendelssohn's Two Part Songs	
	Mrs. Norton and Miss Watts.	
Valse duete		Zievelsing
	Miss Dutton.	
The Bird and the Rose.....		Amy Horrocks
	Miss James.	
a. Minuet		Ging
b. Scherzo		Jadassohn
	Miss Merrick.	
a. Tell Me Not.....		G. Nevin
b. Serenade		Neidlinger
	Miss Roberts.	
Elevation.....		Otto Floersheim
	Miss Alschuler.	
Issafel		King
	Mr. H. Rogers.	
Piano Duet—Hungarian Dances.....		Brahms
	Misses Dutton and Merrick.	

Miss Lillian Watts, who sang in the Mendelssohn duet, is a native of Oshkosh, Wis. She came to Racine about two years ago after a short stay at Randolph, Wis. Since the fall of 1894 she has been musical instructor in the public schools of Racine—the first to hold the position. She is very successful as a teacher of singing, possesses a splendid contralto voice and has won many prizes in the Welsh eisteddfodau. She is presently engaged at the First Presbyterian Church as a member of its quartette.

Among other successful pianists of the Belle City I may

mention Miss Belle Field, graduated with honors from a Chicago conservatory; Miss Gertrude Merrick, who studied under Boskowitz and Emil Liebling; Miss Louise Lathrop, organist of the Baptist Church; Miss Barbara Williams, prominent accompanist and organist of the Welsh Presbyterian Church; Miss Catharine O. Jones and others. Mrs. Winnie Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Davies, and a native of Racine, is a thorough pianist and has for years been ac-



V. A. RYBA.

companist to the various chori of the Belle City. Among the successful amateurs we find Misses Carrie Baumann (zither), Martha Secor, Martha Rennie, and one whom I must not forget, Miss Annie Elias, to whose little fingers and silvery voice I owe many a pleasant hour. Somewhat unusual is the case of Annie Morgan, a little miss of ten years, who took the first prize for a contralto solo last New Year's day at Milwaukee. Her father, Thomas Morgan, is an old active member of the old Belle City Male Chorus, of which he was one of the lead-

ing tenors, and another of his children, a bright girl of four years, is a remarkable vocalist. Mrs. Grace Dean Norton has for years been the leading soprano of the Presbyterian Church.

An important musical organization is the Orpheus Club. The club was organized in the autumn of 1894 and now numbers one hundred voices. Officers for the current year are: Dr. J. E. Armitage, president; George Bolton, secretary; directors, Mesdames Barker, Cahoon and Binney, and Messrs.



LAURA ALSCHULER.

Richard Peat, George P. Howell and Weingartner; Daniel Protherol, Mus. Bac. (Milwaukee), conductor. At its first concert on New Year's day, 1895, the club sang "Alexander's Feast" from Haendel's oratorio. A second concert was given in the spring of 1895 when the club sang the cantata, "Our Lady Fair," music by Daniel Protheroe, words by Mrs. Payne Erskine, written expressly for the Orpheus Club. Assisted by foreign talent the Orpheus performed Haendel's Messiah in the autumn of 1895. The performance was a success, and, at

the request of citizens, had to be repeated December 17, 1896. The Orpheus Club is in a flourishing condition and it is a splendid organization of which any city might justly be proud.

George Tennant Howell, one of the directors of the Orpheus Club, was born in Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, Wales, in 1865. His father, Daniel, is a government official. George came to Racine in 1884. As a boy of seventeen he took the first prize in a chorus and has since won others, notably one in Milwaukee last year with a glee. He sings baritone. He is also assistant conductor at the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church and corresponding secretary of the Eisteddfod execu-



HARRIET E. BATES.

tive committee. The late Mrs. Jennie Howell, his wife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Davies, likewise took a leading part in local musical organizations. Another active member of the club is Mr. John T. Rowlands, born in Anglesea, North Wales, who came to this country as a little boy many years ago. He sings baritone. Mr. Richard Peat, father of Annie Peat, one of the directors, was for many years director of the Welsh Congregational Church, and a member of the old Belle City Chorus. He leads the Racine male chorus in this year's competition. John H. Jones, also of the Orpheus, a countryman of Mr. Howell, was conductor of the Belle City Male Chorus, which, in the competition of 1888, took the first prize, the

gold medal of Lovell. Mr. Hugh Whittington, a native of North Wales, has resided in Racine for the last twenty years. He still possesses a fine tenor voice and for many years has been soloist in various churches. At present he sings tenor in the Baptist Quartette. Mr. E. O. Jones, of the Orpheus, has been active in many years. For the last fifty years he has made his home at Racine; went through the civil war, and though over sixty-five years of age, is still a good tenor singer.



WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

In the Chicago Eisteddfod of 1890 he led the Racine chorus, which won the \$500 prize. He is a native of Machynlleth, North Wales. Mr. Lewis Evans has been a noted leader of different choruses in Racine for the last thirty years. He is conductor of the Racine Mixed Chorus in this year's Eisteddfod.

As is evident from the names thus far mentioned, music in Racine is cultivated mostly by Americans of foreign descent. Anglo-Saxon names are comparatively scarce. This accords

with the cosmopolitan character of the population of Racine, consisting at it does of thousands of Germans, Welshmen, Bohemians, Danes and others beside Americans of English parentage.

The Bohemians of Racine are mostly Freethinkers, though some profess the religion of Magister John Huss, while others are Roman Catholics. The latter are presently busy building their new church. The Presbyterians, or Bohemian Breth-



WINNIE THOMAS.

ren, as they prefer to call themselves, have a snug little church on High Street (Rev. Josef Bren, pastor). They have secured the services of an excellent organist, Miss Anna Kastankova, whom I have had the pleasure to hear more than once. Secular music is cultivated by the Lyra Singing Society.

The Lyra Singing Society was established in January, 1887, beginning its existence with the following eight charter members: W. J. Benedikt, B. Jirucha, J. Kristerius, A. P. Kroupa (lately deceased), V. Kroupa, K. J. Kuchta, J. Nesetril and T.

Paik. However, before a year was over, its membership rose to forty-two, including twenty ladies and twenty-two gentlemen. The society gave its first concert May 15, 1887, at the Turner Hall. It had a good instructor in K. J. Kuchta, who was succeeded by Professor Menge in November, 1887, and V. A. Ryba in April, 1888. The ladies were instructed by Prof. Menge and later by Messrs. Kuchta, Doubrava and Ryba. Everything went on smoothly until February, 1895. In



LILLIAN WATTS.

Europe musicians justly bear the opprobrious title of a quarrelsome race, and I fear it is no better in America. Owing to internal dissensions, the women's branch of the Lyra disbanded in February, 1895, after Mr. Ryba had resigned his post as instructor. I cannot venture an expression of opinion as to what were the leading causes of the break-up, inasmuch as it is a rather delicate matter for the uninitiated, but it is my duty to register facts. The director has since often complained to me of the growing indifference of members, but he is confi-

dent that the crisis is over and that a better future awaits the society. Owing to the selfsame internal dissensions mentioned above the active membership of the Lyra has gradually dwindled down to twelve, but these constitute a very fine male chorus. The present officers of the Lyra Singing Society are as follows: V. A. Ryba, leader; J. Nesetril, president; A. Picha, secretary; A. Pluhar, treasurer. Every Monday night you may now, at the Lyra quarters, hear selected specimens



GEORGE P. HOWELL.

of Bohemian popular poetry and music. Long may the Lyra thrive and prosper!

The chorus of the Lyra is composed as follows: Tenor, first, J. Kristerius, B. Jirucha, A. Pluhar; second, V. J. Jandl, Jan Hynek; basso primo, Frank Dostal, J. Janecky, T. Paik; basso secondo, J. Nesetril, Ant. Picha, V. Bezucha. The Lyra, however, ought to have from fifty to a hundred members. The Catholics have recently organized a singing society which meets weekly at the home of Mr. Josef Chadek. The Bohem-

ians furnish their quota of musicians to the Racine contingent. Exclusive of amateurs there are about twenty of whom I may mention Anthony Hayek, Frank Hayek (snare drum), William Holy and Jaroslav Jansa (cornet), Josef Wanasek (violin and tuba), Frank Moravec (clarinet). And the only man in this vicinity whom I have ever heard play the harp is a Bohemian, my old friend, Mr. Jan Novak, Sr., of the town of Caledonia.

The only harp I have been able to discover in the city of Racine is owned by Saint Catherine's Academy (Park Avenue and Twelfth Street). This institution, designed for the



ANNIE ELIAS.

education of young ladies, was established by the late Mother Benedicta in 1863. In the seventies a school of music was added. This musical department had 119 pupils in 1896, most of whom were from Racine, Milwaukee and other Wisconsin places, eight from Chicago, five from other points in Illinois and one from St. Louis, Mo. The course lasts ten months, twenty lessons per term. Musical history, biographies of composers and literature of music are introduced in the primary department and continued throughout the course. Those who wish to complete the course are required to make a special study of thorough bass and harmony. The department of music is in the charge of Sister Benedicta and other competent

teachers, whose sole aim is "to cultivate in their pupils an appreciation for both the classical and modern schools of music, and assist them to acquire confidence and self-possession, two great essentials so necessary for the proper development of musical talent." At stated times throughout the year the pupils give musical recitals. The school is well furnished with all kinds of musical instruments, including two pipe organs, piano,



JOS. JIRI KRAL.

organ, harp, zither, violin, guitar, mandolin—all these may be studied here.

A unique musical resort, the like of which it might prove impossible to find, is Matthew Ahrens' Orchestrion Hall, on the corner of St. Clair and State Streets. It is one of the finest resorts in the city, which numbers among its visitors many a reverend gentleman, and is occasionally visited by ladies. It is nominally a temperance saloon, but its chief attraction is a large orchestrion, which, imitating a grand orchestra, plays twenty-five selected pieces, including e. g. overtures to Flo-tow's Martha, Suppe's Dichter und Bauer, Herold's Zampa,

Donizetti's Fille du Regiment and others; waltzes of Johann Strauss; Potpourries from American, English, French and German songs, etc. Mr. Ahrens purchased the orchestrion in Baden, paying for it the handsome sum of seven thousand dollars. Another orchestrion is run by electricity; cost, one thousand dollars. Mr. Ahrens is an old resident of Racine and comparatively wealthy. He enjoys life as he does a glass of unfermented Catawba, and is willing to spend money to furnish pleasure to others, for his undertaking, though laudable, is necessarily a losing venture. There is nothing of the intoxicating kind to be had in his saloon—except the music. Mr. Ahrens is a native of Germany.

Beside a large number of active musicians, Racine is the home of many veterans who have had bid adieu to the divine art. I shall mention only two: The old Moravian violinist, Mr. Frank Korizek, who has already completed his allotted three score and ten and yet is still full of vigor; and that jovial German, Peter Leonard, a master of the tuba and the violin, who now plays only bottle-pool.

The Hamlet Singing Society, Danish, twenty-five strong, meets every Monday at Hamlet Hall, in the Secor block. It has an excellent director in Prof. Theodore Elberg. It gives two grand concerts and a ball masque every year. The present officers of the society are: Charles Johnson, president; Albert Olson, secretary; Julius Hanson, treasurer. The Emmaus Lutheran Church, Danish, has a fine male chorus and a mixed chorus of twenty members each, with Charles Soli as conductor. At the time of this writing a Norwegian Musical and Literary Club is being organized in the Wergeland Society, with Miller Gunderud as conductor. Music is also cultivated by the Dania Dramatic Club, of which Mr. Mars Myrup is conductor.

Among the church choirs I may mention further the Arion Male Chorus of the First German Evangelical Lutheran Church, with J. Konnak, president, and P. Donninger, director; the Cambrian Male Chorus, Ellis M. Hughes, president; the Choral Union of Immanuel Church; Melodia Choir of the First German Lutheran Church; St. Luke's Church Choir Association, I. J. G. Meachem, president and leader, and St. Mary's Church Choir, Henry Schulte, director; Mary Broecker, organist.

Racine can boast of a number of composers, among whom we find Henry Schulte, Karl O. Heyer, Charles Menge, Anthony Hayek, John P. Jones (praised by Carl Bergmann), John M. James (lately deceased), Evans Samuel and others. They all enjoy local fame, though they may not have achieved national reputation, owing to their circumscribed sphere of action—it is still true that music in its highest form thrives best in large cities only.

The coming of the New Year will be celebrated in 1897 by a great musical festival, the Welsh Eisteddfod. The subjects for competition in music are as follows:

1. Mixed Chorus, 60 to 70 in number. (a) "Hear Us, O Lord." (Judas Maccabaeus), Handel, Novello's Latest Edition. (b) "Hunting Song." Mendelssohn, Novello's Latest Edition.
2. Male Chorus, 25 to 30 in number. "The Spartan Heroes," Protheroe. A \$50.00 Gold Medal to leader of winning chorus.
3. Glee, 25 to 30 voices. "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," R. P. Stewart, Novello's Latest Edition.
4. Ladies' Chorus, 20 to 24 in number. "The King's Roses," J. W. Parson Price.
5. Children's Chorus, 30 to 40 voices. "Lift High His Royal Banner," Dan Rees. Eight persons of age will be allowed to assist.
6. Male Quartette. "Sweet and Low," F. Van Der Stucken.
7. Mixed Quartette. Bethany (Nearer, My God, to Thee), Lowell Mason, Ditson's Edition.
8. Trio—Soprano, Tenor and Bass. "God Be Merciful."
9. Duet—Tenor and Bass. "The Call to Arms," R. S. Hughes.
10. Tenor Solo. "O, That Summer Smil'd for Aye," W. Davis.
11. Baritone Solo. "Land of the Harp," J. Henry.
12. Contralto Solo. "Guiding Light," J. Henry.
13. Soprano Solo. "Like as a Father," Harry E. Jones.
14. Solo for children under 18 years of age. "Cupid and I," F. A. Simpkins.
15. Mixed Quartette. "Moab," I. Gwyllt, on the words, "Ar Lan Iorddonen ddofn, &c."
16. Piano Solo, for persons 20 years and under. "March of the Men of Harlech," Brinley Richards.
17. Piano Solo, for children 15 years and under. "Sonata in G, Op. 20. No. 1. J. L. Dussek.

It is the greatest undertaking of the Welsh people in Wisconsin, and the committee must be praised for their liberal offers of prizes, ranging up to \$500. Racine will be represented as follows: Mixed chorus, led by Lewis Evans; the other contestants being Milwaukee, Chicago and Waukesha; male chorus, led by Richard Peat, in competition with Milwaukee, Chicago and Cambria, Wis.; glee club, led by Thomas Morgan, to compete with Milwaukee and Randolph and Cambria; ladies' chorus, led by Lillian Watts, the other contestants being Chicago, Milwaukee and Whitewater, Wis. Beside music

there will be competitions in essays, poetry, translations and recitations. The three adjudicators on music are: W. S. B. Mathews, editor of "Music;" F. A. Parker, of Madison, Wis., and Icrweth Tydfil Daniel of Glens Falls, N. Y. The festival is in charge of the following committee: C. C. Gittings, president; C. Evans, vice-president; J. A. Williams, treasurer; George P. Howell, corresponding secretary; J. J. Jones, recording secretary. All Racine will be interested in the success of the festival.

Racine, Wis.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

By W. S. B. Mathews. (Copyright, 1896.)

IV. BACH, MOZART AND BEETHOVEN COMPARED.

The present program brings together a few representative selections from the two greatest masters already noticed, for the purpose of bringing out more clearly the individualities of their style and the predominant flavor of their work. In this comparison we are not as yet undertaking to represent either Bach or Beethoven in their moments of greatest and most impassioned abandon. The so-called "moonlight" sonata approaches this point in the case of Beethoven, but if it had been desired to perform the same service for Bach larger works would have been taken, such as the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor for organ (arranged for piano by Liszt), and the like. And for Beethoven the sonatas in F minor, opus 57, "appassionata," opus 106 in B flat, and opus 111 in C minor. All these go much farther in the untrammelled expression of deep feeling than any of the works brought together upon the present program, even the "moonlight" sonata, although the finale of this is distinctly representative of Beethoven in the impassioned and strong. As for Mozart, this headlong passion was not at all in his line. But for the sake of showing the peculiar sweetness of his imagination in contrast with the more concentrated expression customary with Bach and Beethoven, his Fantasia in C minor is here included.

Before entering upon the actual acquaintance with the works in the program it is advisable for the hearer to be disabused at the outset of certain prepossessions likely to be harmful. The most important of these is that which regards Bach as having had a higher idea of his art than later composers had, and of having intended to illustrate in his works a very high degree of skill, contrapuntal cleverness, and the like. This prepossession is included in the phrase which describes all serious music as "classical" as contradistinguished from that which is merely beautiful and pleasing.

Bach had indeed great originality, but he came by it honestly. His mental activity in musical directions was of such a spontaneous character that immediately a theme presented itself all sorts of possible treatment occurred to him. If the theme pleased him he immediately began to develop it, and in the course of this one happy thought after another presented itself, without having been sought for or worked out in the slightest. Thus his highest and largest works have a good deal the character of play, so easily were they

composed. True they do not present to the player of the present day nearly so much of this quality, for the technic required to play them well is not quite that of the ordinary pianist. Bach expects the hands to play melodiously and very fluently; and the player to think in fugue, i. e., be able to follow the answering voices in a fugue without becoming confused when there are three, four, or five; or losing any one of the threads. This habit of thought (for this is what it amounts to) is not natural to the present generation, since nearly all our music is more or less monodic (having one leading melody and an accompaniment). Therefore the art of playing Bach has to be diligently mastered, by much playing and a great deal of hard study.

PROGRAM.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major. Clavier, No. 2.
Beethoven, Sonata in C sharp minor ("Moonlight"), opus 27, No. 2.

Bach, Fantasia in C minor.

Mozart, Fantasia in C minor (from Sonata and Fantasia).

Bach, Allegro from Italian Concerto.

Beethoven, Sonata in E minor, opus 90.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in G major. Clavier, No. 15.

Beethoven, Sonata in D minor (Shakespeare's "Tempest"),
opus 31, No. 2.

Every art-work, in whatever line, has to satisfy three prime conditions: Unity, Symmetry, and Variety. There cannot be an impression of beauty into which these three qualities do not at the same time enter, but the beauty will differ in quality according as one or the other element preponderates. In the successful music of John Sebastian Bach (and he wrote unsuccessful music as well as another man), we find all these qualities represented, but not in the modern way. A prelude or a fugue of Bach is essentially a "monody," a composition of one idea, which preponderates so decidedly as to enforce its character and individuality upon the work; nay, it is the work. Variety and symmetry are always present, but the variety is to be found in the modulatory treatment and in the counterpoint, the various accessory ideas which appear in the course of the work for better setting off the leading idea which forms the substance of the composition. Hence we have in Bach, along with a unity which pervaded every single idea and every succession of ideas, a variety also going on at the same time (as in the melody of the different voices, rhythm, etc.), and symmetry, which also expresses itself as between ideas heard simultaneously, and between ideas and paragraphs introduced successively. A Bach work, therefore, is rather complicated almost always, and needs to be studied a little and the art of hearing it appreciatively has to be acquired; but once we have mastered it, there are no works in music which are more fresh or permanently pleasing.

The Bach selections upon the present program include three preludes and fugues, those of C sharp major, C minor, and G major, all from the first volume of the "Clavier." There is no necessary connection between the prelude and the fugue following, except that

in Bach's idea they somehow corresponded or contrasted in such a manner that they could be heard agreeably in connection.

The prelude in C sharp, which opens the program, consists of a long, leading idea (eight measures) which is repeated completely six times in the course of the work. After it has been heard four times, in the keys of C sharp, G sharp, D sharp minor and A sharp minor, it is relieved by a modulatory interlude, constructed out of new material (measures 33 to 46). Then the original theme is resumed in the subdominant of the principal key (F sharp major) and is given entire in the original key of C sharp, the repetition being exact. In measure 63 the conclusion begins. It consists of a pedal point upon G sharp, treated very pleasantly, and relieved and developed in measures 75 to 91 by interesting matter of a more impassioned character. At measure 91 the pedal figure returns, and is abandoned only at measure 101, after which the end speedily follows. (Before playing the piece have the parts played and explained separately, each division as here marked, and then the whole prelude entire.) The work as a whole is singularly light and pleasing.

The fugue is built upon the subject in the soprano running two measures. This subject is repeated entire ten times; and fragments are used over and over again.

In immediate contrast with this work is placed the so-called "moonlight" sonata—the title affixed not by Beethoven but by some fanciful writer. The first movement of this is quite as much a monody as anything of Bach; but with a difference. Little is attempted in the way of modifying the harmony of the theme except to carry it through several different keys, nor is there much accessory matter employed as filling. It is practically a song, an ode. If you like, of a melancholy, grieving character. Its structure will be clearer by aid of the following analysis. It begins with a prelude of four measures, after which the leading idea enters in the key of C sharp minor, closing in E major, four measures. After a measure of accompaniment the subject resumes in C major, proceeding immediately to B minor, after a cadence in which an accessory melodic bit is introduced, having the character of suspending the action, eight measures, ending in F sharp minor. The leading idea now enters in F sharp, five measures, and three little melodic bits followed by eleven measures of arpeggio matter hold back the action for the return of the theme in measure 42 (first accent in 43). Everything in this movement grows out of the leading melody, and the movement has no skeleton or orderly arrangement of parts except in a very general manner.

The Allegretto which follows is practically a sort of Scherzo, in song-form with trio. Then comes the very dramatic finale, consisting of three main elements handled in the style of a sonata piece. The Principal extends to the first beat of the twentieth measure. On the second beat of this the Second enters and runs twenty-three measures. With the second eighth note of this meas-

ure a movement of eighth notes in chords enters, which forms the concluding piece. This carries us to the double bar, after which a free fantasia follows upon the same material. The free fantasia extends to two measures of whole notes, 36 measures in all, where the original theme returns and the first part is recalled in different keys. At the end there is an added coda of 34 measures counting from the end of the piece.

The Prelude in G major of Bach is another pleasing illustration of his manner. It is very simple in construction and needs only to have the first two measures and a half played in advance for defining the subject, and the fourth measure once, to define the second leading idea. Everything else is developed out of these ideas. In measure 11 some new material is introduced and treated with excellent effect.

The fugue is rather an elaborate one. After the subject has been carried through the first time, the subject is introduced in a new form, in inversion (measure 43, alto), all ascending passages in the original being now imitated in downward directions and by the same interval. This taken as a new subject affords ground for much additional development and later on the fugue becomes very complicated and interesting. When well played, however, the complication is only an incident of a very playful and varied composition. In the entire work there is no lyrical idea; everything comes thematically.

In the Beethoven sonata which I have chosen for contrast, D minor, opus 31, No. 2, the thematic mode of construction is also marked, but the contrast of subjects is very much greater than in the Bach work, and the effect of the whole impassioned to a high degree. Beginning with a slow arpeggio chord (two measures) the first theme follows only to be interrupted in the sixth measure. In the seventh the principal subject is resumed and in measure 10 a new motive appears in the vigorously ascending bass theme, which is immediately answered by a soprano counter theme, measures 11, 12, 14. This carries us forwards to measure 30 where an episode comes in, not unrelated to the first theme, and again in measure 44 a passage of chords practically forming a pedal point, and the conclusion proper in measure 55. In the elaboration these themes are delightfully treated, and the entire movement has much the character of an improvisation. The slow movement continues the rhapsodical spirit of the first movement. The finale is one of the most delightful examples of charming effect reached by manners of composition essentially thematic.

The sonata opus 90, in E, is one of the most pleasing of Beethoven and aside from a certain figure in tenths for the bass (measures 55 to 58, and again later on) it presents no serious difficulties for the player. The second movement is a delightful song which is carried out at great length.

The first movement of Bach's Italian Concerto is much more in modern style than the other pieces of Bach in this program. With-

out ever quite reaching the modern conception of the lyric, it at least approaches it closely at times, and produces a beautiful effect.

Of the Mozart Fantasia there is not time to speak in detail. Note, however, the very clever modulatory treatment of the leading idea in the first two pages, and the entrance of the lovely slow melody in D major near the end of the second page. The latter is Mozart-like in the extreme.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

BEETHOVEN'S RANK AS COMPOSER.

Mr. William Armstrong has taken the trouble lately to collect in the Chicago Tribune opinions from several eminent musicians as to the place of Beethoven among composers, and the influence his music exerts or should exert. The musicians represented are Messrs. Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Walter Damrosch, B. J. Lang, Mancinelli, and William L. Tomlins. Following are their communications in full:

Mr. Theodore Thomas:—

Carlyle wrote very appreciatively about music, although he had but little opportunity to hear it, especially that of Beethoven. In one of his essays in "Hero Worship" he speaks of "Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe" as men who marked intellectual epochs in history. I, however, agree with a friend who, in alluding to this, remarked that the time would soon come when Beethoven would take the place of Goethe in this trio of great souls, which would then read, "Homer, Shakespeare, and Beethoven." What we are and what we have accomplished Beethoven felt and expressed in his music, infusing therein warmth and color unknown to composers before his time. And yet his music does not produce upon us the effect of perfect and completed work in the sense that Mozart's does. Beethoven constantly reached out after that which we to-day endeavor to obtain because he looked beyond his own time, searching for that which perhaps he himself did not know—freedom, or call it what you will. And although he has left immortal masterpieces whose greatness no subsequent writer has even approached, we recognize that his unfettered spirit soared to still loftier heights than even he was able to express.

Mr. Anton Seidl's communication was in German, of which the following is a translation:

Beethoven is the strongest foundation—or middle pillar—on which the whole structure of our modern music rests. All great musicians since Beethoven take him as the starting point in their work.

The more a composer studies Beethoven's works the greater and more far reaching are the works he has made. That which interests me most with Beethoven is the beginning of the so-called program music, the slow development of which one follows in Beethoven with astonishment. I can, for example, in nearly all of his greater works think of a more or less positive picture; every overture, I mean the familiar ones, has its situations.

If one takes his single opera, "Fidelio," how closely related is the music with nearly every word of the text. That which Beethoven in such beautiful manner began, the union of music and poem, is by Wagner of necessity brought to the fullest ripeness. Without Beethoven first Wagner would with difficulty have obtained his greatness. That we also to-day, through Wagner, have reached a so colossal height in musical art, we have in greatest measure the colossus Beethoven to thank. I would also say here that he who understands the inner meaning of Beethoven's music can also grasp the meaning of Wagner's music.

Mr. Walter Damrosch:—

So far as Beethoven's symphonies are concerned, he has fixed the form unalterably and definitely, so that nothing new in that form can ever be developed. Wagner went so far as to say that as Beethoven had said the last word in the symphony form modern composers should not follow in that form. Yet Brahms has given us some beautiful symphonies, and I should be sorry to miss them out of the libraries and out of the lists of works performed. I think there is less interest in Beethoven's music than formerly, that his symphonies do not appear so often on the programs of to-day as before. His sonatas, too, are played very little now. Bülow was the last of the great pianists who made a specialty of his works.

Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio" is perhaps the one classic opera which appeals to-day to the emotional side of operatic audiences as strongly as any of Wagner's operas. This is remarkable, considering it was written seventy-five years ago.

I shall never forget the thrilling excitement in the Auditorium at Chicago when we gave "Fidelio," with poor Mme. Klafsky for the first time in this country. In the great duet between Florestan and Fidelio half the orchestra was in tears, and I myself had hard work to maintain self-control.

Mr. B. J. Lang:—

Beethoven's influence on the musical art of to-day far surpasses that of any other composer. I have heard both Richard Wagner and Antonin Dvorak declare that Beethoven was always their most fruitful and quickening source of inspiration—and they surely represent something of the art of to-day.

Sig. Mancinelli:—

The influence exercised by Beethoven on modern music is extraordinary, beginning with the great influence he had on Wagner, who was the greatest admirer of Beethoven's genius. His influence on operatic music was great, not only through "Fidelio" but also through his great symphonic poems, the Heroic, the Pastoral, and the Ninth Symphonies. Also his influence on the composers of chamber music has been very great, and it is a pity that his influence in this direction has not been even greater, for the modern composers of quartets, trios, etc., instead of holding to the classic, pure models of style, write music too dramatic and symphonic.

Mr. Tomlins:—

Beethoven's mighty influence upon modern music is recognized everywhere by thoughtful musicians. Not alone the profoundness of his concepts, but also the beauty and strength of their utterance. Structural composition was not literally exhausted by him; nevertheless the harmonies, melodies, rhythms of to-day, however elaborated, are anticipated in his music.

Beethoven does not appeal to the choralist as he does to the instrumentalist. For some reason—perhaps because of his physical deafness or his gift of mental hearing—much of his music is scored so high in pitch as to be almost unsingable. This is most evident in his grandest mass and in his greatest symphony.

It is a well-known fact that a man, while under the stress of great physical effort, cannot indulge the expression of emotion, for the latter demands a degree of vitality which the former may not be able to spare. It is for some such reason, I think, that singers find less content in singing the works above mentioned and some others of Beethoven's works. Only well-equipped vocalists can attempt with even a degree of success the extreme pitch of the notes, and with them the physical strain upon the throat precludes the expression of feeling.

I believe that the influence of Beethoven and other great composers is destined to be more beneficent and far-reaching in the immediate future than it is now or ever has been.

"ANDREA CHENIER."

The late ill-fated opera company of the perennial Colonel J. H. Mapleson produced in New York one novelty, "Andrea Chenier" of which the libretto is by Luigi Illica and the music by a young Italian composer, Umberto Giordano. The work is another attempt of the younger Italian school to produce music-dramas after the manner of Wagner, but with stories of the present time, or something near them, and with plenty of "human interest." While little is to be safely concluded concerning the opera from the newspaper notices (since anything really new in music needs to be heard several times before its real value appears even to experts—much less to literary workmen who, whatever their natural gifts in music, are at least outside the art as conceived by composers and interpretative artists) they are valuable as showing how the work impressed hearers coming to it unprejudiced and with the advantage of a certain practice in hearing and concluding. Mr. Krehbiel in the Tribune says:

In its ambition to rob music of all its "lascivious pleatings" and make it the veriest handmaiden of the dramatic idea, "Andrea Chénier" leaves even "La Navarraise" far in the rear. In Giordano's opera the play is nearly all. Indeed, it would be an interesting experiment to perform Signor Illica's libretto without music. Its culminating scenes would lose little, if anything, by the divorce, and it might even be possible that their emotionality would be height-

ened. There is a deal of ingenuity in the score, and an occasional outburst of passionate expression calculated to sweep judgment off its feet, but the dearth of melody which is at once pregnant and beautiful makes itself felt throughout the work, and is not atoned for by the occasional ingenious bits of instrumentation and the multitude of harmonic piquancies, not to call them poignancies, which the music discloses. The composer is not widely known even in Italy. He is undoubtedly a highly talented musician, but he will be his best friend who will keep him in harness with so ingenious a dramatist as Signor Illica seems to be. He ought not to venture far into purely lyrical waters.

The audience was stirred into violent excitement in several climacteric moments last night. Sometimes the inspiring cause seemed to be the wholly desperate noise of the orchestra and the frantic efforts made by the singers to shout the band; at others the tribute was plainly intended for the librettist. The singing of the representative of the titular rôle, M. Durot, would have been more disappointing had it not developed early in the play that the real hero of the story is the revolutionist, Gerard, instead of the poet. The singer of the part of Gerard, Signor Ughetto, sang and acted admirably, and a word of credit is the due of all who were concerned in the performance down to the chorus. Had the opportunity been greater the audience would have swelled the word into a chapter for Mme. Scalchi, who sang and acted a single short scene, in which she appeared as a poor old blind woman, with so much feeling and justness of declamation, that the audience interrupted the opera to recall her again and again. Signor Tango conducted with superb spirit and skill.

Mr. Finck in the Evening Post:—

The action is breathless; the words fairly stumble over each other; and the same is true of the music, which is a mixture of Mascagni and Wagner. There is a pretty chorus of shepherdesses, and a really beautiful musical number in the third act, Madelaine's "*La mamma morta*," which Mme. Bonaplata-Bau sang with much feeling, and which, like the chorus mentioned and several less meritorious numbers, was redemanded. But on the whole the music is lacking in originality. Its merit, vocally, is that it utterly avoids floriture—the florid style. Its vice is that it too often degenerates into noise, in which the orchestra seconds it vociferously. There are several musical dynamite explosions which make "*Rienzi*" or the "*Navarraise*" seem like pastoral plays. These were furiously applauded and probably laid the foundation for the opera's success abroad. Whether they will do so here remains to be seen. Giordano has cleverly copied some of the external dynamic effects of Wagner and he often dabbles in his harmonies. Indeed, his orchestration is often rich and interesting. Some of the effects are his own, more of them are Wagner's. The music which the orchestra plays to "*Seguo il destino*," etc., sounds for all the world as a verse of "*Parsifal*" would translated freely into Italian.

Another writer, not a trained musician, writes: "It was beastly. Voices no good; orchestration pretty, but too much; no melody. You could rarely hear a voice over the orchestra. Poor house."

DR. HANCHETT ON HIS BEETHOVEN READINGS.

To the Editor of Music:—Your attention to my Brooklyn Institute Course of Beethoven Readings in the current issue is very gratifying and it is interesting to note the saving clause in which you say that "the motive determining the selections will not appear equally obvious to scholars." In choosing the designation "Beethoven Readings" I own that I intended to find an unhackneyed name for what I hoped would prove an original method of musical study. The Readings are not primarily recitals although they include the recital of a single sonata, nor are they primarily studies in Beethoven although Beethoven is selected as the sole author for the course you mention. Nor are they studies in sonata form simply, one only of the Readings being devoted to the analysis of sonata construction.

I have an idea that musical criticism is a very vague and emotional product even when it is the work of thoroughly competent musicians; and I believe that there can be discovered a thoroughly rational ground for a judgment as to the value of musical composition. A great composer is not necessarily one who has happy musical suggestions come to him out of the air. We are all conscious of the occurrence to us of motives and rhythms which sing themselves in our ears without thought or effort on our part. Many eminent musicians have admitted that the inspiration of this sort manifested in the people's melodies, the ballads, and the gospel hymns, is often most valuable and suggestive; but music is an art and the art consists not in the conception or acceptance of such inspirations as I have mentioned, but in their use as material for composition. Beethoven is a greater musician than Sankey, not because greater and better musical ideas suggested themselves to his mind, but because his artistic conception and musical training and workmanship were of a vastly higher order than that of his living rival—shall I say. My effort then in my course of Readings has been at first to take each element singly and find out what is musical conception in its most elementary form, and then to discover how these musical conceptions are utilized by the composer, in completing the finished work. In one reading attention is given solely to rhythmic conceptions, in another solely to harmonic conceptions, in a third solely to melodic conceptions; then, reaching up somewhat into more complex ideas, a reading is given to contrapuntal conceptions. After establishing so much, future readings are given to investigations of certain other aspects of a composer's work, such as you will readily conceive to be involved in the terms imitation, punctuation, unity and development. Having gone so far the study of sonata form and

of the significance of musical interpretation are easily added as capstones in the structure.

Now for this sort of work I find it absolutely necessary that the students shall be provided with the notes, constant reference to which is made; and in order that they may follow, it is found necessary that the measures of the work be numbered throughout. To put such an exercise before a popular class I thought would be well-nigh hopeless if I should begin by announcing that the students were required to buy notes for each lecture. I therefore selected the Beethoven sonatas as my sole illustrative material, because every serious student of the piano possesses them complete or is perfectly willing to add them to his library. The Beethoven sonatas illustrate as well as anything in musical literature the points that I wish to make, and the earlier sonatas, just on account of their simplicity, serve the best purpose; for the analysis is at least two-thirds (possibly three-quarters) of the work that I do at a reading.

Perhaps you may not have noticed that the Brooklyn Institute Course to which you refer is followed by a second course of six additional studies of great pianoforte compositions. I enclose the circular issued last year, in which you will find Beethoven's last sonata associated with five others. These readings are intended to follow the earlier course before the same class and to build upon the knowledge that it is presumed to have acquired from attending the Beethoven course. The analyses are much more general and structural than those applied to most of the Beethoven sonatas in the earlier readings.

These two courses will be repeated almost exactly as given last year, before the Brooklyn Institute during the coming season, and the interest that they have excited is such that I have every reason to expect a large increase in the class. I have also arranged to give the readings in a number of other places, during the same weeks that they are given at the Institute. So many inquiries are coming to me from various sources with regard to these readings that I think this explanation of them will not be out of place in your columns.

HENRY G. HANCHETT.

WILLY BURMESTER IN BERLIN.

The Germans of Berlin have discovered a "second Paganini," as they call him, Willy Burmester by name. The following extract from an account of one of his concerts may help to maintain this title:

"In his closing number, the Witches' Dance, Burmester let loose a hurricane of technic, double harmonics, left hand pizzicato, terrific runs in thirds and octaves, bold jumps—in short, all of those dazzling feats of virtuosity with which he never fails to electrify the crowd. The burst of applause that followed was like a thunder clap, and it was kept up until the artist, after appearing and bowing some dozen times, played an encore, also a Paganini piece, the

famous *Nel cor piu non mi sento*, for violin alone. To this, as to the Witches' Dance, Burmester has made additions and changes, making it far more difficult and effective than the original. He played it as he alone can, and the house trembled with applause again. Still recall followed recall. It was a great, a sensational success.

"Burmester is both great artist and great virtuoso. He can satisfy the most exacting musicians in a Spohr adagio or in the Bach air, and he can make the crowd wild with enthusiasm with his *Paganini* playing. He is equally great in both."

If this estimate is true, and this is only one of the many such, Mr. Burmester is just the man for an American tour, an artist, for boxes official and social, and a god for the galleries.

Such a virtuoso as this can do more to educate the masses along high musical lines than a host of those who sit upon the mountain of "Cultah" and hug one another, but chiefly themselves, to keep warm! Is it a disgrace to follow in the footsteps of Paderewski? He got down to humanity, and to business, may be touchingly added. Mr. Paderewski has done more for music than all the—but comparisons are hard things. We would not disparage what is being done and is done for the popular elevation of musical interests; but if Paderewski can do so much with ivory and steel, what could such a man as this Mr. Burmester is represented do on that instrument which can creep into the hearts of many people even when silent?

Then, it must be remembered that the complete popular surrender in Germany is a greater victory than could ever be obtained in this country. Such a highly educated race as the Germans in music, gets music in the heart more slowly than in the head.

This Burmester, if there can be poetic truth in prose, is such an artistic man as America needs, who can play himself, or, to use a synonym, his music, into the hearts of the people. That's what Paderewski did and got there. Paderewski was a philosopher. He recognized the fact that the people's hearts are more accessible than their brains. He worked in a large field and reaped accordingly. But this man-like artist, Burmester, can do this and even more effectively and affectionately than the philosopher musician, if he will but come.

B. H. D.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

To the editor of any periodical taking cognizance of musical doings, the American composer appears a little sensitive, unduly ready to find himself overlooked or slighted, and anxious to claim, perhaps, a trifle more space than his matter is "worth" as news. At other times, however, an editor does a composer an injustice, as when the name of Mr. Wilson G. Smith was omitted from the last two pieces in Mr. Liebling's list, given last month. The omission was a clerical error, made after Mr. Liebling's copy had left his hands.

In this connection Mr. Liebling's annotations anent the American Composer might be read, apropos to the great cry just now of "America for the Americans." The paragraphs are from "As Others See Us," published a year ago or so:

In the makeup of my programs during the last season I included works by American composers, even playing some that were not dedicated to me; the American composer has had a very hard time of it, if we are to believe him; like tin, sugar and other infant industries he has needed some McKinley to give him Protection; the trouble is that art represents free thought, and somehow or other foreign musical thought seems to have so far satisfied the public demand more than the native article; a valued and patriotic friend once told me that the death knell of the foreigner would sound when the educated American would take his rightful heritage; this is all very fine but there is nothing to hinder him from doing it now, formerly or at any time. Music will never please on account of its national origin, unless it appeals to the world at large. Hawthorne and Longfellow are not read in England because they are American authors, but because they furnish fine literature; all this is so self-evident that it seems useless to discuss it, and yet our magazines are full of complaints, blaming the public for its indifference to native works, when the fault lies with a lamentable lack of originality or actual merit of the works presented. But the American composer, himself, is largely responsible for this state of things; he is, as I have so far known him, sort of a queer duck; he is perfectly willing to have everybody else play his compositions, and that is about all. It never occurs to him to say "turkey" to the other American composers. If I had ever been disposed to make the matter of recognizing native ability simply dependent upon reciprocal courtesy, I am afraid that my programs, as far as American compositions are concerned, would have been a barren ideality.

The questionable success of American efforts is directly traceable to the indifference of the composers themselves, and their lack of sincerity; the public gets its cue from them and is very quick to draw its own conclusions. The most drastic example is furnished at the leading American colleges and conservatories, where at the commencement exercises no composition by American composers has ever been known to figure. The few so-called American programs which have been played here and there throughout the country, are but a drop in the bucket and have usually consisted of selections that were dedicated to that particular artist, thus tickling both the vanity of the composer and advertising the performer, besides benefiting the publisher.

So far it has really devolved upon the educated foreigner to do the introductory work for his American brethren.

Seriously speaking, I have now for a number of years played compositions by a host of American authors, and in my humble way think that I have been a genuine help to native interests; but, upon my word, I have yet failed to see any of my compositions on any

programs performed by the same composers, and when the time arrives that my pieces are used by others in the same ratio that I have used American compositions, it will be time to animadvert upon the fact that somebody's compositions have not happened to find a place on my programs; there seems to be a silent agreement which bars western writers from consideration by the wise men from the east.

THE MINNEAPOLIS LADIES' THURSDAY MUSICAL.

The Ladies' Thursday Musicale, of Minneapolis, Minn., has lately published a little year-book which will be of great use to other ladies beginning clubs along the same lines. The club consists at present of eighty-five active members, all players or singers; forty-five student members; and one hundred and six associate members. The whole, including absent members and honoraries, amounts to 269 musical individuals organized for the prosecution of musical ends. In the nature of the case an organization of this character has great possibilities of influence within it. It represents the next stage beyond that of Mr. Derthick's invaluable Musical Literary Clubs. In this one the self-supporting stage has been reached, when the club is able to maintain its organization, devise its own courses of yearly study, and select artists and find for them a public. This is the result of six years' work. Among the lecturers and artists who have appeared in the courses of the club are to be found such names as Henri Marteau, Plunket Greene, Walter Damrosch, Ernst Perabo, and others. Curiously enough no names of pianists appear. Neither Mr. Liebling, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Godowsky, Joseffy, no pianists at all, although piano music is the form which as yet the largest proportion of the musical public understands, because it is that form in which the members and most of the associates have had practical training. Among the artists just now in the country who ought to be heard before a club of this kind, the name of Mr. Frangcon Davies is to be mentioned, as a singer of rare gifts, combining superior vocalism with intelligence, manly quality, and a pleasing personality.

The year-book contains the subjects of study and a list of members as well as the constitution of the club. It can be had probably by addressing the president, Mrs. H. W. Gleason, 728 E. 18th St., Minneapolis.

RACINE EISTEDDFOD, January 1, 1897.

The general program of competitions and prizes the Eisteddfod, which will have been completed about the time these pages reach the reader, is as follows:

Subjects of Musical Competition:

- 1 Mixed Chorus 60 to 70 in number. (a) "Hear Us, O Lord." (Judith Maccabæus), Handel, Novello's Latest Edition, (b) "Hunting Song," Mendelssohn, Novello's Latest Edition.....\$500 00

2 Male Chorus, 25 to 30 in number. "The Spartan Heroes," Protheroe	\$ 75 00
3 Glee, 25 to 30 voices. "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," R. P. Stewart, Novello's Latest Edition.....	40 00
4 Ladies' Chorus, 20 to 24 in number. "The King's Roses," by J. W. Parson Price	25 00
5 Children's Chorus, 30 to 40 voices. "Lift High His Royal Banner," Dan Rees	25 00
6 Male Quartette. "Sweet and Low," F. Van Der Stucken..	10 00
7 Mixed Quartette. Bethany (Nearer My God to Thee), Lowell Mason, Witson's Edition.....	10 00
8 Trio—Soprano, Tenor and Bass, "God Be Merciful".....	10 00
9 Duet—Tenor and Bass, "The Call to Arms," R. S. Hughes	8 00
10 Tenor Solo—"O That Summer Smiled for Aye," W. Davis	5 00
11 Baritone Solo—"Land of the Harp," J. Henry.....	5 00
12 Contralto Solo—"Guiding Light," J. Henry.....	5 00
13 Soprano Solo—"Like as a Father," Harry E. Jones.....	5 00
14 Solo, for children under 18 years of age. "Cupid and I," F. A. Simpkins	5 00
15 Mixed Quartette—"Moab," I Gwyllt, on the words 'Ar-Lan Iorddonen ddofn,' etc.....	5 00
16 Piano Solo for persons 20 years and under, "March of the Men of Harlech," Brinley Richards.....	5 00
17 Piano Solo for children 15 years and under, "Sonata," in G, op. 20, No. 1, J. L. Dussek.....	5 00

ESSAYS.

1 In Welsh, "Christian Unity, Its Nature and Importance," open to all	\$ 15 00
2 In Welsh or English, for persons under 30 years of age, "The American Boy, What He Is and What He Should Be in His Relations to Morals and Religion".....	8 00

POETRY.

1 Ode—In Welsh, "The Oppressor".....	\$ 15 00
2 Stanza—In Welsh, "The Plow".....	2 00

TRANSLATIONS.

1 From English to Welsh, "Immortality," Massillon.....	\$ 4 00
2 From Welsh to English, "Machludiad Cyntaf yr Haul".....	4 00

RECITATIONS.

1 English—"Union and Liberty," open to all.....	\$ 5 00
2 Welsh—"Y Frwydr Fawr," open to all.....	5 00
3 Welsh—"Cerdd Elsteddfod," for children under 15 years.	2 00
Second prize, \$1; third prize, \$0.50.	

Competition in Short Hand 3 50
 Musical Adjudicators: Prof. Parker, Madison, Wis.; Mr. I. T. Daniel, Glens Falls, N. Y., and Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, Chicago.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL OF 1897.

The following program of the Bayreuth festival of 1897 is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., who are American agents for this great business enterprise. The price of seats amounts to \$21 for a cycle of the Ring, four performances, the extra dollar being for outside nourishment; "Parsifal" tickets, a guinea each, \$5.25. Following are the dates. Those intending to participate are advised to apply early. It is to be understood that a visit to Bayreuth is a pleasant and interesting experience, even now after Wagner has been dead thirteen years, and when the performances are often no better and sometimes worse than can be heard elsewhere—in New York, for example, and in Leipsic, Berlin, and above all at Vienna and Paris. The world moves. Persons desiring to apply should address an office of the agents, and state whether they prefer seats near the stage or far away, upon the right side, center or left. Enclose the money and leave the result to Providence.

There will be three cycles in which the four operas of the Ring will be played in their order upon successive days, beginning at four in the afternoon and ending about ten at night, with long intermissions. The first cycle begins July 21, Wednesday; second cycle begins Monday, August 2; third begins August 11. There will be eight performances of Parsifal: Monday, July 19; Tuesday, July 27; Wednesday, July 28; Friday, July 30; Sunday, August 8; Monday, August 9; Wednesday, August 11, and Thursday, August 19.

The whole is expected to represent a turn over of about \$120,000, although this is not stated upon the circulars.

CHICAGO STRING QUARTETTE.

The Chicago String Quartette, composed of F. Boegner, first violin; F. Esser, second violin; A. Yunker, viola, and B. Steindel, 'cello; Theodore Thomas, conductor, gave its first concert in Steinway Hall, December 22, Mr. Leopold Godowsky assisting as pianist in the Schumann work. The program consisted of Beethoven's Fourth String Quartette, opus 18, in C minor; Schumann Quintette, opus 44 (with piano) and Brahms Sextette, op. 18, in B flat, with the addition of Messrs. F. Stock, viola, and W. Unger, 'cello. Thanks to the experienced direction and acute hearing of Mr. Thomas, these fine musicians have managed to acquire within the few weeks of their practice a smoothness and balance of ensemble not usually attained until after much longer practice. Everything was done musicianly and with true feeling. In the Schumann Quintette the piano (already a small grand, with the cover down) was suppressed too much, even in places where it should have led. This was due to Mr. Thomas' prejudice against this protuberant instrument, and his old affection for the tones of the strings. Mr. Godowsky played beautifully in the quintette. The Brahms work is very beautiful, indeed, and the playing was admirable.

So far as can be judged from one concert there would seem to be two sides to the question whether it is desirable to have a director for a series of concerts of this kind. If you do not have him, you are liable to be burdened indefinitely by an undesirable player; whereas, as in this instance, two players not satisfactory were changed at the last minute, about two weeks before the concert. Moreover, as already mentioned, a just ensemble is more quickly and more surely secured; but unquestionably at the expense of spontaneity. There is always a little of that reserve characteristic of the student who fears that the listening master will not approve the enthusiasm he would like to display. In the long run if the men are artists, it will be better to leave them to themselves. Still it is distinctly an advantage for a young organization to have a guiding hand so vigorous, so discreet and so experienced as that of Mr. Thomas, for it ensures sound programs and musicianly treatment.

The program notes of the concert were prepared by Mr. Arthur Mees, but, unfortunately, the space being very limited, was entirely used up before arriving at the matters properly to have been included in notes of the kind, if they are to be of any use to the hearer. Mr. Mees needed a managing editor to strike a blue pencil through his "introductions," in which case he would have had room for musical explanations and themes as such. When one has to furnish reading matter to front so and so many pages of advertisements, as in the orchestral programs, one gets in the habit of long and graceful turns, unsuited to the short and narrow streets of the business district of the chamber programs.

MR. SHERWOOD WITH THE SPIERING QUARTETTE.

The third of the Spiering Quartette concerts took place in Handel Hall, December 15. The program was this:

Brahms, Quartette in A minor, opus 51, No. 2.

Songs: Brahms, "Liebestue," and "Standchen."

Schumann, "Fruehlingsnacht," and "Die Soldatenbraut."

Schumann, Quintette, opus 44.

The quartette had naturally a more arduous task than in the Beethoven quartette of the previous concert, but they played extremely well, and the music was delightful. The Schumann Quintette received a vigorous and spirited interpretation, characterized by excellent ensemble, excepting that in the scherzo Mr. Sherwood rather hustled the remainder of the forces by his rapid tempo and vigorous interpretation. On the whole it was a memorable performance which every one heard with delight. The singing of Mrs. Genevieve Clarke Wilson showed good voice and pleasant manner. She sang in German, which was a great pity, because in America, even when the audience contains a number of professional musicians, the language is not so well understood as English, and a song sung in a tongue unknown to the hearers is thereby reduced to a merely instrumental composition in which the real thing, the text, has to

be taken for granted. It is simply a vulgarism and an affectation. all this singing in foreign tongues. It is a disrespect to the audience and generally an affectation on the part of the singer. The practice is to be reprobated wherever found, as hindering the proper understanding of the exceptionally fine qualities of such songs as these of Brahms and Schumann.

THE APOLLO CLUB IN HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

The Chicago Apollo Club opened its twenty-fifth season with two performances of "The Messiah," on December 21 and 23. The chorus numbered about four hundred, and throughout both performances it sang with its old time excellence. For unity, precision, agreeable quality of tone and spirit there are few choral bodies in the world to compare with the Apollo Club of Chicago, under Mr. William Tomlins' leading. On this occasion the orchestra played pretty well in the first concert, but Mr. Tomlins gaining confidence from this unprecedented circumstance neglected to keep his eye upon them, and the result in the second was that in several places the men were not together. In respect to piano and pianissimo, however, they did quite well. Mr. William Middelschulte was organist. The solos at the first concert consisted of Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. May Phoenix Cameron, Mr. H. Evan Williams and Mr. D. Frangcon Davies. In the second Miss Helen Buckley was the soprano. Mr. Davies was one of the best, if not the very best, interpreters of the bass role of Handel's "Messiah" ever heard in Chicago. In voice, style and intelligence he was everything that could be asked. Naturally he made a great impression upon the large audiences and dwarfed the other singers. Mr. Williams is an acceptable tenor, with a certain veiled quality of tone. The contralto, Mrs. Cameron, a former pupil of Mrs. Eddy, is a singer of taste with a very musical voice. Her style is not broad enough nor her voice quite heavy enough for a hall so large as the Chicago Auditorium. She pleased very much, and deserved to do so. Mrs. Wilson made a success in the soprano roles, and Miss Buckley showed a voice with many excellent qualities. Her style, however, and her vocal method, seem as yet unfinished, and she cannot be recommended as an interpreter of this music.

The succeeding concerts of the club will afford other illustrations of Mr. Tomlins' powers as chorus master and leader.

THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB OF CHICAGO.

The first concert of the present season of the Mendelssohn Club was given at Steinway Hall, December 8, under the direction of Mr. Harrison M. Wild. The program consisted of part songs and pieces of male chorus, among which the following were perhaps most important: Hymn of Praise, by Mohr; Thanatopsis, by Mosenthal; Love's Rejoicing, by E. Voerster; Valentine, by Horatio W. Parker, and three songs by C. Villiers Stanford. The singing of the

club is smooth, well balanced, and admirable in every way. Most of the songs on the list were accompanied, which was a pity, since there is something in the unaccompanied singing of a good male chorus which fills a "long felt want." It has a sweetness and tender quality which an accompaniment is apt to impair. The "Thanatopsis" of Mr. Mosenthal is tedious and absurd to a degree.

The solo artists of the occasion were Messrs. Geo. W. Ferguson, baritone, and Max Bendix, former concert master of the Thomas orchestra. Mr. Ferguson made a distinct success, and Mr. Bendix had what might be called an ovation. He played delightfully, with great skill and mastery. For the benefit of out-of-town readers it is proper to say that the letter printed in the Musical Courier, purporting to come from Mr. Bendix, was a forgery of a very puerile and scandalous nature. Mr. Bendix is a gentleman—which upon the face of it the writer of the letter in question was not. The audience at the Mendelssohn concert was large and highly appreciative, as club audiences are apt to be.

NEW NOTATIONS FOR MUSIC.

Another patent has been secured for a musical notation. This time it is by Mr. Guiseppe Erede of Rome, Italy. His notation consists of a staff having twenty-six lines, in such a way that one octave of the chromatic scale from middle C to the octave above occupies more than twice the page space occupied in the usual notation. It is unnecessary to regret Mr. Erede's unwise waste of money in patenting such a system, which has not the slightest prospect of a future, for he would probably have wasted the money in some other and perhaps less innocuous way. It never seems to occur to these inventing gentlemen that the existing notation, being an evolution covering a period of about five hundred years, possesses the following combination of advantages, which nothing short of a miracle would secure in any new system: 1. It is picturesque to the eye, and capable of being read over wide stretches easily; 2. It is complete for the intonation and the rhythm, and approximate for the expression; 3. It is established as the received notation of the entire musical world, whereby all music of one country is equally well read in every other; 4. It is equally well adapted for vocal and instrumental, for simple and complicated, and is so easy that there is practically no difficulty at all in learning to sing or play from it, the time being consumed not in learning to read but in learning music itself, and acquiring voice and finger mastery. At the utmost it admits of only a few simplifications.

AN AVAILABLE SINGER.

After all is said and done to blame the teachers of singing for turning out embryo prima donnas whose whole stock in trade consists of a few colorature arias, truth compels the acknowledgment that we are gradually accumulating singers who know something

very different and far more to be called art. Among such the name of Mrs. Geo. Dayton Smith is to be mentioned, who after serious studies of singing in America, went to Dresden, where she acquired the German lieder from Stouckhausen, and later to Shakespeare in London, where she acquired oratorio as it is taught in England. Among her artistic experiences are several months of leading con-



MRS. GEO. DAYTON SMITH.

tralto roles in Wagnerian and standard opera at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in other first-class German opera houses. Her voice is of superior quality and volume, and her singing very musicianly.

ORCHESTRAS IN SMALLER CITIES.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra, still under the direction of that talented but difficult man, Mr. Frederic Archer, seems to be doing an encouraging business during its second season. The programs are well

arranged, in that they cater considerably more to the popular taste than Mr. Thomas would do at his time of life. The players number about fifty. The task of maintaining a symphony orchestra in a city like Pittsburgh is one of gravity, not to say of positive and complicated difficulty. The director in such a place is held responsible for elements beyond his control. The future of this work will be watched with interest.

In Buffalo there is an earnest series of orchestral concerts, which it is understood are being well supported.

Mr. M. L. Bartlett, also, at Des Moines, Iowa, is conducting a series of symphony concerts, for which a large guarantee fund has been secured in advance. Mr. Bartlett writes that of his four leading violins one is from the Thomas Orchestra, one from Lameroux in Paris, one from the Leipsic Gewandhaus, and another from Frankfort-on-the-Main. The horns and wood wind were former members of the Iowa State Band. There are forty-five players. The papers support the new venture admirably.

MINOR MENTION.

At Unity Church on Sunday afternoons Mr. Harrison M. Wild is playing a series of organ recitals in which the entire literature of the organ is being covered. Mr. Wild is a most distinguished artist, and the recitals, which have now reached a number high up in the second hundred, are a great opportunity for students. No. 175 occurred November 29, and was devoted to American compositions.

Miss Sarah E. Wildman, a pupil of Mr. Wild, lately played a recital in the church where she is organist with a program embracing the chromatic fantasia by Thiele, Pastoral and Grand Chorus by Guilmant, Sonata op. 22 by Dudley Buck, etc.

The Metropolitan Conservatory is giving a valuable series of historical recitals, in which figure not alone compositions for the piano but also those for violin, song and various combinations of chamber music. Something of the same sort is to be recorded of the Gottschalk school, the Musical College, etc.

The North Chicago College of Music lately gave a musical evening at the Marquette Club, in which a varied program was given. Among the incidents was some rather remarkable piano playing of the head of this department, Mr. Alfredo Gore, a very brilliant player, and, it is said, an interesting man. Mr. Earl Drake had several violin solos played in more than his customary vigor and ability.

The opening of the Virgil clavier branch in Chicago was emphasized by certain public concerts in which two young girls played pieces alternately upon both piano and clavier, and exercises upon the latter showing great facility and accuracy. The center piece of the concerts was Mr. Liebling's Menuet, played first upon the clavier and then upon the piano by a girl who had memorized it upon the clavier and played it upon the piano for the first time in public. It

was very creditable. A Beethoven sonata, which came later, sounded rather better upon the clavier.

Alumni of the Milwaukee School of Music.

This body is now occupied with a course covering the first volume of "How to Understand Music," the exercise for December 16 consisting of the "Content Defined," with the illustrations assigned in the book, and "The Intellectual and the Emotional." The study is said to be entertaining and instructive.

MR. AND MRS. BICKNELL YOUNG'S LECTURE UPON OPERA.

December 3, in Handel Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave a lecture upon the opera, which in several respects deserves the attention of out-of-town audiences looking for something musical, interesting, instructive and enjoyable. The lecture covered the whole ground of opera from the beginning with Peri's "Eurydice," in 1600, to Verdi's "Falstaff." Selections were given from operas by Peri, Monteverde, A. Scarlatti, Lulli, Purcell, Gluck, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Wagner, Massenet and Verdi. Some were very short excerpts, illustrating a single point; others were complete arias. The selections are none of them common, and some are very rare, indeed. Mr. Young has the unusual advantage of a good speaking voice, the use of which does not impair its ease in song, so that his speaking and singing are both alike interesting. In the Monteverde and Bellini selections he sang with rare beauty of tone and expression. Mrs. Young is a daughter of the late highly gifted and musically active Signor Alberto Muzzucato, professor in the Milan Conservatory, opera composer, concert-master of La Scala Orchestra for ten years, some time director of the same, director of the Conservatory of Naples, etc. Brought up in an atmosphere of music, a well-educated musician herself, she makes for Mr. Young the wisest assistant possible in a lecture of this kind. The entertainment is one which should be in great demand. Mr. Young might easily have given a short example of the recitative of Peri's work, and perhaps might have made one or two of the other selections a little longer. He also failed to notice concerning Monteverde the highly creditable circumstance of his having placed the violin at the head of the orchestra, in 1608. What pleased best in this entertainment, aside from the very rarely beautiful singing, was the appreciative spirit in which Mr. Young speaks of the melody of some writers, such as Bellini, for instance, whose work it is the fashion just now to undervalue.

LEIPSIC NOTES.

My studies are too absorbing to permit my sending you the account I would like to have undertaken of the constant succession of remarkable musical performances in this time-honored city. It must

suffice at present if I make a running resume of the proceedings of the present season which at the moment of writing has covered about six weeks. Beginning with the Gewandhaus I am pleased to note the spirit of freshness and musical enthusiasm now characterizing the playing of the orchestra under the baton of Director Arthur Nikisch. In his programs he is quick to take cognizance of every event requiring notice, or affording plausible excuse for introducing novelties too long neglected.

The first concert of the season was mainly in memory of Schumann, and the illustrations of the great master consisted of the Manfred Overture and the Rhenish symphony. The Manfred Overture is interesting not alone as illustrating the morbid moods of Schumann himself, but also as showing his singular powers of musical expression in moods which at the time of writing were not so common in musical literature as they have later become. The Rhenish symphony is a great favorite here, and is regarded as illustrating an important period in Schumann's creative development. In it he has brought many bits of the folk life of the Rhine, no less than the healthful spirit of the historic river.

The second concert was devoted to a partial recognition of the memory of the recently deceased composer, Anton Bruckner, who was represented upon the program by the Adagio from his seventh symphony, a great and a monumental work, which curiously enough Mr. Arthur Nikisch conducted at its first performance in Vienna, January, 1885, Nikisch having been a pupil of Bruckner in counterpoint and form. The movement here given is of such deep expression, such poetic value, and so thoroughly represents the most advanced stage of modern music that it was selected in Vienna for use at a concert in memory of Richard Wagner himself. In all respects the general verdict is, it belongs in the category of the most advanced and the greatest of modern works. Professor Vogel asks why it should be that a composer of this rank, in the Germany of the nineteenth century, should have to wait until his sixtieth year, until his death even, before finding his proper public. It is one of the old revivals, where after stoning the prophets they build them large and imposing sepulchres.

This second concert of the Gewandhaus opened with Liszt's great Faust symphony, with its closing chorus. It was performed for the first time. Another case where the mills of the German gods have ground somewhat slowly. Beyond these two vigorous and thoroughly modern works the program contained the Volkmann serenade for strings and the Weber overture to "Freyschuetz." And how gloriously Nikisch conducted the two great works of Liszt and Bruckner! Never has the Gewandhaus orchestra played with such unanimity, such delicate precision and beautiful nuance. The attendance was wild with enthusiasm, and well it might have been so.

Speaking of Nikisch reminds me that a few days ago I had the pleasure of being in his company for a while when the question of America came up, and I was much pleased at his opinion of the

musical receptiveness and quick recognition of musical merit by an American audience. He declared that he found it much more satisfactory to render a concert to one of our audiences than to any similar audience in Europe. He said that people sat ready and glad to listen, with expectant faces, and every composition well rendered was always gratefully received. Here the concert audiences are very cold and unresponsive.

The third Gewandhaus concert also beamed with novelties, which were more in the nature of the solo performances and the appearance of a newly organized choral accessory to the Gewandhaus, than to the inclusion of any very pronounced new works for orchestra. The main instrumental numbers of the first part were Nicolai's overture to "Eine Feste Burg," the Ernst concerto for violin and orchestra (played by Carl Prill), a violin solo, the Bach Chaconne, and in the second part Beethoven's seventh symphony. The chorus sang the opening chorus from Bach's cantata, "Oh Sing Unto the Lord a New Song," and three part-songs by Holstein, Schumann and Schreck. The voices are fresh, the singing is musical and something fine is to be looked for from this choir later on. The solo violinist, Prill, is concert master of the orchestra, and he is sometimes called, as by Professor Vogel, a "younger Joachim," devoted to the solid and the musicianly in violin art, yet not condemning the lighter arts of the virtuoso, as shown in the Ernst concerto. Throughout the concert the orchestra, under the magnetic leading of Mr. Nikisch, played gloriously, and the audience was fairly taken off its feet.

The fourth Gewandhaus concert brought the young Russian pianist Gabrilowich, in the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor, and in a composite number of solos from Chopin and Rubinstein. The orchestral numbers consisted of Mendelssohn overture to a "Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage," and Mozart's symphony in G minor, which was played with delightful sweetness and beauty. The pianist is undoubtedly a favorable representative of the Russian school.

This brings me to the concerts of the Liszt-Verein, of which two have been given, the main features of which are all I shall have time for. The chief orchestral numbers were Liszt's "Tasso" and Berlioz's Roman Carnival overture, which were played with great spirit, but not always with a tone-color wholly satisfactory. The singer of the occasion with Frau Kammerseangerin Schumann-Heink, from Hamburg, and her principal numbers consisted of new lieder by Hermann Behn, also a composer from Hamburg. The songs made a powerful impression, both through the delicately responsive relation of the music to the poetry and by reason of the lovely melodic qualities. The other solo artist of the occasion was Mr. Arthur Friedheim, well known in America, who played Liszt's Concerto in A major, and his own arrangement of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody for piano and orchestra. Of the latter several different opinions were heard, ranging from the wild popular appreciation which the audience accorded the artist, to the reserved admis-

sion of Professor Vogel that while there was nothing improper per se in applying to a work of Liszt the treatment which he on his own part had not scrupled to apply to the creations of such greater masters as Schubert and Weber, in the present case it was not necessary, inasmuch as the pianoforte version of the second rhapsody as Liszt left it still affords abundant scope for the artist and the hearer.

At the second concert the birthday of Liszt was celebrated by the performance of Liszt's "Ideale" symphonic poem, founded upon a poem of Schiller, the orchestra augmented to 134, and led by Mr. August Klughardt, director of the hofcapell at Dessau, which made an astonishing and profound impression. Then followed a symphony by the director himself, Mr. Klughardt, in C minor, opus 57, played here four years ago in the present series. It is a powerful, a musicianly and artistic work. The pianist of the occasion was the young Miss Celeste Painpare from Antwerp, who played Beethoven's fourth concerto, in G major, and the Bach-Liszt organ fantasia and fugue in A minor. For a repeated recall she played a most delicate and taking little Gavotte and Musette by Thome. She is a very promising artist, with splendid technique and artistic qualities.

Marie Krebs appeared at the "Elite Concert" in Albert Hall, her numbers being the Mendelssohn G minor concerto and a selection of short pieces, among which were Schumann's Romance in F sharp and Traumeswirren, and Rubinstein's Etude Infernale. She made a fine effect. Among other recitals I might mention the Beethoven evenings of Mr. Bertrand Roth, of Dresden, who played the sonatas of Beethoven in installments, beginning with an evening containing opus 2 and 7, and another containing opus 10 and 13. But time is too short.

At the opera among many interesting things was the "Tristan and Isolde," in which Frau Ada Adinn made a very remarkable success as Isolde. "Rienzi" has also been given with brilliant success. Of the long list of chamber concerts by different combinations of artists I cannot even speak.

C. D. H.

CAN WOMEN TRAIN THE MALE VOICE?

Mr. A. Devin-Duvivier, one of the most experienced singing teachers of Chicago, has lately put himself upon record in the negative of the above question, under the circumstances following. The Chicago Tribune of December 14 had an article relating that a young Dane named Proschowsky had been accorded an interview with Mme. Nordica, who greatly admired his voice, with the single exception that he had been singing all wrong as a baritone, in fact, when he was a tenor. Accordingly she gave him some lessons then and there in order to show him how to place his voice in order to form the tenor resonance. As Mr. Duvivier was eminent as a teacher of singing in Paris about the time Mme. Nordica was in long clothes, and

later in the Royal Academy in London, where Garcia sent him his own pupils when unable to give the lessons himself, this important discovery of Mme. Nordica naturally called out a response. The Tribune declined to print a rejoinder from Mr. Duvivier, but the *Inter-Ocean* was kinder, and this is the communication which has an interest wholly aside from the point concerning Mr. Proschowsky's voice:

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15.—To the Editor.—I have interested myself in the struggles and future of Mr. Proschowsky during the last two years and a half. I have given him private, gratuitous tuition, training him as a decided barytone, and resisting any temptation to ruin his voice in the endeavor to force it up to the tessitura of a tenor.

The announcement of Madame Nordica's "discovery" has therefore caused me some weariness, and I feel reluctantly bound to give an immediate and straight answer notwithstanding the painful position of being in flat contradiction with such a distinguished artist.

As premise to my assertion that Mr. Proschowsky has not a tenor voice, I must say that in the history of singing, or better production of the voice, there is not a single example of any male subject's having ever been trained to become an artist, by a woman. There has never been, and is not now, a single female professor in any of the European great schools of music, either in Italy, France, Germany, or England, to whom a male vocal student has ever been, or is now intrusted, for the cultivation of his voice. I do not omit even such names as those of the illustrious Mmes. Viardot-Garcia and Marchesi. The reason universally admitted, and proven, is simply because women do not understand anything whatsoever about the production of the male voice, which of course is by nature absolutely different from theirs.

I read that in Madame Nordica's examination of Mr. Proschowsky's voice "when the tone did not suit her she would jump up and, standing in front of him, give the illustration again and again."

Madame Nordica would necessarily illustrate in falsetto or head register, but although she would say, "Listen to me, you can do it," how is it credible that she could expect Mr. Proschowsky to "do it" in chest or mixed voice?

Now this may be very amusing to report to the public, but Madame Nordica (whose brilliant career I have had the pleasure of following since her debut in London), is by far too great an artist to expose herself to such errors.

Bussine, Ronconi, Maurel, La Salle, Faure could produce, and have produced, every one of them, A's and even B flats in closed chest register. But the tessitura and timbre of their voices was and remained barytone.

True, Mr. Jean de Reszke sang for years barytone parts, but in the transformation of his voice the muscles of his throat have stood a strain that perhaps no other known singer could endure with impunity. Jean de Reszke is a magnificent exception, not an example.

At the Grand Opera, Paris, I have heard Marié sing alternately the parts of William Tell, "barytone," and Arnold "tenor" during several consecutive weeks. Masset, of the same theater, had the same fabulous voice, singing from the lower G to the upper C in alt. Another extraordinary exception, that is all.

Mme. Nordica's opinion might certainly be of great value to any female student, but I regret that I, or any other acknowledged master in the art of singing, could not second her opinion in reference to Mr. Proschowsky. The reporter writes, "Mme. Nordica discovered the tenor yesterday—his voice is a great one, she says." Mme. Nordica found a rich gold mine in her voice and good-naturedly believes she has discovered another one in Mr. Proschowsky's throat. I can only continue to admire Mme. Nordica as a songstress, and trust that the man in whom I have taken such interest may find a professor who will accept the responsibility of transforming his voice to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A. D. DUVIVIER,
Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music, London; Member
of the Society of Authors and Composers, Paris.

EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY ON "THE ART OF LISTENING TO MUSIC."

Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, whose orchestral suites are now played by Seidl and Damrosch, and whose songs are acquiring more and more popularity, has lately been giving a course of university extension lectures at Albany, N. Y., upon the topic above. The syllabus follows:

1. The Sources of Music. What to Listen For!
2. Musical Forms. Illustrated by Songs, Marches and Dances.
3. The Rondo.
4. The Sonata. Explanation of Symphony and Overture.
5. An Evening with Bach, Handel, Haydn and Schumann, Illustrating Counterpoint, Imitation, Canon and Fugue.
6. Individual Traits of the "Classical Composers."
7. The Romantic School. Illustrated by Schubert, Chopin and Mendelssohn.
8. The Drama with Music. Development of Opera—Wagner.
9. An Evening with Modern French Composers. Bizet, Deliber, Saint Saens and Others.
10. National Music, as Written by Dvorak, Grieg and Tschalkowsky.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC. HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO THE UNTAUGHT LOVERS OF THE ART. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896. 16 mo, cloth, pp. 361.

In this very handsomely printed volume Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune performs a needed task in his usual careful and pleasing manner. What he seeks to do is to place the musically untaught reader in possession of a few technicalities of the art and

a few general directions for fastening his attention upon the salient features of high class music of different kinds—such as every cultivated person is called upon to hear. As the author is one of the most competent musical writers in the United States, and is not given to long and hard words, it can be imagined that the work is well done. Beginning with a sort of general clearing up of the ground, Mr. Krehbiel passes lightly over the recognition of elementary musical elements from folks song to the ninth symphony of Beethoven (an agreeable little task covered in about twenty small pages), content and kind of music, the modern orchestra, at an orchestral concert, at a piano recital, at the opera, choirs and choral music, musician critic and public (an orientation), the whole concluded by a number of plates which are at the same time portraits of prominent players and illustrations of the figure of little known instruments, such as the piccolo, flute, oboe, bassoon, bass clarinet, French horn, etc. It was not the problem of this work to go to the bottom of anything, and it does not. But is exactly such a handy little book as might well be placed in the hands of amateurs in general, piano students between the ages of ten and sixteen, singing students without regard to age or sex, and college graduates and professors, not forgetting newspaper men in general—all of whom are legitimate "meat" for Mr. Krehbiel's muse (if a muse can be spoken of as having "meat"). A utility book upon a very fine art, executed gracefully and without offense. What more would one have?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"1. When and by whom were the intervals of the diatonic scale of C first discovered?

"2. Was not A minor discovered before the intervals of C major?

"3. Is the diatonic scale of C any more natural than any other scale or key?—J. A. W."

I cannot answer the first question on the above list. Pythagoras, who probably learned it in Egypt, is commonly credited with having known the perfect fourth, ratio 4:3, the perfect fifth, ratio 3:2, and the major step, ratio 9:8, the latter obtained by subtracting the fourth from the fifth. This was done mathematically, and not by ear. From this time, about 600 B. C. down to about A. D. 200, the Greeks now and then took a pull at discovering scale intervals—as Mark Twain describes the mediaeval knights "going a grailing," but always from a mathematical standpoint. The latest production of this kind is the *Harmony of Cladius Ptolemy*, of Alexandria, which sums up all the mathematical discoveries previous and gives many different determinations of intervals within the tetrachord. (Scale from *do* to *fa*.) I do not see that Ptolemy knew anything about the matter by hearing. What he sought was to divide the tetrachord into different series of intervals, all having the character called "super-particular," i. e., the numerator differing from the denominator by unity, as 9:8, 8:7, 5:4, 4:3, 3:2, etc. The Greeks had melody of some sort, but we do not know what, because while the pitch of their scale tones can be approximated nearly enough, we know absolutely nothing how they handled these intervals with reference to key notes, etc. Among the intervals mentioned by Ptolemy the major third, 5:4 is credited to Didymus, and the minor third, 5:3 I believe. Also the lesser whole step, 9:8.

Apparently along in the middle ages they had a minor tonality, and so far as we know very little use was made of major tonality. The scale finally established itself by ear, and not by mathematical determinations. Our major tonality is determined by a combination of chords in key—tonic, subdominant and dominant. Each tone in the scale is determined by its duty in the chord to which it belongs. Taking C, for instance, E and G are third and fifth to C; A and C are third and fifth to F; B and D are third and fifth to G. The three roots, F, C, G, stand at intervals of fifths. When all are collected into an octave we have a scale in which *do-mi-sol* are tonic elements; *fa-la-do* subdominant elements; and *sol-si-re* dominant elements.

According to Professor John C. Fillmore, melody tends to work off along the line of least resistance, and so along the line of the

chord. Hence melody in major tonality should have been earlier; but so far as we know it was not. This is a conundrum for development to crack. According to development theory the incitation of a resonant tone involves hearing the chord, or feeling it, every tone being compounded of partials which in fact are the chord of that tone. Minor tonality seems to have ignored this, and the question is how did it happen? This is as far as we have come, as yet.

The key of C is no more "natural" than any other, but it is distinctly less complicated by flats and sharps in the notation. All major scales are alike to the ear, as are all minor, except in so far as the elevation of pitch gives them a different expression. The apparent complication of keys with many sharps or flats is merely a complication of notation. To the ear one is as easy and natural as another.

* * *

"Will you kindly give me an opinion of a work on Harmony best adapted for self-study? Is there nothing as simple and lucid as your 'Primer of Musical Forms?'"—J. A. v. B.

You can study harmony without a teacher from almost any work. I think, perhaps, Mr. Norris's Harmony on the French Plan is simplest and clearest of all. But you can hardly succeed in writing your exercises without faults unless they are corrected by a competent teacher. I would suggest that after you have read the work I mention (Book I. will be enough for a beginning), you had better send the exercises of the first four chapters, for example, to the author for correction and suggestion. Of course you will have to pay for his time, but you will get value received. I have an idea that this method is both more easy and more intelligible than most others. The trouble is that when you seem to be getting along nicely and are writing pages and pages of exercises with all ease, you have committed faults in the beginning which enter into every exercise later, so that there is not one perfect. The experienced eye is indispensable at this stage.

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CHICAGO ILL.

FEBRUARY
1897

W. B. MATHEWS EDITOR

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THE TRUMPETERS, by Luca Della Robbia.

MUSIC

FEBRUARY, 1897.

SHERWOOD AN AMERICAN MASTER OF PIANO.

BY W. S. B. M.

Did it ever occur to you what it means to be a virtuoso pianist? How many hours, days, weeks, years of unceasing drudgery, applied not to a trade or business as work, but to an art, to the art you love better than life. Art is one thing, practice another.

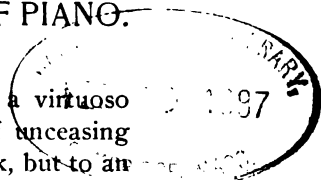
In all these hours at the piano it is not a question of melody, of harmony, of sequence, climax, outpouring of soul; but primarily a matter of fingers, force, facility. It is to go over the route so many hundreds of times that the fin-

gers will follow the familiar track under the most distracting circumstances, as when there is an audience in front, a bad piano to play upon, a lame finger. No matter what the disadvantage, the artist has to play when the moment comes. And since his reputation turns upon the quality of his playing, he has to play well.

Moreover, this is not something you finally get through and done with. Not even for the pieces you know best. No matter how many years you have known them, whenever you take them up again for public interpretation you have to do over



MR. SHERWOOD.



again a great deal of this drudgery. Hence the career of a virtuoso makes singular demands upon its votary, and effects a natural selection of temperaments capable of standing this kind of strain. It demands a certain self-absorption, a certain independence of the outside world, a capacity to stand proof against all sorts of temptations to dissipation, even the most innocent, to the end that the full powers of the artist may create for themselves a road out to the world through the medium of art.

This is the kind of thing which a pianist like Sherwood undergoes. By nature of a musical, sensitive and responsive temperament, this career has laid its burdens upon his life



SHERWOOD HALL, AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

now for more than a quarter of a century. And the same that it has done for him, it has done for all the other virtuosi. They live for their art. It is the only condition upon which they can have an art.

If a musical history of the United States ever comes to be written, the chapter upon piano music and its development in its highest departments will have a very liberal credit placed against the name and work of Mr. William H. Sherwood, who for more than twenty years has not ceased to go up and down

this land playing everywhere piano forte music of the highest class, and with a technic and artistic equipment of astonishing breadth and power. Sherwood has never favored himself at the expense of the hearer. The pieces which the majority of other players have omitted from their programs as being too difficult for comfort to the artist, or likely to be caviare to the general, Sherwood boldly includes; and with these rejected stones of the lesser builders he erects his own artistic monument, and at the same time builds up the public education



MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD IN HIS STUDY.

and taste. Many and many small pieces by American composers also he includes, because experience has shown him that in a new country like this, the generality of piano students are so exclusively occupied with the classics of their art that they entirely fail to judge the worth of the composers of their own day, and particularly of their own countrymen. Accordingly Sherwood generally includes a number of pieces of this class, and American composers owe this master a debt it is feared they will never repay.

Moreover, in another point the influence of Mr. Sherwood has been greater than that of any foreign artist. For not only has he been before the American public longer than any other pianist now actively before it, excepting perhaps the gifted Carreno, but he has played in many smaller places and has been heard by a wider section of the musical public than any other artist. Sherwood has played from Bangor to Corpus Christi, and from Eastport to Seattle and San Francisco. Hence, he is and has been the great American educator in piano playing. Wherefore some account of his personality is now in order.



THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Business positions.)

It seems impossible that twenty-five years have elapsed since a curly headed young fellow presented himself at the summer school at Binghamton, N. Y., for lessons of Dr. William Mason. The young fellow played with great promise. I remember Liszt's "Rigoletto" fantasia being among his numbers at that time. I saw quite a little of him, for he frequented my teaching room while I was giving lessons in Mason's exercises to his cousin, who came with him, and he also had some organ lessons of me. Since that time I have never wholly lost sight of him. He used to be an almost unfailing member of the little off-hand "kneipe" at the Atlantic Garden in Binghamton on evenings, where the proprietor, by way of delicate attention to visiting musicians, used to work off the limited repertory of the small orchestration, from the "Tell" overture to "Amaryllis"



THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Interlocking.)

before we could have the quiet desirable for listening to Mr. Mason's talk of music, Liszt and the days of Weimar, of which all of us were anxious to hear.

Mason grew rather fond of Sherwood, and in the fall the



THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Left hand reaching for a distant key.)

young man went to New York to continue his studies. This lasted for one or two years, when Sherwood went abroad to Kullak, at Berlin. For some reason Kullak rather undervalued Sherwood for some time, and it was not until after quite a long time, perhaps a year or two, that he put him upon a program to play the Chopin fantasia in F minor. It was a long program and the crowded audience was tired, as the Chopin number was at the last. The young fellow came on and with that coolness which has always distinguished his public appearances, seated himself calmly, took all the time he wanted to get ready, and not till then did he deliver the first phrase. There was in this first phrase the something which cannot be described, which those who are born to play in public have, while those who are not born for such a destiny have it not. It filled the stage, arrested attention, and the audience settled itself for listening. He played it beautifully, and at the end there was great applause and many recalls, and still another piece was played.

From this time on Sherwood had a standing with Kullak. After some time here Sherwood went to Deppe, being one of the American students who followed Frederic Horace Clarke and

which has always distinguished



THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(A difficult position.)

Miss Amy Fay to that much-praised but little-accomplishing master. After Deppe, Sherwood followed the line of least resistance and placed himself in the Weimar coterie. Besides learning the much that was to be learned here by those who had talent he also met his fate for the first time, in the person of Miss Mary Fay (not a near relative of Miss Amy Fay). This pianist, some years his senior, was attracted by the talented young man, and even while they were still at Weimar they



THE SHERWOOD FAMILY OUT
FOR PLEASURE.

(Mr. Sherwood's wheel at the extreme left.)

were married. Indeed, it was so long before they came away that Liszt stood godfather to their first child. This union was too much of a trade, and later incompatibilities arose, so it was dissolved, but not before three children had blessed the home with the benediction of natures fresh from the invisible and eternal.

My own meeting with Sherwood next was not until he arrived in Chicago for opening Hershey hall, which must have been somewhere about 1878, although he had returned from Europe in 1876. At this time one of his great pieces was Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, with orchestra. This he played with Mr. Thomas, and I believe he played a recital or two at Philadelphia during the Centennial exposition. Mr. Clarence Eddy, head of the Hershey school, had been a friend of Mr. Sherwood in Berlin. Sherwood's program for opening the hall contained two numbers then rarely played—the last sonata of Beethoven and the Liszt arrangement of Isolde's "Liebestod." These and one of the Liszt Bach organ fantasias and fugues made up a foundation of serious and able bodied playing, the like of which we were getting at that time only from Mme. Julia Rive-King, who made it a point to play the most important pieces, but who excelled in works of a brilliant character in which her splendid technic gave her a great advantage. Sherwood made a great success at this time, although naturally it is not possible for a

pianist to make the same kind of success with compositions of this caliber as with those which appeal to a larger circle.

Many times afterward Sherwood came to Chicago to play. For two or three summers he played recitals at my summer school in Evanston. I remember one year, when he had just finished a summer school somewhere in the East, he came out very tired indeed, and had to play five recitals for me in a week preparatory to going to Chautauqua, where he was even then beginning his work. The programs contained a variety of the most serious and difficult compositions, but Sherwood did not practice at all. One day, when we were going about downtown in Chicago, I said to him: "You are a nice fellow.

anyway, but your cheek strikes me as something uncommon. Here you are booked for five recitals, in the course of which you are playing some of the most difficult and imposing piano pieces that exist, and yet you do not practice a line."

Sherwood answered: "It is not cheek, nor yet is it forgetfulness. I'm very tired, indeed, and while if I were to practice I might improve this, that or the other passage, I would lose what little freshness I still have, and my playing would not please the audience half as well."

One evening he came to the hall a few minutes late, his first number being the last sonata of Beethoven, opus III. As he entered he asked me: "Have you a copy of Bee-



THE SHERWOOD CONCERT
COMPANY.

(On Lookout Mountain.)

thoven's sonata here?" "No," I answered. "Why?" "I want to look at one place which I cannot quite remember," he replied. Whereupon I encouraged him by saying: "You are a fine fellow to be looking up the sonata when you ought to be upon the stage already. I have loaned my copy to a pupil, who desires to follow your reading with notes in hand." "Well," said Sherwood, "I guess I can do it," and he went on, and the passage came to him all right.

For several years Mr. Sherwood lived in Boston, where his influence was very important in raising the standard of piano playing after the modern style, for the resident pianists of Boston at that time were not very modern in style. From Boston he made concert tours every year, but never with the success which he ought to have had—I mean in point of prestige. It has never been Mr. Sherwood's luck to have a capable business manager, or a good piano house back of him; for an artist of the first class is dependent upon having a really superior instrument at his disposal, and concert engagements in places where they know the difference between playing of the first order and that which merely resembles it.

After a few years in Boston he went to New York, where amid many annoying and almost adverse circumstances he built up a profitable business. Associated with him here was his pupil, Mr. Hugh A. Kelso, jr., who attended to many details of the business, and came to Chicago with him when the Chicago Conservatory made its engagement with Mr. Sherwood some years ago.

In Chicago Mr. Sherwood's influence has been marked, and the playing he has done here, while not before the largest possible audiences, has had, nevertheless, great bearing upon the development of the younger class of pianists.

Two years ago Mr. Sherwood went abroad for a season. With his wife and children they rode about on their bicycles in England, Paris, and especially up about Lake Geneva and in other parts of Switzerland. Mr. Sherwood played at Geneva and in several other places with most creditable success.

One of the pleasantest parts of his work of late years has been that at Chatauqua, where he has a cottage. He teaches, plays, talks and goes upon excursions awheel. The country

about is fine for wheeling purposes, and this part of the summer outing is prodigiously enjoyed by all the family.

In two respects I regard Mr. Sherwood as having been one of the most important influences toward educating American taste for piano playing—in the number of his recitals and the territory covered and the astonishing variety and range of the programs. A list of the pieces which have been habitually used by Mr. Sherwood during the last few years would probably aggregate more than two hundred, while his whole concert and recital repertory probably aggregates four hundred pieces. Of all these I prefer his playing in those which are most difficult. It is only when the piece calls for his powers that he seems to arouse himself and give his playing the advantage of practice. I heard him in Philadelphia, about three years ago, in a program containing several pieces of unusual demands, and the playing was the best I ever heard him do. While his hand was not originally well fitted for the piano, being short, stubby and rather unpliant, enormous practice has made it a very responsive organ, and in tasks where ordinary hands entirely break down, this of Sherwood appears at its best.

The illustrations in this article are from photographs in the family archives, most of them amateur productions showing different moments of family and professional life. The hand-positions were made in order to illustrate the fact well known to artists that the hands of a pianist in concert playing only rarely assume the positions commonly held up in instruction books as the only correct ones. Such positions are those of repose; no sooner do the exigencies of a difficult piece arise than the hands assume a great variety of positions in action, the most of which would be unhesitatingly rejected if shown in advance to a pedagogue.

THE SINGING BOYS OF LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

BY FLORENCE EVERHAM.

Far back in the early Florentine time, when as yet the **grand** dome of the cathedral was not completed, and the last of the famous bronze doors of the San Giovanni were in process of



"WITH CYMBALS ALSO AND SHAWMS."

completion, the Signoria and the Operai ordered from a young workman some wood carvings for a railing to the choir. Luca Della Robbia, for this was the clever young artist whose work had attracted the attention of the Signoria, was companion of

that famous group embracing Ghiberti, of the famous bronze gate doors; Brunelleschi, the still more famous architect of the great dome which towers over the city of Florence from then until now, and Donatello, who later completed the choir railing with his own panels of singing figures.

Although placed high up from the floor of the cathedral and too finely finished for adequate effect at the distance from



SINGING BOYS.

the eye of the spectator, these singing boys of Luca Della Robbia remain famous in art, so famous that in spite of the after triumphs of the artist in material quite different, the so-called Robbia ware, they are still quoted as living witnesses of his marvelous powers of representation and idealization. There are ten of these panels, some a little wider than the others, but all of the same height. In some the figures are few and simple; in others the figures are many and the attitudes are full of

life, and equally valuable as portraits of the healthy peasant faces of those times, when Florence was getting itself talked of in the world.

Let us begin with the panel with eight standing singers and the two cherubic infants seated upon the floor. Whether girls or boys it might not be sure to say. The costumes would seem to indicate girls. Four are playing certain antiquated



and impossible instruments, the nature and mechanical principles of which knoweth no man to this day. The three active figures upon the right are lost in song, their attitudes curiously like those commonly attributed to St. Cecilia. One, with face turned up towards the heavens, seems pouring out a veritable rapture of praise; another listens to her own instrument, equally enwrapped in ecstasy of praise. The figures upon the left have ceased their song for a moment and all attention is

centered upon these three. And at the bottom of the panel those two cunning little wooden cherubs with the stolid yet healthy faces of the peasant, think only of their instruments, except one whose open mouth and raised face seems active in the song.

And what a jolly time the seven cherubic youngsters are having with their cymbals in the group above! What animation! What hearty delight in the noise they are making!

There is one group in which no instruments are shown, but simply a group of seven boys singing and apparently marching. They also are happy, but not with the abandon of those who have the cymbals in their hands.

And what a spirited group is that of the trumpeters! On the left are three figures blowing the long straight trumpet of the Romans, while facing them and apparently aiding in steady-ing the tubes are three other faces. And upon the lower level four lively, vigorous, active boys. One can imagine the lusty trumpet calls and hearty boy-delight in noise so resonant.

I, THE MASTER; I, THE KING.

(The Spirit of Exaltation.)

His bow leapt on the height of sound
And smote the barrier to Infinity.
Regal—he aways his sceptre—rules his world,
In God-like nectar of his siren-wine
He drinks the draught of being.

“Oh, divine!”—he cries.

To thrall and crush a soul on mine,
To feel that I, the Master, I, the King,
Slave the senses, mine ear hath heard
That which nor is—I know it word on word,
Have felt the note unutterable
Pulsate the core of all that is.

I, the King, have known

To feel some sweetness by me pass,
Have ope'd the vein of Love
And poured its passion in my viol's song.
I hold beneath my touch the truth of things;
I know the secret that the violet knows.

Oh, Might of Music! In sweep and shattering gust
The wave of Melody rolls on—rolls on—
And I, the Master of its song.

* * * * *

My Violin, come to my heart,
Lean thou, my faithful, on my breast.
For thee and me—though I, the King.
And thou my voice—there is no rest.

Nerve and self of inner self
We are the weft and web of tone—
Thou the soul, and I the King.
No death for us—mine own.

Worlds on worlds we tread
The eternal round along—
I the Life, and thou the Soul—
And I, the Master of the Song.

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

AN EVENING AT THE CORNELIO.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

Cornelio's—the one place in Florence where at some time in the day "everybody" is sure to be found. In the afternoon to drink coffee, to dine under the famous wisteria that made the quaint old arbored garden a purple glory in the springtime, or to spend the long evening around the tables touching elbows with all Florence, the aristocracy, the soldiers, the lawyers, the artists. Here, too, at an inconspicuous table off at the side was the meeting place of a typical group of music students, who used every evening in the late spring when there was no opera, to get together, talk over the day's work in general and tear all the other fellow's teachers to pieces in particular. Great days those were with the whole world to conquer, and as yet no ideals bruised by contact with the rough facts. There was but one ambition, one thought, the opera. During the season every night found them at the opera; after the season each night they came to Cornelio's and filled themselves with reminiscences of the past season and guesses, mingled in each one's heart with a few air castles for the coming. They had, of course, personal names of a good American flavor, but were more usually known by the generic term of "the boys." Only two were distinguished from the mass by distinct individuality—Walter, who was the husband and manager of a successful prima donna, and John—our mentor we called him—who had already made something of a name for himself on the stage. All the singers and singing students are sharply divided into two classes, those who have appeared in opera in Italy and those who have not. The one are artists, the other students. So when on rare occasions our evening assemblage was honored by the presence of one or both of these beings it was as though Olympians sat down with mortals. They actually had partaken of the Nectar and Ambrosia of which the gods alone may eat. They entered at the stage door, while we climbed the weary stairs to the gallery.

One evening in May we were at our usual seats, Fred, Dudley, Dick and myself, when Frank entered with a beaming face.

"Talk about cool American nerve! but that great lumbering Chambers of Buffalo has it. You know he has been missing for three days, but I found him. Do any of you fellows know Cinotti? Well, he is a baritone and manager, too, in a small way. It seems that he is going to give a season of ten performances of 'Lucia' down at Castelfiorentino next month. Chambers met him somewhere, and as is his wont began filling him up with stories of the big things he has done over in America and what a tremendous big singer he is anyway. I tell you, if bluff were all that is needed he would make his debut at La Scala. All the big singing he ever did in America was yelling 'cash' behind some ribbon counter. However, he must have made an impression on Cinotti with his big shoulders, for lo, and behold! Cinotti shows up next day at his lesson and liked his voice. But the joke is to come. After he heard him sing Cinotti tells him he is going to give this season of opera and asks him if he is up in 'Rainmond.' 'Sure,' says Chambers, 'I have already sung the part several times in America;' and Maestro sits there on the piano stool and never turns a hair. Well, they make some kind of a dicker, and the long and short is that Chambers gets his debut without its costing him a cent, just on cool nerve. Now, for three days he has been locked in his room with an accompanist trying to learn his part in time for rehearsal next week. How is that for high? The place is only seventy miles or so from here, and I am a Dutchman if I don't go down and hear him. I bet they tear the insides out of the theater to throw at him."

During the foregoing Mentor had joined the group.

"That sounds just like you boys," he began, "always looking for a chance to roast somebody who tries to make his way. I suppose that if Chambers makes a decent showing down there you fellows will be too disgusted to eat. Wait till you get within gunshot of a debut, which is not at all likely to my mind, and feel your legs shake and your mouth parch and your brain whirl. Then think of half a dozen of your 'friends' out in front hoping with all their miserable little hearts that you will be hissed. Bah! You ought to be kicked."

When Mentor spoke we were mostly silent. For was not his name in the directory of "artists" on the back page of the

"Revista Melodramatica"? Did he not know everything about everybody?

"Well, there is one fellow you can call a fool if you wish to, and that is Ferucci, that crazy Neapolitan that was here for several years. You all know him. He somehow or other got a mighty fine chance for his debut at Paria as 'William' in 'Mignon.' He has lots of talent, that's sure, and he pleased everybody immensely at the rehearsals, and it looked as if he were going to launch on his career with a real triumph, but then his fool streak came to the surface. With most singers the occasion of their first appearance in opera is a rather serious time. I know it was with me. I was content to stay indoors and take care of myself the best I knew how. Not so Ferucci; he was no such weak sister as that. It seems that on the very day of the first performance there was to be a shooting party going out for snipe on the marshes a few miles from the city. So what does Ferucci do but get up about 3, don his shooting togs and trot along with the rest. He got back about 10 or 11 all fagged out and tumbled into bed for a nap to straighten him out. When he woke up he had as beautiful a hoarseness as anybody could ask. Then he rushed round like a hen with her head cut off to this doctor and to that trying to get himself put into shape. But it was no use. He had done the trick for that day. When evening came he tried to sing, but it was no use; he couldn't croak. So the manager had to make an elaborate apology to the audience; and next day Ferucci sneaked off somewhere. He hasn't dared show his head since."

Just then Walter appeared and made for our table with a face like a thunder cloud.

"Hulloa, Walt," one of the boys shouted; "been killing somebody—or are you just going to?"

"You children who have fathers to pay your bills can afford to laugh; but it is no joking matter for us who have our own way to make or starve, I can tell you."

"What's up, old man?"

"An American artist who wants to make a career in this infernal country has about as much show as a cornfield when the Kansas grasshoppers strike it."

"No! You don't say so? Well, that is news. I tell you what, Walt, I think that if you rush to a telegraph office and

cable that discovery over to the New York Herald they will probably pay you a thousand nothings for the information."

"You wait till you have to find your own bread and butter instead of writing to your papa for money every two weeks."

"Whence all this righteous indignation, and these sage drops of wisdom? What's it all about? Explain yourself, old man. Meanwhile cool your fevered brow, so to speak, with a sip of this most excellent vermouth of Turin; you seem excited."

"Well, Great Scott, who wouldn't be. There is another of those confounded American girls in town with a voice like a rusty saw, but a rich friend."

"What of it? She is nothing to us. Blaze away, and tell us who it is."

"I suppose you all saw the notice in the *Fieramosca* last evening about a special season of opera at the 'Niccolini,' at which the 'distinguished young American prima donna' would make her Italian debut? Well, I saw Pollini this afternoon and he told me all about it. Of course, I knew good American dollars were at the bottom of it all, but I didn't know just how. But he told me the whole story, and I tell you it just makes me boiling mad. Here is a girl, good enough sort of girl for all I know, but one who has never done anything at all at home or anywhere else, comes down here and in ten minutes does what it takes us years to do—and why? Just because some way or other she has the luck to fall in with a rich young Californian, who puts his money behind her 'for the cause of art,' I suppose. Bah! When I see what money does even in this 'home of art' it just takes the heart right out of me."

"Come to your story, Walter, and stop moralizing."

"Well, at all events, she appears in Florence with her 'patron of rising young artists' and his money bags. She tried two or three agents, but couldn't get matters arranged to her taste, so with the unlimited cash at her command she tried another scheme. Somewhere they ran across that old rascal Boccherini, and struck up a bargain with him. He was just the man for them, too. The Californian hands Boccherini his pocketbook, so to speak, and tells him to see that everything is done in proper style. So he engages the 'Niccolini' for two weeks, a fairly good tenor, the rest of them nothing but dogs, a chorus and orchestra. He went to Pollini for the orchestra.

and, of course, told him all about it. I was in to see Pollini a little later about that Spezia engagement and he told me. Won't that Californian be bled in style, though!"

"Serves him right, too."

"That's only part of it. Of course, they don't expect to do anything here. The whole thing is just a play for America. Here are the first fruits. I got the Fieramosca as I came along, and will you kindly read this? I can't."

"Sure. Pass it over. Here we have it. 'Extraordinary season of opera at the Niccolini. Eight performances of Lucia, etc.' Well, what's the matter with that? That's only the regular stereotypéd form."

"Use your eyes, you blind man! Read on down the column."

"Ah. Here you are."

"Florentine debut of the celebrated American artist, Miss Thomas. Signor Boccherini takes great pleasure in announcing his good fortune in being permitted to introduce to the critical public of our city this distinguished foreigner.' You bet he does. A most romantic story he tells in connection with this engagement. 'It is some time now that Donizzetti's masterpiece has been heard here, and he had made preparations for a special reproduction, but was at a loss for a "Lucia." Well, well; you hear that; with more than four hundred 'Lucias' within a stone's throw of where he sat. 'He was nearly on the point of giving up his contemplated season in despair, when he was honored by a call from the distinguished American who was sojourning for a few days in our city. After the usual compliments, Signor Boccherini requested to hear the Signorina sing. She had not finished her first aria, when his doubts were gone, and he immediately engaged her for "Lucia." He is more than enthusiastic over the new artist and predicts a triumph for her at her coming debut. We extend our greetings to the distinguished American, and are impatient to hear her voice in the divine melodies of Donizzetti.' Think of that! I would like to bet that the whole of that thundering yarn has already been cabled to America, and that a special story will be made of it and printed from one end of the country to the other. That's what money will do. Everybody will be talking about this nobody who has never done anything, while real singers like my wife, who have sung on

their merits all over Italy and earned everything they have ever had, are not heard of in America, because they can't afford to buy the papers."

"Right you are, Walter. But then Maud has won her place and can do the work, while the chances are that, after her two weeks' season, Miss Thomas will never be heard of again."

"Of course she won't be heard of here; but it isn't this place she is playing for; it's America; and America she will get. You wait till after the first performance and see the criticisms in one or two of the papers here, according to contract. They will be cabled to America and stored up for future use. I tell you it makes me sick. I have been managing a prima donna just long enough to realize what you can do without money to buy favorable notices; and that is just about nothing at all."

"Oh, well; the papers are not everything. After all, it is the work that counts, and Maud can do the work."

"That isn't all there is to it by a long shot. You know how it is with the agents here. They are robbers by profession, anyway, but when an American is concerned they go on the belief that each one is a millionaire, and they won't do anything without an extra big fee. They won't pay any attention to your honest poverty. If you won't pay they set you down for a miser. Now comes this Thomas with her Californian and buys the whole thing—manager, theater, orchestra, chorus, principals and the papers. They won't sell a ticket, and don't expect to. They will simply give the whole house away. Meanwhile the money flows like water. How do you think that will be for Americans trying to make a legitimate career and earn food enough to keep from starving in the meantime? It will be death and destruction."

"What can you do about it? Those that have money always have had and always will have the inside track over those who haven't. It's a law of civilization. There is one cheering reflection. If one young Californian attempts many more 'seasons' with Boccherini he, at least, will soon be out of the running. I can see the old fraud grinning to himself now as he wrote out that yarn."

"Well," said the hot-headed Kentuckian, "it is an infernal shame the way art and artists are bought and sold by these agents, who look on music just the same as a pig looks on his trough—as something they get their dinner from. The whole

race of them ought to be tied by the heels and flung into the river, and I would like to be one to help do it, too."

Then our Mentor spoke.

"You boys are very young. You talk the language of the theater, but when you have seen some of the things that Walter and I see every time we go to the theater you will understand matters in a different way. It is a great business. The people want opera and artists, and agents make a business of furnishing it to them. When you hear a manager talking of 'art' you may set it down for pure bosh, and the artists are not so very much better, either; at least, not after their second season. It is, alas, only the debutantes and students whose one ambition is for art, and who have only contempt for the practical side of it. You boys don't believe that now, and it is well for you that you don't, or you would give up in despair. But this first enthusiasm will be well pounded out of you if you ever get behind the footlights, which I very much doubt. But if you ever should get there you will find that it is a world of turmoil, of petty ambitions, and mean triumphs, in which you must look well for your own interests or you will mighty soon fall by the wayside. Every artist becomes to some extent a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde. Of course, he must have some really fine side to him, some poetry, some imagination, some noble ambition; otherwise, he is no artist, and the public won't have him. That is the side you see in the evening when the theater is lighted and he puts off his street clothes and daily thoughts and becomes for the time a hero, a man above the ordinary thoughts and emotions of life. It is an impossible thing to explain how a man can be a truly great artist on the stage and a miserable skinflint off it. But if ever you get inside the lines you will mighty soon know the difference between Stagno singing 'Roberto,' and old Stagno agreeing on his contract, screwing the manager up to the last penny, stipulating that on all placards his name shall be so many inches larger than any other names, that in all newspaper notices he shall have so much more space than any one else, and all the rest of the 'business.' He doesn't have any manager; he doesn't need one. He can look after himself better than any one else could, and what is more, he does. But he is an artist just the same when he is on the stage.

"However, I don't intend to get started on that tack now.

I started to tell you a little incident that came under my notice last year at Brescia. What you said about agents put me in mind of it. I don't know whether any of you boys remember a little Miss Williamson, who was here studying a few years ago. She was with Collini for two years or so and then went to Milan. Of course, she was a poor girl, but she had a little money from somewhere or other and sang pretty well; so nothing would do but she must come here and prepare for opera. The voice was rather small, and she was one of those modest, retiring girls just right to sing in church and be looked up to as 'our leading singer' in some small city, but with no right to think of opera for a minute. However, like lots are, way down deep in her heart she thought she had a 'call.' So she passed a dozen operas here, and when she thought she was ready went to Milan for an engagement. I did not know her then, or I might have given her a word of advice, which she probably would not have considered. However, she sang for one of the agents and left a nice little fee to be enrolled. He gave her some pleasant words, and she went home convinced that she was on the high road to success. She sat down and waited with more or less impatience for an engagement. Soon she tired of waiting and began to haunt the agents, poor girl. Then she began to get desperate. She had been in Milan about four months, and was as far from an engagement as the first day she landed. More than that, she was perfectly ignorant of how things were done there, and her money was fast disappearing. I suppose at first she would have rejected with true artistic scorn any such proposition, as that she should 'buy' her first engagement. But time and a little practical experience makes a great deal of difference with people's views, even though they be singers. She had such confidence in her special gifts that she felt if she could only once have an adequate hearing all the rest would be easy. I don't know just how it happened, but she finally fell in with one of the biggest rascals of the whole lot, and she finally offered him three hundred and fifty francs, which was more than half of all she had in the world, for a first-class engagement. It was her last gasp. She had to make a success at once, or go back home. So she ventured everything. Well, this fellow got her a pretty fair engagement at Brescia, and, as I said, besides his regular fee, she gave him three hundred and fifty francs bonus. I was

engaged in the same company, and in about a week we all appeared at Brescia for the first rehearsal.

"Well, she had not sung the first act half through before it was perfectly evident that she could not fill the bill. Usiglio was director, and at the end of her aria he rapped on his desk, called for the manager, and asked him what he meant by sending him 'such what-you-may-call-it children'? He protested her on the spot, and there was nothing for it but she must step down and out. She went back to Milan that same afternoon in a condition of mind you may imagine. The first thing she did was to call on the agent and demand her money back. Did she get it? I guess not. He cheerfully smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said: 'What can I do? I got you the engagement, but if you can't fill it that surely is not my fault. I have done my part and had my labor.'

"That was all the satisfaction she could get. The most interesting part of the story is to come. It seems that he was so sure that Miss Williamson could not do the work that on the very same day she went to Brescia he also sent another soprano to take her place. As soon as Miss Williamson was protested she promptly appeared and was engaged. I think Miss Williamson is back in America, where you boys ought to be."

"You are an old croaker. That's what's the matter with you. You are scared to death for fear some of us will come up and crowd you off the stage, and we will, too."

"Well, the system is bad enough, that's sure, but I doubt if it is much better anywhere else."

"Come on, boys. Let's leave these old croakers alone. I want a game of billiards."

THE TASK OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.

BY DR. RICHARD WALLASCHÖK.

Whoever undertakes to investigate the scientific basis of music has two tasks on his hands: he must know the works of musical art, and he must know man, who creates and enjoys them. The first task belongs to the history of music, which, as a part of the history of literature and civilization, describes the product of musical art, and gives some account of its origin, its value, and its relation to other achievements of the human mind. The second task should be taken up by a psychology of music, which analyzes physiologically the creative labor of the musical mind and observes the lover of music in his enjoyment of the art. The latter role, as well as a part of the former, used to be combined within the sphere of speculative aesthetics. From the lofty height of abstract conceptions the philosopher undertook to construct music and its impression dialectically and determine its value as art. That this method of philosophical aesthetics could have been fruitful would hardly be maintained today; at least, its advocates have themselves declared finally that aesthetics still stands in its baby shoes; that it must proceed from wholly different principles in order to become acquainted with the work of art and its enjoyment. We shall see later that, in spite of its failures, aesthetics is by no means lost. With other problems, with a different method, we, too, shall return to it. But before we tread the lofty path of philosophy, it will be well first to acquaint ourselves with the modest ways of inductive research, to gain a firm foundation for aesthetical observations. For this purpose we need:

First—A musical laboratory. The first point to be treated experimentally would be the theory of sound, as far as the musician needs it. There should be apparatus for the production of pure tones; for the study of consonance and dissonance, of major and minor; for the investigation of chords, difference in tones, overtones and undertones, etc. These studies would thus continue along the same line that Helm-

holtz and his school entered upon with such epoch-making results. Another object of research would be the sensation of hearing and its disturbances under morbid conditions. The heard tone which is transmitted to the brain and then in combination with other reflexes is wrought into a psychic impression lies entirely within the reach of experimental investigation. We could then learn how we judge the tones in our normal and abnormal conditions, how we estimate their pitch and compare intervals and what errors and illusions we are subject to in this mental operation. Any one who knows the valuable labors published along this line by Mach, Stumpf, Lipps, V. Kries, will perceive what a fruitful field is opened up for elaboration, and he will notice with regret how little of it all has really made its way into the world of musicians. And yet it is not only our native German scholars who are laboring in this province. Ribot and Dauriac in Paris, Edmund Gurney and James Sully in London, have long since treated the subject of musical psychology with success, unfortunately without influencing to any extent the views of strictly musical writers.

Another no less valuable result would be secured by the laboratory through the introduction of the graphical method which Marey (Paris) has developed into an entire system. This is connected with the simple observations of the pulse-beat, so zealously conducted from time immemorial, which have led through Vierordt and Czermak to the invention of the pulse-mirror, and through Conty and Charpentier to the construction of the sphygmograph. Dogiel of Dorpat has experimented with an improved form of the latter, the plethismograph. In this apparatus the pulse sets in motion an indicator which at every beat makes a record on a dial passing by it, and thus shows by the character and variation of the curve the variations of the pulse-beat. In this manner Dogiel succeeded in representing graphically the influence of music on the heart-beat. Familiar and unfamiliar music, energetic and melancholy tones, melodies that were liked or disliked, all these caused the pulse of the subject under observation to describe various specific curves. These facts withdraw the important question of the influence of music on the circulation of the blood, and the life of thought and feeling connected with it, out of the realm of mere speculation, and in forming a judgment

x about it we no longer need to lean on old, unauthenticated anecdotes and harrowing stories, as does speculative aesthetics. Mosso, in Turin, investigated the circulation of the blood as affected by music still farther by laying the entire person on a delicately sensitive balance and then observing how the upper part of the body descended in consequence of the greater flow of blood to the head. This fact, combined with higher temperature of the head and lower temperature of the extremities, proved the greater flow of blood to the brain. From the same facts psychology and aesthetics can also draw their conclusions as to the effect of music.

Binet and Curtier, in Paris, made use of the graphical method in another direction. They constructed an apparatus which, like the plethismograph, represents graphically the touch on the piano keys, so that its power, form, and direction are brought to view. The curve proved the existence of defects and unevenness in the performance which could not be perceived at all by the ear alone. A comparison between the curves of a good and bad trill was especially instructive; likewise the inequality of touch of the different fingers, particularly in the scales, the crescendo and diminuendo, the increasing inequality in more rapid tempo; all this was registered with an exactness that far surpassed the power of the ear. These observations were thus of importance, both psychologically and pedagogically. One artist exclaimed very pertinently, when he regarded the curve of his own playing: "C'est un confessional." The investigations may also have artistic significance, for the curve of a rendering approved by the composer is a faithful and sensitive as well as an objective standard as regards intensity, shading and tempo, and every other rendering of the piece can be compared with it authoritatively.

But outside of the laboratory also the psychology of music has problems of importance to solve. Besides the doctrines it borrows from general psychology and develops in their special application to music, the psychology of music will be called upon to answer scientifically questions as to the range of musical expression, since previous attempts of speculative and dialectic aesthetics have for a century been hopelessly stuck in endless discussions. It will treat musical expression like every other expression of mind, like speech and mimicry, like writing and reading, and will study this expression to the best ad-

vantage in its pathological disturbances. The phenomena of aphasia in the widest sense of the word (i. e., disturbances in spoken and written expression due to diseases of the brain) have given it the necessary supply of facts. Herewith the entire standing of music as an expression of feeling is brought to light; we understand its relation to speech, when we see how in most cases in spite of acute disturbances of speech the utterance of the text in singing is not affected; we gain further some insight into the physiology of reading and writing music, and the mobility of the fingers in playing instruments. The latter is of special importance for musical pedagogics, for the mistakes and sins that are still committed by so many teachers through over-practice or wrong practice would never have come to pass if the music teachers had been acquainted with the physiology of playing in its scientific form. So, for example, the Stuttgart method of piano playing did not receive the rebuke it so richly deserved until Poole in London found that most of his patients in piano cramp were pupils of that school. Equally valuable results may be expected from an investigation of musical memory and its performance under normal and abnormal conditions, and of the question how we conceive of individual tones and of music as a whole.

Yet I cannot undertake to give even a complete table of contents of a psychology of music; I must rest content with showing incidentally what direction this branch of musical science must take. For it is unfortunately a too common experience that the great public thinks of nothing else under this science but trifling and fugitive productions of a dilettante character.

II.

The second place in this science we must assign to an extension and filling out of musical history, and this constitutes musical ethnography. This is a needed extension of the history of music, since the latter science, as domiciled in our practice, does not reach back far enough. It is a mistake that has too long been of good and regular standing to begin the history of any subject with the Greeks and Romans, at best premising a few introductory remarks on Egypt and India.

But in doing this it was forgotten that Egypt, India, Greece and Rome are culminating points in civilization which repre-

sent in their way just as high achievements of the human mind as our present age would if looked at from the vantage ground of a thousand years. And who knows but we may be even less important: for many a mournful cry of leading spirits has been already heard to the effect that our phase of history in North and West Europe has not found the mind of man on the upgrade. However that may be, history must begin with the primitive peoples, with the civilization (in our case the state of music) of the stone age. From this point it must follow music down through all the geologic periods and must come to a halt at the very point where the history of music has hitherto usually begun. Then, too, the history of music will naturally cease to be a mere chronology of composers; it will no longer be content to hover ecstatically about the name of every musical king with little anecdotes, in order to hand over to the burdened reader with the elegant bow of a court fool, a delicate bouquet of fresh flowers of rhetoric. It will necessarily become a part of the history of civilization. Nor is this ethnological method by any means to remain a mere curiosity. Monographs have repeatedly shown with great clearness how fruitful musical ethnology is in its bearing on the history and aesthetics of music, and have already attained positive results that are worthy of admiration.

Thus harmony has been regarded almost universally hitherto as an invention of modern times, whereas ethnology has incontestably proved that it belonged to the primitive peoples, and that, too, in the earliest ages. Nay more, it has been shown that the harmonic sense, however slightly developed, is always present and is the same among all races of men. This establishes the unity of music all over the world. Music, as it really exists, can everywhere be traced to one and the same system. All the third and quarter tones which are in use here and there are only passing melodic deviations, not fixed tones of the scale and cannot interfere with the identity of the harmonic foundation. The very point is that we must give up regarding the scale as the decisive factor in the system; it is altogether subordinate in importance. The harmonic basis remains always and everywhere the same, no matter what scales are in use or are mathematically constructed by theorists. Doubtless this view upsets everything it has been customary to teach among us in regard to harmony and the system of

music; and when we further consider that this unity of music also demonstrates that our tone-system is perfectly natural, many a reader may feel misgivings at first about accepting without further question the doctrine of Helmholtz, who regarded the system as an arbitrary, artificial invention.

I lack space here to give the facts on which this view rests, as I should be obliged to refer to an entire literature, the credit of which is due chiefly to the newer American school. In that country Miss Alice Fletcher, Francis La Fleche, Doctor Franz Boas and J. C. Fillmore have published so many and such valuable contributions to musical ethnology, that their results, based as they are on facts, can no longer be passed by in silence. Fillmore especially has shown by means of the examples of primitive music that the principle of tonality (which again is no invention of modern times, as is often asserted), depends not only on adherence to a key-note, but on the whole tonic chord. The significance of this view is discerned only by its consequences, and these in turn bring us back to the point of recognizing the basis of all music to be a physical, wholly natural element.*

And what attitude has Europe taken toward these teachings? It has taken no attitude at all and lives on comfortably in the old tradition. We still read in our books the doctrine of the universal validity of the scale, of the modern origin of harmony, of the various systems of music, of the five-toned scale from which the diatonic scales have arisen, and the like; all of them doctrines that are no longer tenable. To be sure, it is not quite so easy to speak about the theories of the ethnological school, for it brings forward facts and examples; and whoever would give judgment on the conclusions drawn from them must again adduce facts and examples, a necessity not to be met offhand. So if one would not believe blindly and can say nothing in contravention, nothing remains but silence. Was it necessary to allow the new world, which has fed so often on our achievements, to surpass us so far in this? Yet ethnology affords still further conclusions. It teaches us the social significance of music in primitive times, gives the

*Not to confine myself to general remarks, I must refer the reader here to the more elaborate statement of this principle in another article: "Musical Results of the Study of Ethnology," by R. W., in "Globus," Vol. lxxviii., No. 7. [Translated and published in MUSIC for December, 1895.] M.

history of instruments a basis as yet wanting, shows the relation of music and text, the beginnings of pantomime, of drama and opera, all of which are questions of the greatest importance; questions in which speculative aesthetics has been forced to construct and demolish theories repeatedly. Thus almost the entire domain of musical aesthetics has been occupied by psychology and ethnology, and yet we shall now return to it in order to put the cap stone on the great building of musical science.

III.

Third, the Aesthetics of Music. Since the dogmatic or systematic portion of aesthetics has been handed over to psychology and ethnology there remain to it only its historical and critical functions. Just as nobody nowadays deals in speculative philosophy in order to explain and understand nature, so it will not be the task of aesthetics to give an understanding of art or to acquaint us with man in his pursuit of art. But it is not simply because aesthetics has nothing left to do that it gives up the systematic branch of study, but because it has the far more important task of elaborating the results of special investigations into a grand unity, laying down its leading principles, and unifying its parts by an intellectual bond. Just as the botanist is not content to acquaint himself with the several plants, but in his mind classifies them, as he brings together entire genera, observes and compares them and so by his systematic classification gains a comprehensive survey of the whole; so, too, must the student of the science of art arrive at guiding principles, ruling groups of facts, and thus at the grand aims of art. To speak in the language of logic, he must not only have observations (percepts), but also form general notions (concepts). We may recall the words of Kant: "General notions without observations are empty; observations without notions, blind." The psychology and ethnology of music will have the same relation to musical aesthetics as the observation to the general notion, as the particular to the universal. The mistake of the older aesthetics was not that it formed general ideas at all or dealt in abstract notions; but that it did so at a time and in a measure not warranted by the state of special investigation and practical experience; it left, in fact, physiological and ethnological experience wholly one

side; in a word, it was too empty, and in the great many-volumed works on aesthetics nothing was to be found but phrases. And the mistake of present day Psycho-physics is not that it seeks to approach an understanding of art by the way of experiment, as it is frequently reproached with doing, but that it does this often with no higher aim, without guiding principles; that it makes experiment an end in itself and degrades it to a plaything; in a word, it is blind. If we would avoid both mistakes we must let the observation of the scientific method go hand in hand with the constructive method of philosophy; the one must constantly supplement and correct the other, and aesthetics will find its task much lighter, if it proceed in its constructive work in the historical order and then corrects its results by means of material derived from natural science. This process would complete the edifice of musical science; whether it shall find a new home there, whether musicians willingly follow its lead and utilize the facts of ethnology and psychology in the same spirit in which they greeted, joyously even though critically, the new impulse that came from Helmholtz, I am unable to say. But if all signs fail not, this is the path it will tread, impelled by the spirit of the age not less than by inward necessity; and these are forces which are not to be resisted.

Translated for MUSIC by Arthur D. Bissell, from *Die Zeit*, Vienna, July 4, 1896.

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY ANNE KNAPP WHITNEY.

In the old university town of Halle, the birthplace of Handel, in the centre of Germany, there lived, for 77 years of this century, one of the world's greatest song composers, Robert Franz.

A musical critic, commenting upon his work, at the time of his death, remarks: "It cannot be said, in one sense, that the death of Franz was a loss to the musical world, for, unlike Beethoven, he ceased composing after he became deaf. On the other hand the general public does not fully realize that Franz was, with the exception of Schubert and Schumann, the greatest song composer the world has ever seen. He wrote no four hour operas and oratorios, and therefore he suffered, as Chopin did, for a long time, from 'Jumboism'—that is, the human tendency to be attracted by bigness sooner than by genius. Franz's songs are the lyric "music of the future," they are brimful of melody, wonderfully original in harmony, and their mission is to do for the Lied what Wagner did for the music drama. It is not surprising that Wagner should have esteemed Franz more than any other contemporary composer."

Robert Franz's life was singularly free from striking episodes and brilliant successes, and in outward characteristics was perhaps even more simple and unostentatious than that of Bach, of whom he is so worthy a successor. Unlike Bach, however, and many another great composer, his musical love and genius did not come to him as a family inheritance, a heavenly gift handed down from generation to generation, and, as in Bach's case, culminating with him in the most perfect flower. In fact, one is impressed in reading the record of Franz's youth, with the slowness of his artistic growth. One rather expects, as a matter of course, as in many other musical biographies, to find accounts of phenomenal achievements as composer or player, during his childhood and youth; but here there are no startling proofs of early ability.

Franz was born June 28th, 1815, in Halle. His father was

a plain business man, whose tastes and interests ran always counter to those of his son. From his mother only does he seem to have received help and sympathy in his aspirations towards musical knowledge and fame. His earliest musical impressions were received as a child of two years, upon hearing Luther's Chorale, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," played by trombones from the church steeple in Halle, at the celebration of the third centenary of the Reformation. His innate feeling for harmony led him, when a child, to improvise a second to the melodies practiced in school. This was looked upon as a great offense, for which he was severely punished by his stupid teacher.

In his fourteenth year he was allowed to make his first musical attempts, endeavoring with pathetic perseverance to discover the secrets of notation, unaided, upon an old spinet, which his father was at last prevailed upon to buy for the lad, through his mother's entreaties. Though later he became the pupil of nearly all the teachers of Halle, his achievements were really the result of his own impulses and efforts. He devoted himself to the study of the organ, practicing chorales with friends, and playing accompaniments in the choral rehearsals of the famous Franke Orphanage. Through the latter he became familiar with the great works of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Haydn, and soon fell to composing, without, however, the least practical knowledge of theory. All of these early compositions he eventually destroyed, as worthless.

It was not until his twentieth year that Franz was allowed to commence a systematic course of musical study. Only his own firm belief in his artistic calling nerved him against the apathy and indifference of his family. He was at last sent for two years to study under Friederich Schneider, the famous theorist and composer, whose music school at Dessau was held in high esteem. The poetic nature of the student could not have been greatly stimulated by the rather pedantic, old-fashioned musical atmosphere prevailing in this school; but he absorbed there much that was substantial, laying the foundation of his subsequent great theoretical knowledge and skill.

On his return to Halle there ensued another period of apparent inaction, as it was six years before he came into public notice at all. His mother only was his staunch friend and sympathizer during those years of waiting. But, though looked

upon as the black sheep of the family, he was not idle. To his diligent and thorough study of old Italian music, and the works of Bach, Schubert and Schumann, during this time, are we indebted for the classic style and finish of his songs.

The first of these were produced in 1843, in Franz's twenty-eighth year, under the influence of a love affair. Schumann, to whom Franz sent these songs, honored them with hearty recognition, finding a publisher for them, and writing an article about the young composer, in which he remarks: "Of the songs of Robert Franz much may be said. They are no isolated phenomena, but stand closely related to the whole development of our art, during the last ten years. The composer aims at something more than well or ill sounding music; his desire is to reproduce the poem with its real depth of meaning."

Franz's second set of songs was dedicated to Schumann, the third to Mendelssohn, and the fourth to Liszt. This last-named composer, so often the generous champion and supporter of rising genius, showed his warm appreciation of these songs by a long and remarkable article which he wrote for the "New Zeitschrift für Musik," Schumann's publication in the interest of music. In this article Liszt says: "His songs are mostly moods, which are absorbed in themselves, and rarely tend dramatically beyond themselves."

Mendelssohn, Gade and Wagner also came forward with warm applause, and, thus encouraged, Franz gave himself up with hearty enthusiasm to the cultivation of the field which he has made specially his own, that of the Lied.

His entire life was passed in Halle, where he held the positions of organist of the Ulrichschule, and conductor of the Sing-Academie. The titles of Royal Music Director and Doctor of Music were conferred upon him, the latter by the University of Halle, in recognition of his services as lecturer to its students upon musical subjects.

But in the prime of life he became totally deaf. Added to this terrible misfortune, nervous disorders, induced by overwork, became so distressing that he was obliged to relinquish all his positions. The muscles of his right hand were so drawn and crippled that he was unable to write a note of music for many years before his death. He would have suffered keenly from poverty but for the generous aid of his

friends, Liszt, Joachim and others, who through a series of concerts raised money enough to support him in comfort for the rest of his days.

His wife, Marie Hinrichs, must have also been a song composer of considerable merit, to judge of Franz's own estimate of her songs, alluded to by Finck in a charming magazine article written after a visit paid to the aged composer shortly before his death. This occurred October 24, 1892, in Halle.

Besides his 257 songs, some compositions for the church and a few part songs, Franz has accomplished other very important work for the advancement of music. This is the arranging and editing of certain works of Bach, Handel and other composers. These old masters did not write out in full the accompaniments of their great works, but merely indicated them by a figured bass. The art of playing from such a suggested bass has become obsolete. Also, certain instruments then in use have either been discarded or modified by our modern orchestra and our modern ears demand effects unknown in the time of Bach and Handel. The completion and rearrangement of these works—that is, giving them modern orchestral settings without robbing them of the spirit and style breathed into them by their creators—was an extremely difficult task. Its requirements were thorough historical and theoretical knowledge, fine sense of the peculiar character of the different instruments of the old and new orchestra, and complete mastery of polyphonic and contrapuntal art, qualities found only in a true musician and gifted composer. Modern as is Franz's own sentiment as a productive musician, he stands nearer to Bach and Handel in style and spirit than any other composer. The most important of these arrangements which Franz has made are those of Handel's "Messiah" and "Jubilate," Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion," "Magnificat," and "Christmas Oratorio," Astorga's "Stabat Mater" and Durante's "Magnificat."

There seems indeed a significant harmony between Franz's life and his songs, as though the latter grew naturally out of the former.

As in his songs we find no meaningless brilliancy and ostentation, so in his life, his soul and mind moved in the inner world of thought and poetry. His music "ever overshadowed

his personality." It has been remarked that "Franz resembled Tennyson in this much, that both men kept their artistic ideals from the taint of the world. They stood aloof, but still they felt with humanity in its tribulations and triumphs. Both loved privacy and both gave to their generation the most perfect fruits of their genius."

The unobtrusive character of Franz's music has been aptly described by Niecks, professor of music in Edinburgh University. He says, "It is like one of those quiet, unpretentious people whom you are apt to pass heedlessly in a crowd, but who in close contact fascinate you, draw you to their heart, and then hold you with fetters light as gossamer, strong as iron."

The more one studies and sings these songs of Franz's, the more one is impressed with their wonderful beauty, richness and originality. They may also be a source of delight to those who cannot sing, the vocal and piano parts being so closely interwoven, that it is easy to combine them in playing, thus making a perfect "song without words."

Although Franz rarely selects a dramatic poem, still, his treatment of true lyrics renders them, to my mind, fairly dramatic, so perfect is his conception of the poet's thought.

These songs are expressions of moods and personal feelings, as subtle and evanescent as the perfume of a delicate flower, and requiring for their full appreciation poetic temperaments in singer and listener. Their tender, clinging melodies, accompaniments so written that often each part forms a beautiful melody by itself—the whole translating, in a manner almost self-abnegating, the poem—remind one of Wagner's description of the union of poetry and music as a marriage, in which music is the feminine, poetry the masculine element. The peculiar genius of the poet, and the language, sentiment and spirit of the poem are comprehended in a wonderfully delicate, sympathetic grasp, the musical setting designed mainly to enhance the charm of the poetic gem, and to display it to the best advantage. It is this, with his use of the old contrapuntal and polyphonic art and his skillful, brotherly-sisterly mingling of the major and minor keys, which gives to Franz's songs their classic style. So he links together in them the severe classic and modern romantic schools.

He has illustrated the entire domain of German lyrical

poetry, from Luther's sturdy hymns to the love songs of Heine. His favorite poets are Heine, Lenau, Eichendorff, Burns and Osterwald, while Goethe, Ruckert, Geibel, Moriche and Roquette are found in secondary rank. Between Burns and Franz there must have existed a special spiritual and artistic telepathy. It seems as though poet and musician must have known each other in some previous state of existence.

Try the exquisite setting of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and you must feel the heart-breaking loveliness of the whole scene. The accompaniment rises and falls in plaintive sobbing cadence, the simple perfect melody for the voice, running all through the different parts like a delicate vine, asserting itself markedly in the tenor. One hears the lapping of the clear rippling water over its stony bed, and against its green flowing banks and feels the tender evening breeze sighing around the poor desolate girl, who pours out her grief to it all.

In the vehement, almost spoken voice part of "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," accompanied in restless, rugged triplets, there is an overwhelming breathless grief portrayed, the utterance of the first astonished realization of desertion and faithlessness in which slow lament can find no time or place, save in the last two lines, "Soon my weary een I'll close, never mair to waken, Jamie, never mair to waken." Here the slackened, half-halting music suggests forcibly the physical collapse, the drooping head, and relaxed, nerveless arms which must follow such frenzied grief. "Her Eyes," so dainty and finished (which is the first song Franz wrote, by the way), and "For Somebody" are two more perfect expressions of the Scotch poet's exquisite feeling.

No other composer uses two elemental forms, which are the basis of what is most German in music, namely, the Chorale and Folksong, in such a wonderful way as does Franz. The everyday musical nourishment of the German nation is, and ever has been, its superb harmonic chorales, heard constantly in church, and its melodious folksongs, with which it is familiar from infancy. No wonder the Germans are the most deeply musical of peoples with such a rich inheritance in their daily life. Many of Franz's most beautiful songs are chorales in modern harmonic garb, romantic love and religious devotion blending most exquisitely in them. Among

other songs of this type one would select as fine examples the following: "Supplication," in which the harmonies are particularly rich and stately; "Marie," "Sunday," and "Ave Maria."

As to the other form, that of the Folksong, Finck's remarks apropos of Franz's use of it must be quoted. He says "Folksongs spring up among the people like proverbs, one man originating, another improving them, until, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, they become polished and smoothed to perfection. Such songs, we are inclined to think, were made only in old times, but here, in Franz, is a genius who not only originated scores of them, but also polished them with his own hand until they surpassed in brilliancy the oldest of the song pebbles."

Fräulein von Mitzlaff of Northampton, Mass., in one of her recent Historical Song Evenings, prefaced the program, which included many folksongs, with the following remarks upon their origin and nature: "The folksong originates among the humblest classes, is sung by the people, and is handed down by tradition. It appeals usually to the heart in the most direct manner and asserts sway over the uncultured and the refined alike. The songs of this class are, moreover, associated with the most beautiful melodies, the creation of which necessarily presupposes those strong emotions which animate even the humblest classes of the community. All peoples possessed beautiful national melodies long before artistic compositions were presented to them. The words, together with the tune, both originating simultaneously, constitute the Folksong. It is only conceived as a mere melody, and if harmony is added this is limited to an accompaniment with simplest chords. The musical construction is that of two phrases, in which the second phrase always appears as a parallel to the first." In studying this type of composition as Franz has presented it, one is particularly struck with the following examples "The Sorrowful Maiden;" "Dearest friend look kindly on me;" "Oh, happy, happy little birds;" "From the Eyes to the Heart;" "Sweetheart Is There;" "Folksong from Krain;" "Dance-Song in May," and "Hunting Song." In some cases the polyphonic character of the accompaniment has blended the Art-Song type with the Folksong.

Op. 20, No. 5, represents the pure lyric, while "On the

Ocean," "Fogland," and "In Autumn" carry us into the most intensely dramatic feelings and musical atmosphere.

In concluding, what Franz writes about himself as a song composer, is of much interest: "That I almost exclusively cultivated the song-form," he says, "and wrote only very little else, was at first the consequence of an irresistible need; afterwards I became convinced that in this form culminated my most individual contents. It was therefore a matter of principle with me not to leave this path." And again, in one of his letters to L. C. Elson, which appear in the latter's "European Reminiscences," he says: "That you do justice to the form of the Lied gives me great pleasure. Until now many have looked on this form with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders, and yet there rests upon it one of the chief factors of music. * * * You regret that there is no work of mine in large form; in my opinion, however, after Beethoven, there was only room for specific lyrical expression, and just in this field have the true modern results been attained. I do not say this to justify or excuse myself, but rest upon the actual facts in the progress of our art. Music began with the lyric, and ends with it; a process of development that is true of poetry also."

Whether we contrast Franz with Schumann, Schubert or Brahms, that trio of this century's song composers whose genius has given us such lovely, bewitching lyrical song gardens, Franz must impress us as a rare master, a marked and unique individuality, complete and perfect in its way.

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.

BY IRA G. TOMPKINS.

PRELUDE.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.

Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Music is
The patroness of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;

—Shakespeare.

Music undoubtedly takes precedence and prerogative of all the fine arts and those faculties and functions of the mind that vocally voice the highest conceptions, aspirations and ideals of the human soul.

The arts of painting and sculpture give outward or external expression to thought, sentiment and beauty, as has been graphically portrayed by Byron in this exquisite description:

There the Goddess lives and loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty.

The veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fall:

There—forever there
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphant Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.

—Childe Harold.

“Poetry,” as Voltaire says, “is the music of the soul, and, above all, of great and feeling souls.” It expresses in pertinent and felicitous language the highest and grandest thoughts and conceptions of the mind; but music gives voice to those divinely tender and holy emotions of the soul that language alone is incapable of giving utterance to.

Elocution and the actor's art strive for the same end as

music, but when poetry, acting and music are all combined, as in opera, we probably have the highest verbal expression of thought, sentiment and feeling of which the human mind is capable, as well as the acme or ultima thule of music.

That marvelous mind personified by the name of Shakespeare, whose infinite faculty is a microcosm of man, an epitome of the universe, seems to comprehend within its all-enfolding repertoire nearly all themes in the vast world of thought; and not the least of these in importance is that melodious theme which is the sum of all harmonies, and which, as has been said, gives to thought and sentiment its highest vocal expression, and which is the subject of this paper.

It is probably a surprise to most minds that any one mind should know so much of all themes universally. That a poet should know all about poetry, as well as something of music—which is an allied art, “affined and kin”—is not so surprising; but that this knowledge of the latter should extend to the minutest technical details, even to the finest “physiognomy of shades,” is a little marvelous, to say the least. p

This remarkable acquirement, however, our poet seems to possess, and he has sounded this knowledge through the whole gamut of music, from its lowest note to the top of the compass.

Reference is so frequently made to the poet’s wonderful acquaintance with this divine art, that this paper is prepared with the view of giving the reader an exhaustive, classified exhibit of this rare knowledge, which is not only valuable and important—convenient for reference and quotation—but which takes an additional charm from the incomparable language of the master, which in itself is—

“As sweet and musical as bright
Apollo’s lute, strung with his golden hair.”

—*Love’s Labor Lost*, iv. 3.

“And the mute wonder lurketh in men’s ears
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.”

—*Henry V.*, i. 1.

Incidentally and collaterally the quotations here given, also throw light upon many other important themes, illustrating the wonderful knowledge, wisdom and penetration of this—

“Great observer, who looked quite through
The deeds of men; and knew all qualities
With the learned spirit of human dealings.”

As indicated, poetry and music are considered as allied arts; as Shakespeare calls them, "brother and sister."

POETRY AND MUSIC.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

—Passionate Pilgrim.

The co-relation existing between poetry and music is so extremely intimate that it seems difficult to conceive of a person who could love poetry and still be insensible to the charms of music. "One god is god of both as poet's feign." This inseparable coexistent relation was recognized by the poet in the very dawn of the arts; and hence we have in ancient mythology, in the person of "the fire-robed god golden Apollo," the tutelary deity of both poetry and music. He is represented as accompanying his verse or song upon the lyre, a peculiar harp-shaped instrument; and this has given name to that style of verse known as the lyric, or lyrical, which is supposed to express especially the individual sentiments or emotions of the poet.

This intimate relation between poetry and music Shakespeare expresses in connection with the demi-god Orpheus, and his lute—

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones.
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2.

The miraculous and enchanting power of music as personified by this god of melody and song, swaying and controlling even the inanimate elements, the poet has further illustrated in the following quotations:

Therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

—Henry VIII., iii. 1.

The mythical story connected with Orpheus, as the god of melody and song, is especially interesting, poetical and beautiful. He is said to have been a Thracian poet, musician and philosopher, who lived some fourteen centuries before our era, and was reputed the son of the god Apollo, by Calliope, the silver-voiced chief and most beautiful of the nine muses. He was given to wife the lovely nymph Eurydice, who died from the effects of the bite of a serpent when fleeing from Anstoeus. Orpheus, disconsolate, determined to descend to the lower world, and to obtain permission for his beloved to return to the regions of light. Armed only with his musical instrument, he entered Hades, overcoming Cerberus—"the three-headed Canis," the monster who guarded the gate of the infernal world—solely by the subduing and hypnotic charm of his marvelous music; to which incident our poet has here made this reference:

Had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

—Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

At the music of his "golden shell"—in the beautiful language of ancient poetry—it is said the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the vulture ceased to gnaw at the vitals of Prometheus.

Pluto and Proserpine—the god and goddess of the infernal regions—were so charmed with the music of Orpheus, that they granted his request; on condition that he did not look

back on his beloved until he had reached the kingdom of light. Like Lot's wife, he did look back upon her, and the lovely nymph vanished from his sight forever.

Throughout all his works Shakespeare seeks to give to music a supremacy, a potential power and lofty eminence superior to all the other arts, and in pursuance of this his muse invokes supernatural and ideal agencies and effects in portraying it.

His poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, his poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

This may be further seen in that other mythical creation—the mermaid—who is so wondrously endowed with the power of uttering heavenly harmonies, that, with Orpheus, even the material elements are swayed by her magic art.

SEA MAID'S MUSIC.

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1.

SONG OF THE SIREN.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:

—*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2.

The poet also clothes this theme with deep and solemn mystery, and lays under contribution the elements of air, earth, and sea, "and they obey him," and serve to grace his subject and give to it a more pronounced emphasis and wonderful effect.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this place.

—Cymbeline, v.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

—Tempest, i. 2.

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

—1st part Henry IV., iii. 1.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the
earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather.

—Tempest, i. 2.

Cal. That's not the tune.

(Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.)

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of
Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou
beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Ib., iii. 2.

Cal. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have
my music for nothing.

Ib.

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It sings well, does it not?

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

—Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 3.

But to come down from the lofty ideals of the poet to matter-of-fact realities, it will be seen how potent are the charms of music upon the dumb beasts of the field, and the animal kingdom—

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music.

—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

Then I beat my tabor;

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd. —Tempest, iv. 1.

If the effect of music is so manifest upon the brute creation, what ought it to be upon man, that "paragon of animals—so noble in reason, so infinite in faculty."

It is so rare to find, and so difficult to conceive, of a person so wanting in sensibility and those finer feelings of the soul as to be insensible to the concord of sweet sounds and the power of "heaven-born melody" that the poet very properly points a most significant moral of such a one, in the oft-quoted lines—

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted. —Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

Incredible as it may seem, however, there are people utterly callous or insensible to the divinest airs ever sung or played; and such a one was the celebrated Lord Chesterfield—that king of courtesy, lord of manners, and master of the art of compliment—who once wrote a caustic tirade against music.

As all true courtesy springs spontaneously from the heart, it hardly seems necessary after this to say that his courtesy must have been but the merest gloss, essentially heartless. As the poet significantly says: "Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare has presented music under nearly a hundred different aspects or phases; and they will here be given place in as appropriate order as may be, and with but few comments.

One of the most important features of music to be considered, and one where its effects are most apparent, is that in connection with association or conditions—as music in the stillness of the night—by moonlight, or on the water; as may be illustrated by the following quotations:

MUSIC AT NIGHT.

Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect: Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,

And would not be awaked.

(Music ceases.)

—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

—Ib.

How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

—Much Ado, II. 3.

MUSIC BY MOONLIGHT—SERENADE.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung

With feigning voice verses with feigning love,

And stolen the impression of her fantasy.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, I. 1.

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.

MUSIC OF LOVERS' TONGUES.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

—Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2.

SWEET COMPLAINING GRIEVANCE.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2.

THANKS FOR A SERENADE.

I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

—Pericles, ii. 5.

HYMN AND CAROL.

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

—Midsummer Night's Dream, ii.

MUSIC ON THE WATER.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE—FLUTES.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes.

—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2, 3.

LOVE, POETRY AND MUSIC.

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

—Love's Labor Lost, iv. 3.

MUSIC THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food of us that trade in
love.

—Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken and so die.
 That strain again! it had a dying fall:
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south sound,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odor!

—Twelfth Night, i. 1.

OLD, ANTIQUE SONG.

Duke. Give me some music.
 That old and antique song we heard last night;
 Methought it did relieve my passion much,
 More than light airs and recollected terms
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

—Ib., ii. 4.

THE OLD AGE.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

—Ib.

SUNG ON EMBER EVES AND HOLY ALES.

It hath been sung at festivals,
 To sing a song that old was sung,
 On ember-eves and holy-ales;
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives:
 The purchase is to make men glorious;
 Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

—Pericles, i.

FAIRY MUSIC—PIPES OF CORN.

When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida.

—A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

Shakespeare's muse presents wonderful specimens of the strength and music of our language, as well as facility and felicity of construction; and this power of transferring the inmost truth of things into musical verse makes him—as Emerson says—the highest type of the poet.

(To be continued.)

HEARING MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WELTON, A. C. M.

By the sole agency of hearing music can the highest musical culture be attained.

This proposition will delight those musical enthusiasts who have no other means for acquiring musicality, and will suggest to the philanthropic a universality of musical culture not hitherto deemed possible; but it may be doubted by such martyrs to fashion as, having sat through ten seasons of grand opera and symphony concerts, of solo recitals by world-famous artists and unnumbered classic musicales, without appreciation or pleasure, have risen from the last with ears stunned and distracted and with faculties harassed and stupefied. While the proposition will be disputed by many professional musicians who, though devoted to so-called music study, the major part of their lives, though they are of the Brahmin caste in the art world (disdainfully rejecting all things common, thanking God every day they are not as other men), are yet unable to comprehend music in its higher forms well enough to enjoy it without piecing out their partial music-conceptions with rhetorical and verbal patches.*

To such sceptics it may be replied: "There has hitherto been no systematic training in the hearing of music. Neither school, conservatory, private teacher, nor other keeper of the mysteries has provided a systematic exposition of music for the hearer. A few professedly historical concerts have been given, but the programs of concerts and other musical occasions were commonly constructed to exploit an artist or an artistic fad of the conductor—to exhibit one's pupils or to fulfill some social or other exigency rather than to train the hearer. Failure to comprehend and enjoy music has therefore been general. Success would be as general were systematic training in music hearing adopted."

But a still stronger reason for systematic training of this

*See Appendix A.

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kind is the fact that musical culture can only be effected through the ear. Stating the proposition in another way: What is heard, and only that, promotes musical culture.

It is evident that vocal, instrumental or theoretic study cannot promote it except as they increase opportunities for the student to hear music, for efforts of the eye and intelligence in interpreting the signs of music, or action of the muscles of the hand or the throat in producing sounds cannot affect the musical nature. Nor does the possession of any degree of technic (though it were the highest possible) imply musicality if the memory that controls the more or less automatic production of the tonal sequences be visual or muscular—if it be other than aural.

The deficiency in sympathetic musical expression exhibited by many virtuosos of world-wide celebrity is thus explainable. With them music is an affair of the eye or muscles. So also with many theorists, students of harmony and others, who promptly perceive violations of rules or agreement with them with the eye, but cannot perceive them through the ear because they are musically deaf.

To be musical one must possess a specially sensitive ear, an emotional nature particularly susceptible to tonal effects (aural impressions), and an intelligence trained to perceive tonal relations. Only by hearing is the ear's sensitivity increased or maintained; only by hearing music is the emotional nature made responsive to tonal effects; while a theory of tonal relations learned from textbooks or otherwise than from aural observation tends to musical pedantry, not culture. (The outer deafness of a Beethoven or a Smetana is but an apparent exception to the foregoing. With them remained the power to imagine sound—a sensitive inner ear, so to speak. By its exercise the musical nature, turned upon itself in the isolation of such a one, was intensified.)

Music can be presented to the musical intelligence directly, as when it is actually performed, or by the mediation of the eye, when, therefore, its sounds must be imagined. That the value of these modes of presentation may more readily be ascertained the more common forms of each mode are presented in the following table:

TABLE OF THE WAYS MUSIC CAN BE PRESENTED TO THE INTELLIGENCE.

MODE I. The music is actually performed:

- (1) by one's self.
 - (a) as in playing or singing from notes.
 - (b) as in playing or singing in conformity with visual memory.
 - (c) as in playing or singing in conformity with muscular memory.
 - (d) as when in improvisation the fingers lead the inventive faculty captive.
 - (e) as when composing(?) at the keyboard. ("Clavier-riding." Bach.)
- (2) by another than one's self.
 - (a) as in a concert, recital or other occasion.

MODE II. The sounds of the music are imagined:

- (1) through the eye.
 - (a) without the intervention of any instrument.
 - (b) while the reader plays a dumb keyboard that produces the rhythms, but not the tones.
 - (c) while the reader sings or plays a sounding instrument.
- (2) through the musical memory.
 - (a) the hearer sings or plays in conformity therewith.
 - (b) the hearer does not sing or play.
- (3) through the inventive faculty.
 - (a) as when composing away from the keyboard.
 - (b) as when developing an idea in improvisation.

In all the forms of Mode I the music is heard coincidently with its performance.

In all the forms of Mode II the music is heard by an image in the mind before it is performed—that is, independent of its physical production.

For the executive musician, player or singer who would be an artist skill in the second mode is essential. As in reading a language, grasping the idea with the mind and uttering the words with the voice are independent acts, so may similar acts in music be independent. Reading in advance of performance permits one to compare the present musical conception with self-erected standards or the effects observed in other artists,

and thereby secure a better rendition, while the effort necessarily made by the musical nature in reviving tonal impressions and recombining them in the order of the music that the eye surveys deeply graves the tonal images on the mind, is a most effective aid in musical culture.

In the form II (1) (b) one element of difficulty—that of imagining the rhythms—is removed; the hand produces them. The difficulty in imagining the sounds is also considerably lessened. For on most instruments of this class, such as the Virgil Clavier, the organ keyboard (without sounding stops), etc., some effects of force, speed and cadence endings can be actually realized. Such instruments may be used as a help toward music reading with the eye alone in the earlier stages of study, but are to be dismissed as soon as possible, for it is not what can be produced from such instruments that makes for musical culture (technical skill is not now in question), but what can not be so produced—what must therefore be imagined. (Appendix B.) But actual hearing by some of the forms of Mode I. must precede such an exercise of the imagination. The latter is a reliable guide only within the limits of previous aural experience. The mind creates nothing. It but recollects and recomposes (recombines) experiences. Concerning an effect not previously heard, such as that of an unknown instrument or an unknown tonal combination, the imagination may make a happy guess, but the chances against it are as infinity to one.

It is only by actual hearing that the creative(?) or executive musician ascertains what effects are desirable or otherwise—what to imitate or to avoid. Only thus does he acquire a fund of practical, musical experience. Doubtless dogmatic rules are otherwise obtainable, but rules without experimental knowledge are but hindrances, not helps.

Whether the music that must be actually heard will be self-produced or produced by another will depend on circumstances. If possible it should be the latter. Listening to another permits a degree of mental abstraction and concentrated attention that personal activity, as in one's own performance, would limit or thwart. Indeed personal activity may so far engross the attention in self-produced music that the performer is unable to listen to the music and consequently remains musically uncultured and unformed. Many a student

continues in error because, unable to listen (having never learned), he does not perceive his faults. Then there are many effects, choral, orchestral, etc., of which no solo performance can give an adequate idea, and there are many vocal and instrumental effects of which the piano can give but a feeble imitation.

It is evident, therefore, that students of music and advanced musicians occupy a status identical with that of a musical enthusiast such as was described in the opening paragraph of this work, as having no other means of acquiring musicality beside hearing music.

To hear music is the need of all.

To hear music produced by another the best mode for all.

And there is a common need of a systematic course in music-hearing.

The order in which the various forms of music must be presented in a systematic exposition of musical literature is that of gradually increasing complexity in structure and significance in content from a beginning with simple forms, substantially as follows:

ORDER OF PRESENTATION FOR A COURSE IN MUSIC-HEARING.

- I. Ballads, folksongs, etc.
- II. Dance music for the piano.
- III. Comic opera in any language.
- IV. Grand opera in any language.
- V. Church music.
 - (1) Chants, hymn tunes.
 - (2) Anthems.
- VI. Cantatas, oratorios.
- VII. Piano music.
 - (1) Variations.
 - (2) Imitative and descriptive pieces.
 - (3) Songs without words.
- VIII. Concerted music for the piano with another instrument, preferably the reed organ, vocalion or pipe organ.
- IX. Band music.
 - (1) Marches, quicksteps, etc.
 - (2) Transcriptions of choral music.

- X. Overtures, incidental music, etc., for small (theatre) orchestra.
- XI. Rondos, sonatas, etc., for the piano.
- XII. Chamber music, mainly for string band.
- XIII. Symphonies, etc., for grand orchestra.
- XIV. Organ music.
- XV. Organ fugues by Bach and others.
- XVI. Virtuosity in all classes.

The first advantage afforded by the foregoing "order" is that the hearer whatever his degree of skill, can readily ascertain his grade thereby; ascertain with what forms he is familiar or unfamiliar; can thereby guide his studies in hearing. Thus he will be able to select the program suited to his present needs (his grade) should choice offer, as is common in large cities. Or he will be guided in the expression of preference in home music and impromptu occasions and will know for what to listen in all programs and in individual pieces at each stage of his progress. He will thus pass by insensible degrees from one class to another. Whether the entire course will ever be heard in the order of the outline may be doubtful. But the order can be approximated by the method just stated.

The choice of individual pieces within each class will be governed by the principle of gradually increasing complexity, influenced by a preference for the common, the popular, expressed in the musical idioms of to-day, rather than for the uncommon, though classic, if expressed in idioms remote in time or sentiment. The choice is practically limited by the student's frequent inability to hear a particular piece at a particular time. Titles of pieces are therefore not written. Nor is it essential. It is rather the qualities that are common in all pieces of a class that the student should observe than those that distinguish particular pieces. What those general qualities are can be learned from the syllabus below. It is also true that if Classes I. and II., in which the most general structural and esthetic relations of music are presented, are thoroughly studied (i. e., heard) as directed in the syllabus some portions of the course can be omitted without great detriment.

Classes I. and II., in which simple forms of melody, rhythm, harmony, timbre, etc., clothe single states of feeling or one chief state (readily perceivable states of feeling in readily dis-

tinguishable forms) are the only absolutely essential classes. Fortunately these are the classes most conveniently studied. They can be presented well enough by some member of any family, high musical skill being less necessary than patient continuance in well doing. Should patience become exhausted or should a severer taste prejudice the player or singer against the necessarily simple (and popular) pieces necessary for first studies in hearing, the eolian, the symphony or other automatic instrument may be available. Because the personal element is eliminated from them; because of the opportunity they afford the hearer (if also player) for the exercise of taste, and because of their practically inexhaustible catalogues such instruments are an admirable recourse. The zealous student is also referred to the street piano, the street band, hand organ, restaurant orchestra and other incidental sources of sounds, commonly considered afflictions. The botanist or poet does not despise the common grass or "flower in the crannied wall." Why should the music student despise the common things in the world of sound?

But a better and more practicable course in most cases were to form clubs in music hearing. For them superior singers and players might be engaged. Though it would be impossible to present operas, oratorios and other similar works in their entirety, preliminary analyses of such work as could be heard elsewhere might be made before the club. Such a club, from its nature, would encourage all forms of musical activity, and by united action would furnish opportunities to its members to hear the higher forms of music.

In such enterprises, managers of music schools and conservatories, private teachers and artists (indeed, all musicians) would co-operate if actuated by other than sordid motives and would find pleasure no less than follow duty in promoting in every possible way concerts, recitals and every musical undertaking, whether public, semi-public or private. That his art (and his own personality) may be respected and favorably regarded by his vicinage, the musician should aid toward their musical cultivation by frequent students' recitals and concerts as well as his own—giving his best efforts, not grudgingly or disdainfully, but benevolently and graciously.

But we have digressed too far. We cannot justly be holden to furnish opportunities for hearing music to the student.

Resuming the main line of thought, it may reasonably be claimed that when in following this course the modern symphony is reached the hearer will appreciate and enjoy the complicated rhythms and harmonies, the new and strange timbres, the bizarre melodies and the abrupt dynamic changes that now are without significance.

By hearing only he will have attained the highest musical culture.

II.

As was seen above, musical culture consists in training the ear, the emotional nature and the intelligence. Corresponding to the two last conditions are two typical modes of hearing music, namely:

I. The passive, in which the emotive sensibilities mainly respond, in which one is only conscious that he feels, if even conscious of that.

II. The active, in which the intellect takes cognizance of tonal and structural relations (musical science) and the worth of the rendition (musical criticism).

To the first mode belong those supremest moments in emotional experience when the tenderness or might of music are most clearly revealed, of which the memory forever abides.

That such moments are so rare is because this mode of hearing is commonly neglected by students, the sensitive in human nature receiving only incidental recognition. Purely emotional hearing has even been condemned by some as morally weakening. To be entirely consistent such moralists should wholly interdict music, for its metier is its appeal to the emotions, as its function is to develop and train them. By the influence of usual methods of study and practice the attention is habitually engrossed in structural and formal considerations with the technic of composition and the manner of rendition (the second mode of hearing) to such a degree that the hearer misses the spiritual message, the loveliest and most exquisite part. By excess of musical learning becoming unmusical. (Like dry-as-dust commentators on classic poetic texts, without sentiment or fancy.)

Such listeners must resign their sophistication: close one sense by shutting the eyes, fixing them on a color or a crystal; seek to regain the innocence of the ear and then feel the primal simplicities of music, sense-impressions of tones,

rhythms, timbres, inflections and modifications of force, speed, etc., uninfluenced by intellectual or extra-musical considerations. Thus losing themselves, they will gain higher selves; thus speechless, they will interpret a mystical language—the language of all time and the universe!

This mode of hearing is evidently available for any one, as the only requisite is a sensitive physical ear. A specially gifted nature or one systematically trained can in this way appreciate the most advanced art work without other training. Let us be understood. A rustic, a tramp or a man-of-affairs can thus appreciate and enjoy a Beethoven symphony as well as the most skillful artist if the sensibilities by nature or through training are as keen.

But hearing by the second mode must not be neglected. It has its utilities and its peculiar pleasures.

Its chief utility is that of criticism. The active hearer must sustain the whole burden of criticism. For in the passive hearer, by the definition the critical faculty is silenced. So the latter be drunken he cares not whether the liquor be Chian wine or of some baser quality. Such a one may say if a piece be potent or otherwise, but as his judgment will vary according to the variation in his moods or physical conditions, it has slight critical value. On some occasions, sublimest music will leave him unmoved except for the mild disdain he feels for such impotent stuff. On other occasions he (more commonly she) is hypnotized (perhaps self-hypnotized) so completely that inanest or most vulgar music, produced by wretched singers, with disgusting tremors and exasperatingly false intonations, that lacerate sensitive nerves, do not awaken him (or her). The music ends and such a one murmurs, ecstatically smiling, "was not that exquisite?" Plainly such a hearer is disqualified for the role of critic. But, unaware of disqualification, mistaking strong feeling for deep science, such a hearer will assert valueless opinions with passionate fervor. Were specimens of this genus less common or less prejudicial to the purity of art the occupation of so much space in their description were inexcusable.

The function of critic, therefore, must be assumed by the active hearer. He must compare the art work and the manner of its rendition with standards of the same classes and thus determine their comparative worth.

But his jurisdiction is limited. In the absence of a standard, as when a novel art form or effect appears, his judgment has only the force of an individual opinion. The final court in such cases—the court that places a Schumann or Chopin or other pathbreaker is the consensus of feeling (but not of intellect) of a public habituated to the composer's (or artist's) idiosyncrasy, through dilutions and infusions of the original lymph, so to speak, derived from his imitators. The final court is the public of a succeeding generation.

The pleasures afforded by active hearing may briefly be noted.

There is a keen intellectual delight in perceiving tonal and structural relations as the music is unfolded, for no human invention is more subtle.

Anticipation of a composer's treatment of his themes in a new work and the erection of standards through frequent rehearing of old (classic) works are enjoyable. For these and many other reasons those who are unable to think of music in terms of its science must sometimes give o'er the anodynes of music dreaming and awaken the intellect.

By which mode of hearing—active or passive—the total of utility and pleasure is greater cannot be answered categorically. It depends on the mental, moral and physical constitution and condition of the hearer and the performer and the nature of the work. Less broadly, it depends on the dominance of the emotions or the intellect in the hearer.*

For the fullest enjoyment both faculties should, doubtless, be alert, the temperament being so plastic that the hearer may pass to either psychical condition—activity or passivity—at will: Floating (passively) on melody's pinions when the composer wills, but exercising the intellect when for contrast or relief the composer passes to other altitudes or zones.

(To be concluded.)

*Oratory and poetry exhibit a similar conflict. In each there are moments in which passion bears us away, others in which the reason is appealed to. So also in the methods of religious instruction there are intellectual expositions of the doctrines of dogmatic theology. Which is better? It cannot be answered. Both are necessary. So also with the two modes of hearing music.

A GREEK MUSICAL COMPOSITION OF THE THIRD CENTURY, B. C.

BY LUDVIK KUBA.

It is really strange that whereas, in poetry and sculpture, ancient Greek culture has served as a keystone for all modern nations of Europe, has been a model, an ideal at times unattainable, a mother who has educated generations after generations—in the art of music, the Greeks have left us to ourselves and our own efforts.

We have inherited only a few fragments of musical theory, which, however, render greater services to science than to art. It is true there are still a few specimens of ancient Greek musical compositions extant; but they are either of doubtful origin or authenticity ("Chrysea Phorminx," a hymn by Pindarus), or they are works of the period of decadence of Greek musical art, the second century after Christ (the hymns of Mesomedos), or the fragments are too small to be of any importance. In all, the number of these compositions hardly exceeds that of fingers on one hand.

The character of Greek music has consequently been the subject of much fruitless speculation, and the most varied theories and opinions have found currency in the learned world, all being the product of fancy rather than research. On one point, however, there has been a general consensus of opinion, to wit, that in the field of music the Greeks had accomplished very little. This view has been supported by a grim fact: the absence of musical compositions. Though it appeared quite strange that a nation of like talents, a nation which has laid foundations for nearly all branches of science and art, and built proud structures upon those foundations, should have been so poor in music, yet the general view, hardly flattering for the Greeks, was finally adopted even by the most zealous of all Graecophiles.

And yet it was not necessary to give up all hope, inasmuch as the most powerful argument, the absence of musical

compositions, is not entitled to such weight in this matter as it is usually given. Just let us compare the three arts.

The plastic arts work both in time and place. A statue, or a palace, if once completed, will, thanks to their physical substance, last until they be demolished by some mechanical means. In order to save them for future generations it is only necessary to exercise a passive care, that is, protect them against destruction by the elements. Music, however, exists in time only. It dies the very moment it is born. With its last tone it dies away, it ceases to exist. It must be remembered that notes are not music; they are simply a means to revive dead music. Notes are written music, and as such they could not exist before music; music did not find an alphabet ready for its reception.

It is true that, in this respect, the character of poetry agrees with that of music—and yet the Greeks have preserved a great many poetical works in writing. Why did they not preserve any musical compositions?

Here we are at the very bottom of the dispute: the poets were not obliged to invent or create for themselves any new characters or signs, they could simply use at once the marks generally employed in expressing ideas in a visible form on marble or parchment. The musical composers, however, found no such marks or characters for writing music, they had first to invent them.

Even if the Greeks should have had no means of writing music, it would by no means follow that they would not have had music. We may point to an analogous case. The common people of all nations have their songs, their melodies and instrumental music; they have cultivated this art for thousands of years—and yet they know no notes. At times their productions are of admirable beauty, such as the polyphonic choruses of Russia, or the gypsy songs—and yet they are performed without any notation. The people feel no need of musical notation; their sensitive heart and musical memory serve them best, and you may hear a group of fifty Russians singing faultlessly a magnificent polyphonic chorus without notes.

And the Greeks advanced far enough in music to feel the need of musical notations, and they were able at least partially to satisfy that need; melodies connected with definite

texts they notated by placing above the text letters indicating tones, their pitch and duration.

It is true they did not know how to write down independent, instrumental music; with them instrumental accompaniment was either improvised or memorized. Still it is evident that, having gone so far in musical notation, they must have accomplished much in practice.

It is now definitely settled that those who have entertained unfavorable opinions concerning the Greeks in this respect, have really been mistaken.

In May, 1893, there has been discovered at Delphi a Hymnus to Apollo, of which more than two-thirds were found, and which surpasses everything that has heretofore been considered as Greek music, both as regards its unquestioned authenticity and its artistic and musical value.

In digging at Delphi, the French school of Athens unearthed two large plates of marble engraved with twenty-three lines of text and almost eighty bars of music in the five-quarter measure. Both the text and the notes prove that there must have been a third plate, for which a careful search is being made.

It took M. Th. Reinach, who is a renowned Hellenist and, happily too, a scholarly musician, almost all winter to decipher the musical notes. Interesting for musical palaeographers is his statement to the effect that it is much easier to decipher Greek musical notes than to write a musical score in characters of the XIV. century. He declares that deciphering Greek notes is merely a matter of patience. His words are, of course, but partially true, at the same time bearing testimony to the eminent scholar's modesty.

On the 26th of March, 1894, that interesting composition was performed the first time at a soiree given by the French school. The king of Greece himself was conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, and was present in person in order to do homage to the spirit of his great ancestors. On the 12th of April the composition was performed in Paris, in the circular hall of the Palace of Fine Arts, immediately after in Bodinier's theater, and finally in the hall of the Hotel des Savartes, at a soiree of the learned historical society, the Cercle de Saint-Simon.

There have been, and will be, but very few performances

which could boast of so attentive and devout listeners as this particular composition. Although musicians and scholars of repute were alone admitted, the halls were always crowded, and many had to go unsatisfied on account of lack of space. It was undoubtedly owing to my being a foreigner* that I was honored with an invitation to that interesting performance.

The great find in question is really an event in the history of music and of civilization. The Hymnus was written in the third century before Christ. It was composed in honor of a victory of the Greeks over the Gaul. On that occasion prizes were offered for the best hymns in honor of Apollo. The composition in question must have been awarded the first prize, else they would not have had it engraved on marble.

The opening verses praise Apollo, the son of Zeus, then follows a condemnation of the Gaul whose armies the Greeks, assisted by the god Apollo, had driven away from the walls of Athens; thereupon the muses are addressed, and the Greek women exhorted to sing a chorus in honor of the gods. Here the text is broken. A third plate must be found if we are to form definite opinions of the whole.

As regards the music of the Hymnus, it may be divided into three parts. The first part moves in the diatonic scale, in the Dorian mode (our A minor with G, with a closing in E). This grave, solemn and festive music is followed by something that is a perfect surprise for any musician who has some notion of ancient Greek music. The rigid diatonic scale has ever been considered as the principal characteristic mark of the unknown music of the Hellenes. And see! The middle part of the composition moves in prolix chromatics such as we have been accustomed to find only in Wagner! The striking, self-conscious introduction is followed by a strain of yearning marked by soft, delicate and warm transitions from tone to tone. The third, unfinished, part is identical with the first in both its character and its mode.

If the third plate shall be found, too, the find may be declared to be epoch-making, inasmuch as it will furnish us with a truthful, though partial, conception of ancient Hellenic musical form. For the present all our interest is centered in the chromatic middle part of the composition. That part is really

*The author is a noted Bohemian musician and collector of Slavonic folksongs.

a new discovery that will broaden our knowledge of Greek music.

In regard to rhythm it deserves to be noted that periodicity is here disregarded. Hearing those long lines of sound we are instinctively reminded of the endless Wagnerian melody, and the figure of that famous musical reformer becomes all the more prominent in our immediate impressions as we listen to the chromatic middle part of an ancient Greek composition! We are quite astonished to see the great man of the nineteenth century A. D. join hands with the unknown composer of the third century B. C., over the heads of the numerous representatives of various schools and systems of musical art which have flourished during the intervening centuries.

Personally I am interested chiefly in the fact that the views which I have ever entertained concerning Wagner and his relation to folk-music and the music of ancient Greece, have been fully confirmed here. Since 1888 I have visited the Balkan peninsula every year for the purpose of studying its folk-music, and I have found that the people of the Balkan are still governed by the same principles that governed the art of the ancient Greeks and which found in Wagner an able interpreter. With the Greeks the melody and the text represented a married couple in which the word was the husband and music its obedient wife. Both were usually the product of one mind. It is the same in the Balkan peninsula. The song is sung not for the sake of the melody, but for the sake of the word, the creation of the poet. And Wagner simply attempted to free the word from the fetters with which music had bound it. It was a reaction, but a wholesome one, in the direction of the views of the people and the ancient Greeks.

The Hymnus to Apollo was performed with an accompaniment by the harp and the harmonium, composed by M. Gabriel Faure. It is necessary for the public and it does not offend the musician. It is a piece of hard work which deserves praise. The Hymnus, with a piano accompaniment and Greek and French text, has just been published. This edition will surely be hailed everywhere with great joy. The joy, however, will not be complete until we shall hear from Athens that the third plate has been found.

Let us cherish that blissful hope!

Translated from the OSVETA by

JOSEF JIRI KRAL.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL CONCEPTION.

LESSON I.

BY BERTRAM C. HENRY.

As stated in the September number of MUSIC, imagination is the faculty concerned in musical conception. Reproductive imagination must be trained before the creative power can become active. Reproductive imagination presupposes clear perception, and this in turn depends upon the comparison of likenesses and differences. Practical exercises must be constructed in accordance with these principles. Exact discrimination and mental reproduction of what is heard give the key to the whole subject.

STEP I.

Tone, the material of music, offers the first subject for study. Noises are plentiful and cannot be entirely shut out from the most secluded class-room. Let the teacher call attention to the difference between any of the noises that force themselves upon the ear—the rattle of carriages in the street, the sound of footsteps, the banging of a door, the clatter of a stick falling to the floor—and the musical tones produced by the voice or by any instrument which may be at hand. Careful listening will lead to the discovery that the sounds we call tones are steady, while noises wave up and down. Tones, moreover, seem to be compact and regular—we speak of a round tone—while noises are irregular, like a blotch. Finally, and most important of all, tones can be combined in various ways, consecutively, in melodies, simultaneously, in chords, making new wholes in which the parts are still perfectly distinct. Noises do not make us feel that they belong to each other as do the tones of a melody or a chord. Now let a simple melody be sung by several different voices in succession and played on as many different instruments as may be at hand. In this we get several different kinds of tone, but the tune remains the same, whether given by the voice, the piano, the violin, or

the flute. The tone depends upon the pitch and time-relations of the tones, and it is definiteness of pitch—the tune-capacity, so to speak—which distinguishes tone from noise.

For the sake of securing the most attentive listening, some practice may be given in distinguishing different instruments by the quality of tone they produce. Children may be exercised upon toy-instruments, according to Schumann's suggestion. The variety of tone-color may be increased by using a few glasses, tuned by being filled with water to different depths, and played by being rubbed on the rim with a moistened finger. In a class, each individual in turn may try to distinguish the voices of the others as they sing short phrases or single tones, at the same pitch and with the same vowel. All this is intended simply to cultivate the habit of attentive listening. Reproductive exercises now begin.

STEP II.

Definiteness of pitch we found to be the most important characteristic of tone, as distinguished from noise. Pitch is what we are thinking of when we say that one tone is higher or lower than another. The simple relations of up and down are first to be considered. Play and sing short scales and arpeggios, and let the pupil say whether the movement is upward or downward. Let him sing the figures after you when they are within the compass of his voice, as they should be at first. If he has no difficulty in distinguishing the direction of the movement, then play figures still higher and lower. Next take pairs of tones in natural intervals, and let him say whether the second is higher or lower than the first. These should also be sung by the pupil. Make the intervals large at first, and gradually decrease them. A moderate degree of tone deafness can be cured by starting with tones which can be recognized as different in pitch and gradually lessening the distance, though in this case reproductive exercises would have to be confined to the imitation of the speaking voice for a while. When the pupil can hear that tones a minor second apart are different tones, and can tell which is the higher when they are sounded in succession, he is ready to go on to

STEP III.

Play or sing an octave of a major scale, first up, then down, starting with the tones, and let the pupil sing it after you. Call

his attention to the finished impression it leaves. Now play the same scale up and down an octave, but beginning and ending with the second degree. Call the pupil's attention to the fact that now the scale seems unfinished. Start in similar fashion from each degree of the scale, and let the pupil feel how much it seems like getting home finally to come back to the tonic. No other note gives the same sense of repose as the keynote. Take other short and simple melodies, first play the correct form, then substitute some other note for the final tonic, and let the pupil contrast the effects.

Take some tone in the middle of the pupil's range of voice, say *g*. Strike it upon the piano and have the pupil sing it. After dwelling on it long enough to let it completely dominate the pupil's mind, play *g*, a flat, *g*, then *g*, a, *g*, and ask which sounds the more natural. The answer will be in favor of the latter, whereupon the pupil should sing *g*, a, *g*. Next play *g*, a, *g*, *f* sharp, *g*, then *g*, a, *g*, *f*, *g*, and ask once more which sounds the more natural. If the pupil favors *f* sharp, as he undoubtedly will, let him sing the phrase, being very particular about the intonation of the *f* sharp. From this point on, the method of treating the reproductive exercises should be as follows: Tell the pupil to listen carefully, while you play the phrase through, then tell him to sing it to himself as you play it a second time, finally let him sing it by himself. Now go on comparing *g*, a, *b* flat, a, *g*, with *g*, a, *b*, a, *g*, then *g*, *f* sharp, *f*, *f* sharp, *g* with *g*, *f* sharp, *e*, *f* sharp, *g*, then *g*, a, *b*, *c*, *b*, a, *g*, with *g*, a, *b*, *c* sharp, *b*, a, *g*, and *g*, *f* sharp, *e*, *e* flat, *e*, *f* sharp, *g*, with *g*, *f* sharp, *e*, *d*, *e*, *f* sharp, *g*. After each comparison play the whole series of notes accepted so far, beginning and ending with *g*. At last we get the seven principal tones of the key of *g*. Now something may be said about the fact that the tones constitute a family called a key, and that *g* is the head of the family and is called the keynote or tonic. Nothing need be said previously of any names for notes. The sounds alone should receive attention. In the succeeding steps names will be used.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

BY ARTHUR CYRIL GORDON WELD.

(Fourth Paper.)

BRASS AND PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS.

The combined group of brass and percussion instruments brings us into an almost entirely new field of coloring and tone painting. That is to say (with one exception), the instruments with which we now have to deal are of a wholly different nature from any which we have thus far encountered. Drums and trumpets breathe the impassioned but barbaric strains of war and the mighty chords of the trombones inspire us with thoughts of great and noble undertakings. But aside from these poetical and sentimental views, the practical value of this double group cannot be overestimated in modern instrumental combinations. The brass adds a volume and breadth to the fortissimo which could be unobtainable in any other way, while the rhythmic importance of the various percussion instruments is one of the most indispensable characteristics of the orchestra.

But, as we said above, all this applies to this group—with one exception, namely, the French horn, one of the most beautiful instruments at the disposal of the modern composer, and with a detailed consideration of its characteristics we may well begin our review of this group.

It is known by various names: In English we call it the French horn, while the French name it "cor de chasse" (hunting horn), which latter appellation is practically duplicated by the German name, "waldhorn." These two last terms are both derived from the original form and usage of this instrument which was primarily used as a means of calling and signaling during the chase, its circular form arising from the fact that it was carried around the huntsman's neck (and under one arm), in order to leave his hands free for the manipulation of his horse and his weapons, although the instrument was always in

such a position that the mouth-piece could be seized by the lips without help from the hands. Such horns are still used on the Continent in this way, and if well played (as is seldom the case, however), they possess a perfect beauty of tone which their improved prototypes have lost, for reasons which will be explained later.

With the horn we enter the realm of the more difficult "transposing instruments," and a detailed explanation of all which this phrase implies would more than occupy the entire space allotted to this article. Fortunately the recent improvements have caused the old transposing horns and trumpets to be almost wholly superseded and the modern ventilo, or piston instruments, which now occupy their places in the orchestra, possess the chromatic scale with remarkable evenness and equality of tone.

Yet we cannot properly pass over the old "natural" instruments without a few words of explanation. We must assume that all students sufficiently advanced to be interested in the study of instrumentation, are familiar with the fact that all tubes are capable of producing a certain series of notes which are called "natural" or "harmonic" tones.* The manner in



NATURAL NOTES OF THE TRUMPET.

which they are produced is independent of any mechanism and depends entirely upon the greater or less tension of the lip muscles. If then it is desired to obtain any note which is foreign to this series, this can only be done by shortening or lengthening the tube and thus creating a wholly new instrument, as it were, which possesses a different series of "harmonic" tones. Or rather, to speak with greater scientific correctness, the same series of tones harmonically, but in a different key. This point should be entirely clear, as this principle applies to all brass instruments.

It will be seen, then, that in old compositions the music for the horn and kindred instruments was subject to the following annoying conditions:

A.—Either the composer having selected a horn in a certain

key, was obliged to write absolutely no other notes than the "harmonic" tones of the instrument thus selected, or,

B.—He was obliged, in case some foreign note was indispensable in the horn, to write it in such a manner that the performer had time to lay down the instrument not possessing that note, and take up one with a longer or shorter tube, as the case might be, which did possess the required tone.

Certainly a clumsy process and one which filled the composer's path with obstacles at first apparently not easy to overcome. How could it be expected, for instance, that a poor orchestral player in the olden time would possess half a dozen or more horns in the various keys? And here was the first obstacle to be overcome, which was accomplished in the neighborhood of 1740, as nearly as can be positively ascertained, by the introduction of various "crooks," so-called, which were slipped into the instrument, thus lengthening or shortening the tube. This requires some further explanation. The actual hunting horn was an unbroken tube twisted into three circles, the mouth-piece also being immovable. The orchestral horn, as improved, consisted of three pieces, the body, the crook, and the mouth-piece. The length of the body, which terminates in the fifteen-inch broad bell, was a fixed factor, namely, seven feet and four inches, or eighty-eight inches, and the length of the various crooks varied with the key desired, as follows:

A natural, 26 inches.

A flat, 31 1-2 inches.

G, 40 inches.

F, 55 inches.

E, 63 1-3 inches.

E flat, 68 3-4 inches.

D, 79 inches.

C basso, 105 inches.

In other words, the length of the tube increases as the pitch descends. Thus, the entire length of the instrument in A natural, with the proper crook in place, is 114 inches, or 9 feet, 4 inches, while that of the horn in C basso is 193 inches, or 16 feet, 1 inch. The various crooks are so constructed that they can be put in place, removed and changed with great rapidity, and the whole instrument is curved in a manner causing the greatest economy of space, the orchestral instrument being much smaller and more compact than the hunting horn proper.

In this manner the first obstacle was overcome, namely, a horn-player only needed one horn, with a few of the more necessary crooks, to enable him to play his various parts. But the second obstacle was hardly less great, namely, that it took as much time to change the crooks as it did to change the whole instrument, and consequently a tone foreign to the instrument in hand had to be preceded by sufficient rest to enable the player to change the crook and substitute that which could produce the desired tone.

An accident led to the partial overcoming of this difficulty. When the horn was first used freely as an orchestral instrument, round about 1750 let us say, it was fashionable to consider its tone as too rough and loud for in-door music, and it was freely criticised on this score. Similar strictures were passed on the tone of the oboe at that time (and it must be admitted with much more foundation), and the oboe players had endeavored to correct this alleged fault in their instruments, by partially stopping the bell with a wad of cotton, a measure which was quite effective in producing the desired softening of tone. In 1770 it occurred to one Hampl, a Dresden court horn-player, to adopt the same means with his horn, but to his infinite surprise, on inserting a wad of cotton into the bell of his instrument he found the pitch raised a semi-tone! Being a man of quick intelligence he saw in his accidental discovery the means of correcting the chief fault of his instrument. Using his hand instead of the wad of cotton he found that he was able to produce nearly all the semi-tones missing from the "harmonic" tones, by more or less "stopping" the horn, as the technical phrase goes, and this method of playing the instrument became the standard until the introduction of pistons or ventils in 1824. This first patent was taken out by an Englishman named John Shaw. It was followed by a still better improvement, in 1838, and since that time the admirable inventions of the great instrument-maker, Sax, as well as others, have brought the various ventill instruments to a high stage of perfection. This improvement may be easily explained in a few words. The modern horn is constructed in such a way that the depression of the keys or ventils opens valves, which lengthen the tube, or in other words, place the entire instrument in another key, as completely as the intro-

duction of a new crook would do; in fact, a new crook is introduced, but by mechanical means. These valves, pistons or ventils are generally three in number; one lowers the instrument half a tone, another a whole tone, and the last a tone and a half; all three together then would lower the instrument three tones, etc., etc. Thus the entire instrument can be instantly transposed at will into whatever key contains the desired note, and with this perfection the orchestral horn has become not only one of the most beautiful but one of the most useful, indeed indispensable, instruments at the disposal of the modern composer.

The regular complement of horns for the modern orchestra is four, but these are to be rather considered as two pairs, so to speak, than as a group of four. In other words, the first and second horns are one pair and the third and fourth horns a second pair. After the first horn the most important passages are thus entrusted to the third, the second and fourth being in each case subordinate and supplementary.

Their position in the partitur, as we have already learned, is at the head of the group of brass and percussion instruments. It is true that Wagner removed them from this place and installed them in the wood wind group between the clarinets and the bassoons, but few composers have followed him in this decided innovation. His reason for so doing is based on the claim that the manner of their usage classes them rather with the wood than with the brass, but this is open to considerable discussion, and the fact remains that they are brass instruments, and this, together with the peculiarities of their mechanism, entitle them, in the opinion of most composers and theoreticians, to the traditional position which they have so long retained.

The horn is always written in C, preceded in the partitur by a note as to the pitch of the instrument to be used. Thus, if we read in the score "Horn in F" we transpose the passage a major fifth lower to obtain the correct notes. In other words, the C of an F horn gives F. The longer the tube of any brass instrument the better the quality of tone, and for this reason the higher pitched horns have become entirely obsolete excepting in military bands. The horns commonly used at the present time are those in E, E flat, D (unusual), D flat (unusual), C basso, and B flat basso, the latter chiefly for

its low tones, and most of all the horn in F. Indeed, nine out of ten orchestral hornists play everything on an F horn, preferring to transpose passages written for other horns than to change the instrument. The F horn possesses remarkable mellowness of tone, a peculiarly even scale and its high G gives C with remarkable clearness and beauty, all of which advantages, together with other minor ones, have given it the palm over its fellows. It is probably no exaggeration to say that ninety-nine out of 100 composers use the F horn exclusively, and this fact is also accountable for the cause of its popularity among the horn-players themselves. That is to say, they use it so much oftener than any other that they become accustomed to it and thus, as stated above, would rather transpose than change the instrument. This, however, is something which should not be permitted by a completely artistic conductor. The great composers of the present day are so thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of orchestral instruments that when they call for a certain instrument in their scores it is invariably for some well-defined reason. Such instructions should be carried out to the letter by an earnest and serious conductor. In the introduction to the third act of *The Meistersinger* Wagner's score calls for four horns in D, and for the reason that this noble instrument, while lacking certain of the above mentioned desirable characteristics of the F horn, possesses in their stead a peculiar breadth, nobility, and we may say fervor of tone which is singularly adapted to the chorale which these instruments play in conjunction with trombones and bassoons. The great public would undoubtedly be equally satisfied with the passage were it played on four F horns, but the difference would be distinctly noticeable to the trained ear.

This rule, however, not only applies to the horns, but, as we have seen on several other occasions, to the whole score. A conductor who makes the slightest alteration in a score excepting when forced by absolute necessity, does not deserve his baton.

No other wind instruments have such manifold and varied duties in the modern orchestra as the horns. As solo instruments they possess wonderful beauty for the production of broad cantabile melodies, but in such passages the student should never write higher than G for the F horn. The C which this note gives is of wonderful beauty, and while play-

ers of remarkable ability can produce one or even two semitones higher with equal security it is unsafe to write these notes for players at large. In pairs the horns may be used in many ways, none of which is more characteristic than such passages in thirds, fifths, and sixths, as recall the old hunting fanfares which were this instrument's chief duty before it passed through the system of evolution which has made it what it is to-day. Indeed, in Germany such passages are still called a "Hornsatz" (horn passage), as if the instrument were capable of nothing else. Furthermore, two horns "crossed" with two bassoons produce chords of peculiar richness and beauty, which differ entirely in quality of tone from four note chords produced by the two pairs of horns. For more vigorous effects two horns may be crossed with two trumpets, while all four combined with all the other brass instruments produce rich crashing chords which possess a fullness and breadth which the powerful trumpets and trombones cannot produce without the assistance of the horns.

An especial characteristic worthy of note, is the use on the modern horn of "stopped tones," produced exactly as they were formerly for gaining the chromatic intervals before the introduction of ventils. On a modern horn, a note blown fortissimo, when the horn is "stopped" by pushing the hand into the bell, has a very peculiar tone, which can be produced in no other way. The quality of this tone is nasal and jarring, conveying a coloring of what might well be called mysterious and dramatic melancholy. An excellent example of the use of this tone coloring may be found in the second act of *Lohengrin*, where, after Elsa has sung her song from the balcony, Ortrud calls her by name. The horns here, by the "stopped" notes in thirds, warn us, as it were, of the danger lying in any association between these two women.

No better example exists of the use of several horns in a melodic "Hornsatz" than the introduction of the overture of "*Die Freischütz*," while useful examples of the cantabile uses of the solo instrument can be found in the works of almost all composers. As an important feature in orchestral accompaniment of the voice, note the beginning of the finale of the second act of Weber's "*Oberon*," the chorus of mermaids, in which number the horn is most effectually introduced. Further details may easily be acquired by the study of

any modern score. In closing this brief account of this beautiful instrument, it may be noted that the mouth-piece of the horn differs from that of all other brass instruments, being conical instead of cup-shaped. It is also customary for the first horn-player to use a mouth-piece one-eighth of an inch less in diameter than those used by his fellows.

The mechanism of the trumpet is practically the same as that of the horn, it being distinctly understood that only the true orchestral trumpets will be considered here, the cornet being a hybrid, vulgar instrument unworthy of notice. It is unfortunately true that many conductors use cornets instead of trumpets in their orchestra, but this unworthy fact does not in the least alter or improve this shoddy instrument's actual musical standing. As a matter of fact, the chief scientific difference between them is that the trumpet, to use the organist's phraseology, is an eight-foot instrument, "overblown," while the cornet is a four-foot instrument. The trumpet, in one or the other of its primitive forms, is doubtless the oldest instrument known, as we find it frequently mentioned in the Mosaic books, while the old Egyptian hieroglyphics indicate that similar instruments were known as far back as any record reaches. It is essentially a martial instrument, and the keenness and remarkable carrying power of its tones, has caused its use in all ages as a means of giving military signals. Its compass, as far as the natural tones are concerned, is like that of the horn, excepting that good players extend the range several notes higher. Pistons have been added, as was the case with the horn, and it was thus transformed into a perfect chromatic instrument. The most effective trumpets are those in C, A, and B, while that in D flat is a simply magnificent instrument, wonderfully noble, pure and dignified in tone.

No better description of the trumpet's characteristics could be imagined than that given by Berlioz:

"The tone of the trumpet is noble and piercing, it is suitable as well for warlike ideas, and cries of fury and vengeance, as for shouts of triumph. It lends itself to the expression of all sentiments of power, pride and grandeur, to most tragic accents. Even in joyous passages they may be used, if the joyousness is of a boisterous or grand description."

Regarding all that has been said of the effect of turns, crooks

ventils and the like, in affecting the tone of these instruments, the opera of Aida gives us a most interesting example. In the well-known middle theme of the March, the long, straight trumpets used on the stage were originally devised merely for historical correctness, and it was thus more or less by accident that their remarkable beauty of tone was discovered.

By means of technical device known as "double-tonguing," extremely rapid repetition of the same note is possible on the trumpet, which is of great value in the rhythmic accentuation of florid orchestral passages. If used with two horns, or two trombones, it is well to "cross" the instruments, as has already been explained, as the tones are thus better blended and the resulting chord sounds fuller and richer. Many writers on instrumentation express regret that with modern composers the trumpet has largely lost its distinctly military character, and they point proudly to the fact that Beethoven seldom employed them other than as "tutti" instruments, or for reinforcing or marking a rhythm. In answer to this, it may well be said that much as Beethoven did for the progress of the art of orchestration, he by no means closed the book of this department of music, and regarding this particular instrument, it may be pointed out that even his contemporaries saw more clearly than he its many possibilities, in proof of which I will content myself with a single quotation, the beautiful manner in which Schubert uses the trumpet as a pianissimo accompaniment to the main theme of the slow movement of the magnificent C major symphony. As in the case with every other orchestral instrument, Wagner developed the use of the trumpet amazingly, and in his scores we may best study its use as far as the needs of the modern composer are concerned. Concluding this brief account of this ancient and noble instrument, it may be well to warn the beginner against writing the trumpet higher than G in alt; it is true that skilled players produce higher notes with perfect ease, but it is also true, lamentably so, in fact, that all orchestral trumpeters are not skilled players.

What is called "the heavy brass" of the modern orchestra consists of a quartette formed of two tenor trombones, one bass trombone and one bass tuba. It is understood that in first-class orchestras only slide trombones are used, their tone being greatly superior to that of the keyed trombone, and also

that these instruments shall be those known as "orchestral" trombones, in distinction from those used in brass bands, the tube being smaller in diameter, the bell fuller and the metal somewhat thinner. This instrument is richer in tone and less "brassy," as the phrase goes, than the heavier instrument common in military bands. While these four instruments are in reality transposing instruments like horns and trumpets, they have been so long and so universally used as complete chromatic instruments that they are now considered and written as non-transposing instruments, that is to say, instead of writing for them in C major with the key of the instrument especially noted, they are written, like other instruments, in the regular key of the composition in question. The tenor trombones, however, are usually pitched in B flat, and are always written in the tenor clef; the bass trombone is pitched in either G or F, and written in the bass clef. Tenor tubas pitched in B flat are common in brass bands and were most effectively used by Wagner in the *Nibelungen Tetralogy*, especially in *Die Walküre*, where their majestic intoning of the Hunding motive in the first act can never be forgotten once one has heard it. Still they are not essentially orchestral instruments, and should only be used for especial effect that cannot be produced otherwise.

The tone color of the trombones is remarkable for its great variety, although all of its differing phrases are tinged with a certain solemnity and nobility which is its foundation characteristic. Still, within the limits thus imposed, the tone is very varied; in fact in no other instrument does there exist, for example, such a difference between the *pianissimo* and the *fortissimo*. The latter is rich and sonorous in the utmost degree, and imparts a fullness to the "tutti" of the orchestra that could not be obtained in any other way. The tone is singularly clear, and, so to speak, direct, and has great carrying power. On the other hand the *pianissimo* is full of sombre and dramatic mystery, this character having been wonderfully exploited by Mozart long before the trombone had acquired its present orchestral importance, in the highly dramatic music of the graveyard scene in *Don Juan*. A third prominent variety of this instrument's tone color is the religious nature of the *mezzo-piano* and *mezzo-forte*, which again differs wholly from either of the others and the realization of which prop-

erty led to the almost universal use of trombones, as early as the last century. for the accompanying of four part chorales and other ecclesiastical music. Regarding certain differences between the two instruments themselves, while neither is well-suited to rapid passages, this is even more true of the bass trombone than of the tenor, and still truer of the bass tuba. On the other hand, the bass trombone has greater power and majesty. Wagner is particularly fond of short chords played *s forzato* on the trombones, or a similar effect produced by a crescendo ending in a *s forzato*. This detail of orchestral color is astonishingly effective, especially in passages of marked rhythms, or of notable dramatic character.

All in all, the trombone is a wonderfully noble instrument, and this fact leads Berlioz to class it as the leader of all epic instruments; it possesses nobility and greatness to the highest degree, as well as all earnest and strong characteristics of elevated musical poetry, from religious passages, inspiring quiet devotion, to the wild shrieks of agony." And this is indeed true. These wonderful instruments are equally at home in toning a priestly chorus, a song of death, a hymn of praise, or the mighty accents of a raging battle, yet none of the extraordinary versatility was thoroughly realized or developed until along in the thirties and forties of this century, Wagner, as usual, being the chief experimenter in making propaganda for the trombones, enthusiastically seconded by Berlioz, although it would be unfair to pass over without comment the appreciation shown by Gluck, in all his works, for the capabilities of the trombone. Leaving aside the more thorough work of Wagner and Berlioz in behalf of these instruments, I will point out from the works of other composers of the first half of this century the repeated passages for trombones in Schubert's C major symphony, veritably immortal passages; the opening and closing phrase of the Hymns of Praise in which Mendelssohn gives them the greatest passages he ever wrote; their use by Schumann in the Manfred Overture, and the superb pianissimo passage in the Benediction of Beethoven's great Mass in D major.

The most important of all percussion instruments are the kettle drums, owing to the fact that they not only possess greater technical possibilities than any of their fellows, but also that they are capable of being correctly tuned to all the

chromatic notes of a scale of one octave. For ordinary orchestral purposes one pair of drums is used, only occasionally is a third drum, or second pair, added, although Berlioz, the indefatigable experimenter in instrumental novelties, dreamed of all manner of combinations of drums, even going so far as to use eight pairs, all differently attuned, in his great Requiem.

One of the kettle drums is somewhat smaller than the other, that one taking the higher notes, and the ordinary method of tuning is in the tonic and dominant of the key in use. It will be easily seen that by sometimes giving the tonic to the deeper drum and the dominant to the higher, and sometimes vice versa, all possible chromatic interval of tonic and dominant within an octave can be obtained without its being necessary to alter the pitch of either drum more than a few notes. Three kinds of drumsticks are used according as to the quality of tone desired, ranging from the sharp sound produced by the drumstick with a wooden head, through the fuller and less rattling tone of the wooden sticks covered with leather, to the soft richness of the sticks with heads made of compressed sponge, this latter form being the best and most musical.

It is evident that any and all rhythms are possible for the kettle drums, and so exactly can they be reproduced that in slow tempi the drummer can make an appreciable difference between sixty-fourth notes and the complete roll, which fact should be noted by the composer. The method of tuning referred to above is by no means universal, Beethoven, for example, in the scherzo of the Ninth Symphony, tuning the drums in octaves—and the tuning may be changed at any time during the progress of a composition, provided that the drummer be given a sufficient number of bars of rest to enable him to accomplish the change. This is done very quickly on the modern drums, which may be tightened or loosened by a treadle apparatus connected with a needle on a dial which indicates the note approximately, while the exact pitch can then be attained by one, or two, of the hand screws, instead of by the use of all the hand screws, as was necessary on the older drums. The best usage of the drums, aside from their rhythmical capabilities, can best be learned by experience, although, by way of a noted "solo" passage I may quote, the remarkable drum passage in the burlesque funeral march in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, and quan-

tities of other examples exist, indicating how cleverly the drums may be introduced. The notes for the drums are written on the bass stave, the upper note for the higher pitched drum and the lower note for the other; but if the composer desires a single note struck on one drum with both sticks, this is indicated by putting two tails to this note. A fortissimo roll, especially on the lower pitched drum, backs up the tutti of the orchestra in a wonderful fashion, and the admirable manner in which the roll can be executed in crescendo adds greatly to the effect of such a passage, especially if the climax be accentuated by the addition of the brass drum and cymbals.

These two latter percussion instruments, unless some especially dramatic effect is sought, are only used in strongly accentuated passages, and then as a rule only in fortissimo, although the cymbals can sometimes be most effectually introduced in piano or even pianissimo, for instance as is the case near the close of the prologue to *Lohengrin*, where the orchestra is decreasing the volume of tone in a steady *diminuendo* after the climax of the crescendo has been reached. In order, however, to obtain the best results from the cymbals, they should be played by an individual musician and struck together with an up and down movement, which leaves each cymbal free to vibrate as long as desired after the blow has been struck. The practice of fastening one cymbal to the top of the brass drum in order to enable one player to manipulate both instruments is wholly reprehensible, and Berlioz describes the ensuing tone as resembling the fall of a glass bottle into a box of nails, which is quite correct. If, however, it is not desired to have the tone vibrate, either an eighth note may be written, or a definite instruction entered in the score to that effect. In fact, with regard to all such matters, the more clearly and unmistakably a composer makes his wishes known in his score, the more likely are conductors to see them carried out exactly and to the letter. Sometimes if still greater vibration is desired, the cymbal is hung up and struck with a kettle-drum stick, but this is encroaching upon the duties of the *tam-tam*, and the tone of the latter instrument is in every way preferable. Other percussion instruments, such as the triangle, tambourine, castanets, bells, and so on, are only used in the orchestra to obtain certain local dramatic effects, and

the same is true of the snare or military drum, which is not, properly speaking, an orchestral instrument.

And therewith we may close the long list of instruments of this group, and also of the entire orchestra, which, in the next and final paper, will be considered as a whole.

A DREAM.

A voice stole on the silence
Where I dreamed, alone, apart,
A low and plaintive echo
Of the pain in my own heart.
But dwelling for a moment
On its quivering minor air,
It rose into such beauty
That I fairly trembled there.

Just as a wondrous rainbow,
Bursting on a weeping sky,
Leaves with our world a promise
As it quickly passes by,
The music left its brightness,
And a hope and trust within.
The voice so pure, uplifting,
Was from my violin.

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

1797—1828.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY IN HONOR OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

In writing this tribute to the memory of Franz Schubert, the immortal creator of the modern, romantic art-song (*Das Kunstlied*), I perform an act of personal homage and of unbounded admiration to the genius of that master. It is certainly one of the noblest duties of mankind, to honor, perpetuate, and commemorate the birth and death days of those masters who, by means of their gift and powerful genius, have stamped distinct epochs of musical history with their individuality.

At a first glance it would appear as if the powerful language which the six classic masters, Bach, Handel, Glück, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, had spoken, had exhausted all available art forms and modes of expression, for they stand to-day as the unrivaled representatives of church music, the oratorical cantata, the oratorio, opera, and instrumental music in the classical form.

It is not untimely to advance the question, whether after Beethoven any master could be considered the originator of a new art form, and whether the modern art-song is to be regarded an art-form in the same sense as those mentioned above.

Is the song rather not the most primitive utterance of music which existed ere we could speak of a distinct development of art, for all nations possess them, even those which have had but little influence upon music as an art, in the form of the folk-song, folk-lore, or *volks-lied*?

A nation must indeed be on a very low degree of civilization that cannot claim at least a few typical and characteristic folk-songs, although, according to the degree of civilization, one nation may possess a much richer and more poetical treas-

ure of folk-songs than another. To be an art product the folk-song cannot lay claim, for it originated from the people, and will live henceforth as an inheritance among them. But little mention is made of the song ere Schubert gave to the world that which lived within him, but he enhanced and transformed its contents as to form and expression in such a manner as to create the modern romantic song, which claims a much higher artistic significance. That which makes Schubert's position so unique is the fact that he not only created "*Das Kunstlied*," but he reached in all directions the most perfect results; and being unrivaled and unexcelled as a composer of songs, he stands, in the history of music, as the seventh of the great masters.

Students of musical aesthetics discover since Bach an ever-increasing predominance of the personality and individuality of the composer in his works. Instrumental music, which reached in Beethoven a never dreamed of culmination, permits this of course in a stronger degree than does church music, oratorio, or opera. The song, as lyric music in its original form, and particularly the modern song, permits, however, a still stronger penetration of the personality of the tone-poet; for, whilst the song is linked to the words of the poem, and thus demands a certain objectivity, the composer will only choose such poems as correspond with the sentiments which live within him.

A song is, therefore, more the outflow of subjective feeling, humor or mood, than the musical illustration of existing characters and situations demanding such objectivity as is imperative in oratorio and opera. To estimate the full artistic value of Schubert, and to learn in what manner he advanced lyric art, it is quite necessary to properly define the difference between folk and art songs.

The musical construction of the folk-song is as simple as the poetical of the poem. The folk-song is strophic, the melody invented for one verse is adopted for all, irrespective of the poetical contents of the words. This would prove that it is not so much a question of illustrating the various, though somewhat related sentiments of the poem, but rather the invention of a melody which would express the general idea of the underlying poem. It consists usually of two similarly constructed parts, the first of which leads from the tonic into the domi-

nant, the second, from the dominant to the tonic. The subdominant is less frequently used, but among the Roman and Slavic nations we find an inclination to lead the melody from the tonic into a parallel minor scale. It is, furthermore, characteristic of the folk-song, that it is always referred to as a melody; that its rhythmical and harmonical accompaniment is of no significance, as it bases upon the fundamental chords of the respective key and in even rhythm with the melody. Whenever submitted to a notation, the accompaniment is left entirely to the taste and judgment of the writer. The treatment of the art-song is, however, totally different, and the most significant difference between the latter and the folk-song is the fact that the art-song is not strophic, but as the Germans term it, *durch komponirt* (composed throughout.) The musical treatment follows the contents of the poem in the most minute changes of either perception or sentiment. A further difference is the emancipation of the voice from the accompaniment, and vice versa. The song which Schubert found was monodic: the voice declared itself sovereign and the accompaniment submitted slavishly to the despotism. Schubert was the first composer to pronounce the equivalence of the accompaniment and the melody. Since Schubert the former does not stand in a sub- or co-ordinate relation to the melody, but has an independent musical and poetical significance. It communicates to us what cannot be uttered in words, what appeals directly to the feelings, and thus it heightens the perception of both poem and music.

This is particularly true of the position which Schubert has given to the accompaniment. It is often noticeable that he retained certain musical figures or note-groups throughout a whole song as an accompaniment to a melody, which, interwoven with the latter, form a truly artistic and perfect whole. With the emancipation of the accompaniment from the voice, the song experienced further and never dreamed of enhancement, for it served as a transitory and connecting link of different thoughts and from one verse to another. The accompaniment does therefore not only follow its own independent path, but comes to still higher significance when the voice stops at the end of a verse, in the display of a more interesting treatment of rhythmic and harmonic modulation and of thoughts and ideas of which the instrument only is capable.

Another point in consideration is the different formal construction. The art-song shows but seldom a division in two parts, unless with the intention to imitate or approach the folk-song. Even the division in three parts, by inserting an independent middle part, proves insufficient to the completely developed art-song, and often necessitates four parts, in which case the middle part referred to is repeated, in a somewhat changed form, after the repetition of the first part. A master of Schubert's capacity goes frequently even beyond the last, in itself so richly developed form, and shows such manifold and many-sided treatment of melody and accompaniment that every one of his more important songs bears an entirely different and individual character.

If productivity be the chief proof of genius, Schubert is certainly one of the greatest ever lived, says Schumann in speaking of him. Not the quantity, however, but the quality of his works has given him a place near the greatest tone poets of the last centuries. He was a romanticist of undisputed genius and yet a classicist in a certain sense. The pure and innocent naivety of his inventive gift, the crystal-like clearness of his products, their nobility, dignity and total freedom from all the hardships of the world, often remind one of the fact that his youth fell into the golden age of music. It is safe to assume, that the whole scale of human sentiments of whatever character, be it joy or sorrow, love or hope, longing or anguish, found adequate reflection in his songs in an indescribable and innumerable variety of expression. This activity culminated in his lyric gifts and the mission which the muse of music led him to fulfil, was the advancement of an art-form which was not cultivated by any of the classic masters, which preceded him. It must be admitted that the auspices under which Schubert began his artistic activity were in one direction very favorable. The lyric poetry of Germany had furnished him, in connection with Goethe and other contemporaneous poets, an abundance of poetical material, while on the other hand, the technical resources of the accompanying piano were well nigh exhausted by Beethoven in his sonatas. Schubert had therefore but to connect with Beethoven's cycle, "*Au die entfernte Geliebte*," to inaugurate a new phase in the development of lyric art. No reflection or aesthetic speculation led him to deepen the spiritual, or rather the poetical, contents of the song or to

upbuild it in a lyric-dramatic direction, for he was guided merely by the true instinct, which nature endowed him with. The possessor of an incredibly exuberant, passionately-excited imagination, of a peculiar gift for the proper musical illustration of almost every subject, and endowed with an inexhaustible flow of melody, his lips overflowed with precious songs. Out of his almost boundless resources he chose without limitation. His inner voice caused him to compose at all times, and with that naivety and ease which is always the proof of high gift, as it causes a genius to find the proper expression for any thought unconsciously.

The musical world inherited from Schubert over eight hundred songs, which could be classified in five styles. Either they are strophic, in imitation of the folk-song and, like the latter, of the most naive simplicity, or as the modern art-song in a smaller form, but in plentiful variety regards the change of major and minor mode. Others are more completely developed and received a very elaborate melodic, harmonic and rhythmic treatment, such as those precious gems of the song literature, "Die Muellerlieder," "die Winterreise," "der Schwannengesang," etc. Further, those of balladlike character, such as "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Der Wanderer," "Am Meer," "Der Erlkoenig," and finally those which are noted by a strong declamatory tendency, such as "Der Doppelgaenger," "Orest auf Tauris," etc. It must be admitted that the art-form which Schubert devoted himself to almost exclusively is specifically German, and it is mainly on account of Schubert's songs that the German nation is considered the richest in the domain of lyric art. Where is there indeed a song which may claim such favor and popularity as the "Staendchen," the "Erlking," the "Wanderer," etc.?

Moreover, through Schubert the song has become important enough to follow its fate to the present day. It is not interesting to write the history of mediocre efforts, but only such were the songs until Schubert's appearance, with but very few exceptions. Mozart wrote the ever-charming "Das Veilchen," Beethoven his "Adelaide," the cycle "Au die entfernte Geliebte," a few sacred songs and the Scotch transcriptions. But what was to Beethoven that art-form? Those sentiments which led Schubert to compose songs, inspired Beethoven to his beautiful, large-hearted "Adagios," in other words, that art-

form had not room enough within him, it demanded the inexhaustible resources of the orchestra. How many of Schubert's instrumental compositions are but songs in orchestral disguise, and are not Beethoven's songs rather orchestral in character? In his Scotch songs Beethoven adds the violin or the 'cello, as if he was afraid to be with the human voice alone, says Louis Ehlert. Mendelssohn and Schumann are those masters which, after Schubert's death, are most conspicuous as composers of songs. The former places the exterior beauty of form above all and chooses poems of a more pleasing character in preference to those which demand a strong, serious and passionate treatment. Schumann prefers the latter, is more interesting, deeper, and more intense. He is more inclined to localize melodically the situation, while Mendelssohn attributes more attention to the invention of a beautiful melody, and in writing at times forcibly for the voice places his inventive gift into the accompanying piano. A thoughtful German critic compared Mendelssohn's and Schumann's songs to a beautiful, but less interesting, and an interesting but less beautiful young girl. After Schumann we find in Robert Franz an unusually gifted tone-poet, who, however, awaits more recognition in times to come. Franz' songs found their models in those of Schubert and Schumann, and by strange coincidence his name embraces the two Christian names of the masters which preceded him, and whose styles he united in his works. Whatever the individual merits are of either Mendelssohn, Schumann and Franz, as master singers of modern time, for they have certainly added many interesting and original features to lyric art, regards originality of invention, naivety of expression and melodic sweetness, Franz Schubert, the master singer of all ages, excels all. His versatility knew no bounds, and there is hardly any art-form, from the smallest to the most complicated, which did not receive the imprint of his genius. As a composer of instrumental music he should have never gained the position which he occupies presently, although his chamber music, his symphonie in C, and the unfinished in B minor—which but recently received such a glorious interpretation by the Chicago orchestra—belong to the best and most remarkable contributions to musical literature. Beethoven prophesied him a great career and his prophecy became true. To that master he stood in a manifold relation

artistically, but not personally, and Schubert is in a certain sense to be considered a younger follower of Beethoven. Many a point could be cited which would lead to the conclusion that there existed a strong similarity of character between the two masters, for both had tested the bitterness of life in a martyr-like manner. It is indeed distressing to think that as posterity honors him and calls his name with those of the immortal masters, he should have suffered during his, alas! so short life the necessities to sustain it. Schubert's faithful companions through life were not so much prosperity and success, but rather hardship, want and misfortune. He died young, unknown, and not recognized in his artistic maturity. He says in his diary: "Those of my compositions which want and sorrow dictated, the world seems to enjoy most." How large and generous was his heart, how pure and innocent his thought! Is it not as if the good and great men were chosen to endure hardships and to be denied and ill-treated by Providence? Does Jehovah still punish those he loves? None of the blessings which a kind Providence gives to its favorites, neither gold, fame or domestic happiness were his. Poor as he entered the world he left it. Whatever lies between the cradle and the grave is a bitter battle with life. Unnoticed he went through life, living to himself as a bird in the air, singing at all times because he could not help it, until death commanded him, the inexhaustible, silence, and until the world lost ere it knew what it possessed in him. How little the publishers thought of him proves the following correspondence. Two weeks before his death he received a letter from Schott's, which read: "The four impromptus were returned to us from Paris as mere 'bagatelles.' They are too difficult, and cannot grow popular in France. We therefore ask you to pardon us for returning the manuscript to you. The quintette we shall publish soon, but wish to state that your price is too high for this small opus." His songs had but little better success. A letter from Probst, in 1827, one year before Schubert's death, reads: "It would afford me much pleasure to insert your name in my catalogue, but presently I cannot do so, as I am very busy with the publication of Kalkbrenner's complete works. I also wish to state that your terms are too high and that the manuscript is at your disposal." For the first four songs of the "Winterreise" he received six gulden (\$2.50), after offering them to

Haslinger through his friend, the composer, Lachner. The latter invited Schubert one day to join him in a trip to the mountains. He would have gladly accepted the invitation, but did not have enough money to defray the expenses. "Where are your new songs?" asked Lachner. Schubert handed him his last collection. Lachner brought the manuscript to a publisher in Vienna, who was befriended to him. "Schubert's songs do not sell well, friend Lachner," said the dealer. Lachner convinced the publisher of the high musical value and persuaded him finally to make an offer. "I shall give for them fifty gulden (\$20) at the utmost." "Put five more to it," said Lachner. "Never!" was the reply. Lachner brought the money to the over-happy Schubert, who could now undertake the trip. Fifteen years later, long after Schubert's death, Lachner met the same publisher. The latter showed him some of the transcriptions which Liszt had made to some of Schubert's songs. "You have no idea, dear Lachner," said the merchant, "how well these Liszt transcriptions for the piano sell, but I had to pay 500 gulden (\$200) to Liszt for his work." Thus changes the monetary value of the same art work within twenty years. The musical value, however, remains the same inestimable one at all times.

Nearly seventy years have elapsed since Schubert's spirit breathed its last. Upon the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, we place in mournful reverence a wreath upon his early grave. His spirit, however, will live forth in the immortal works which bear his name, for it is safe to assume that they have become the common property of the whole civilized world and as a veritable treasure of the literature of music they will fulfill their high and noble mission in art for generations and all times to come.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 8, 1897.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

Apropos to the opinion expressed in these columns last month that the time was at hand, if not already present, when certain of the works of Beethoven would stand about where the majority of those of Mozart unquestionably do stand (namely, in the category of the classics which are praised but rarely read), I have been met by rejoinders, of which no doubt many more are in store. They say, for instance, "What do you mean by saying that the world has moved, and that these works no longer answer to the spirit of the age? Has human nature changed? Is not the heart of man always the same? Have we outgrown Homer, Shakespeare, Michel Angelo?" To this I answer: Certainly the heart of man has changed. While the inmost principles of human nature are probably about the same as they were in the Garden of Eden or in the times of Homer, Aeschylus or Dante, the content of consciousness has changed a great deal, and especially what we might call the form of consciousness also.

It is very easy to test this. Assign any classic you choose to a young person to read, or better, to twenty individuals, all young, all intelligent, and all fairly representative of the times. What will be the verdict? With certain ones there will be pleasure at having opened to them glimpses into worlds of thought belonging to earlier times. But the general verdict will be that the books are "slow." Almost every reader will be conscious that the mental attitude is quite different in reading a story written two hundred years ago, and in reading one written just now, the quality of the literary workmanship being as nearly as possible of equal merit. In the older story there is a vast amount of what might be described as sitting still; the story moves slowly; its times belong to those of truth, of which we are told "the eternal ages of God are hers": a meditative attitude is required. In the modern story, while description still prevails and the story sometimes moves slowly, the interest nevertheless is better kept up, and the mind is continually on the qui vive. I will not enlarge upon this ele-

ment, because I believe that every reader will be conscious of it in his own experience.

The same which meets us in literature meets us in music, and in much stronger measure. Music speaks the inmost spirit of the composer. Not alone his inmost heart, but the heart in the form of his consciousness. When a composer is over-self-conscious, as Wagner, and introspective, his music follows this form and conflicting motives draw the current this way and the other. The whole consciousness is in a spirit of profound unrest, tumult, now sinking into pessimism, now rising to a very passion of conflict. Climax after climax overwhelms us only to be succeeded by yet other periods of discouragement, aspiration and again the conflict and the culmination. Is not this the type of Tristan and Isolde?

This is what I mean by implying that man outgrows the music of former generations, no matter how able it may be. Even Bach, that giant of musical genius, does not wholly escape. His French, English and Italian Suites were written as poetry—genuine music for the enjoyment of amateurs and professionals. Each work was like a new cycle from a Browning, William Morris, or whom you please. Within the range of the insignificant instrument for which they were originally written, these works fairly represented music as it was about the year 1725. But who is able to play one of these works entire and retain in doing it the attention of his hearers? Perhaps Paderewski, Godowsky, Liebling, and a few others, and then only by great finesse in the playing. Each one of these little tone-poems is clever and well enough; but when you have heard a half-dozen you suddenly remember that life is too short for this kind of thing, and you take up something more modern. Is it not so?

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Take the most conscientious artist you know. Suppose Mr. Godowsky were to undertake in public one of the great sonatas of Beethoven. He would prepare it with the utmost care. All sorts of editions would be gone through in search of ideas and readings, and at length he would arrive at his own reading; this reading again he would mature with the utmost care and would give it in public with a spontaneity very like improvisation, and you would hear it with delight.

But let the same artist turn to a modern work, and how different is the spirit. All that in the former work had come as a result of study now comes of its own accord. The modern work may not meet his academic principles of taste, and many places in it he might fancy better if done differently. Nevertheless he feels the modern form of consciousness in it, and it awakens him, stirs him, and interests the hearer actively.

It is not different with such an artist as Mr. Theodore Thomas, a man who regards Beethoven as having summed up in his music all that we are and all that we have achieved. The Beethoven work he plays with most poetical and sensitive appreciation, and he gets a beautiful result; but the modern work, if of the first order, stirs him up without his knowing it, and everything comes with an inner spirit very different. Tschaikowsky represents one of the ruling modern forms of consciousness.

While this is true of Mr. Thomas in Beethoven, still more is it true in Mozart, for in everything of Beethoven we have a suggestion of this inner striving of modern life, whereas in Mozart the striving of life is reflected scarcely at all. It is mainly the play of free musicianship, delicate fancy, and a reposeful enjoyment of symmetry, form and color. These are excellent qualities in their way. It is quite as moral to lie upon the grass and passively contemplate a beautiful sunset as to do anything else. But as an occupation, contemplation is not sufficiently productive. In the Garden of Eden, to return again to the primitive tradition, contemplation was reserved for the cool of the day.

* * *

I do not know whether I am making myself clear. If we take the most slow-moving modern novels we know (are they those of Mr. Henry James?), there is this peculiarity in them, that the fates are continuously grinding even while the story seems to be standing still, and when we awaken from our studies of the real we discover that the fates have completed the story—perhaps not after our pleasure, but completed it nevertheless.

In one of the older novels, even those as recent as the *Waverley* group, many pages are spent in occupations which

advance the story none at all. To read them pleasurably the mental attitude of contemplation is necessary.

* * *

Moreover, nothing is more certain than that the bounds of the "classics" are continually being enlarged. Just as the canon of the Old Testament reached its present form by a series of accretions, in which Genesis was first compiled from old traditions, Deuteronomy added later, the Psalm and Prophets later, and the Apocrypha placed upon the waiting list for still later inclusion, so the world of classical music is continually being increased by the addition of that part of the total product of every generation which most happily represents its tonal consciousness. And we might even go further and define the term classics as consisting of those works in literature and art which most perfectly represent obsolescent states of consciousness—no work being made classic until after the state of consciousness which it represents has become sufficiently passed for purposes of contemplative criticism. So long as it is still active the unconscious and involuntary co-operation of "human interest" awakens the hearer or observer into a mental condition incompatible with true contemplation.

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In this progress many traits ordinarily emphasized are merely incidental—accidental. For example, take the regular increase of complexity in music. From diatonic folks-tone art instantly rises to the chromatic, and from that presently goes to the enharmonic, and with this adds endless complications of accessory tones (*appoggiaturas*, passing tones, suspensions, and the like) introduced sometimes in very rapid movement, where they cannot possibly be heard and realized in their individual movements and resolutions, but are felt in the total, in the flavor of intense conflict, drive, passion (as in the scherzo of the Tchaikowsky pianoforte concerto, for instance). It is like the complicated noises of the city, unhearable as voices, but all together forming an index to a commercial and social life of extreme intensity. Every well made and truly living modern work of serious import manifests a restless interchange of keys, a grinding conflict of dissonances and tone-colors, and a driving energy of rhythm, in the highest degree representative and characteristic of the modern spirit.

Nevertheless, nothing is surer than that a generation later

will find these things tame. A recent theorist, Mr. Julius Klauser, has shown in his "Septonate" that the material for music is far from exhausted, even in the elementary matters of scales and key-incidents. And nothing is surer than that in the same degree as brain cells are developed more and more as the mind needs more instruments, so also the musical spirit of man will find ways of bringing into use all these potential resources.

This progress is illustrated even in those composers who mean to be conservative and desire to remain loyal to the eternal laws of beauty. Take Brahms, with what Messrs. Finck and Kelley call his "reserve." I should say so! Thank heaven for the reserve, for in his Paganini and Handel variations there are many things previously undreamed of. Brahms simply represents the unconscious drift of the world. While apparently one side the world movement, his spirit nevertheless partook of the inner force which operates and impels us all. His works are in the world-swim, and, like the world for which they were written, they are full of this same driving, soaring, complicated human consciousness of the nineteenth century.

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There is also a moral. Since progress is the certain law under which we live, it is better to recognize it and work by it. While we have as yet no safe way of assuming again in music the attitude which St. Paul describes of the Athenians, who desired always "to see and to hear some new thing," we might at least take it for granted, officially, that our future in music as well as in life is still ahead of us. But whether we do or do not, the world moves and we go with it. Music is the art which, whether we like it or not, represents the form of consciousness, ideal consciousness if you like, and it is bound to change from one generation to another with each characteristic shade which advancing intelligence, humanitarianism and civilization give it. This is the spirit in which we might profitably and pleasurably hear new master-works. And if in such a progress we should ourselves acquire towards the masterpieces of the past a little of that gentle superiority which Mr. Lowell once characterized as a "certain condescension of foreigners," Mozart and Bach will have to stand it. Our own turn will come later.

I have just come across a bit apropos to this position in the charming "Musical Recollections" of the great oriental scholar, Max Muller, who is a son of the celebrated German poet, Wilhelm Muller, so many of whose poems were set to music by Schubert and many other composers. Max Muller was so named from the Max in Weber's "Der Freyschuetz," Weber himself standing godfather. In his boyhood Max Muller was intended to be a musician, and he was a companion of many of the men whose names are now among the very celebrated in music. The passage of which I am just now thinking is this:

"There is habit in music, for the music that delights us sounds often hideous to uneducated ears. . . . Beethoven's compositions were at first considered wild and lawless. Those who admired Mozart could not endure him. Afterwards the world was educated up to his Ninth Symphony, but some of his later sonatas for piano and violin were played by Mendelssohn and David in my hearing, and they both shrugged their shoulders, and thought that the old man had been no longer himself when he wrote them. We have grown into them, or up to them, and now many a young man is able to enjoy them and to enjoy them honestly. I remember the time when Schumann's songs were published at Leipsic, and the very same songs which now delight us were then by the best judges called curious, strange, interesting, promising, but no more. I have passed through a long school. I began with Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, lived on with Mendelssohn, rose to Schumann, and reached even Brahms; but I could never get beyond, I could never learn to enjoy Wagner except now and then in one of his lucid intervals. No doubt this is my fault and my loss, but surely the vulgus profanum also has its rights and may protest against being tired instead of being refreshed and invigorated by music."

I have gone through the whole of the passage, because while the main part of it lies entirely my way, the close is not less instructive. Here is this great old man, one of the most genial and tolerant of his time, a highly gifted nature, conversant with music all his life, the intimate friend of all the great musicians of his times, himself recording the remarkable progress of taste outlined above. Nevertheless at the end, what? Simply the old story of the Philistine. "Thus far, and

no farther." To be "refreshed" and "delighted" by music means to hear precisely that grade and style of music which still contains enough of freshness to awaken the mind and afford a gentle stimulus to attention, without passing beyond into the realm of the laborious and unaccustomed. To refresh by means of music is therefore an art to be acquired by accurately divining the status of the musical faculties of those whose refreshment we have in mind. But nothing is surer than that the same progress which has given us Beethoven after Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann after Beethoven, and Brahms after Schumann, has also given us in a slightly divergent line Wagner, and is destined to give us other geniuses of even more spirit-stirring potency. This is the lesson. Progress rules the world.

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In Max Muller's paper there is a facsimile of the signatures of Kalliwoda, Ferdinand David, Ferdinand Hiller, Mendelssohn and Liszt, written by them on a little piece of paper for the enthusiastic young Muller one day when they had been playing quartettes at the house of Professor Carus in Leipsig.

On another occasion, and this was much later, on hearing that he was the son of the poet Muller, Jenny Lind held up her hands and said: "What? the son of the poet of the 'Mullerlieder?' Now sit down," she said, "and let me sing you the 'Schone Mullerin.'" "And she began to sing, and sang all the principal songs of that sad idyll, just moving her head and hands a little, but really acting the whole story as no actress on the stage could have acted it. It was a perfect tragedy and has remained with me for life."

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Naturally the Schumann personalities occupied less of young Muller's attention than that of Mendelssohn, who had the happy faculty of being admired and befriended by every one. There is, however, one bit concerning the Schumanns which is interesting:

"Many a time have I watched young Schumann walking alone in the neighborhood of Leipsig, being unexpectedly met by a young lady, both looking not so happy as I thought under the circumstances they ought. This went on for some time until at last, as usual, the flinty-hearted father had to give

way and allow a marriage which certainly for many years was the realization of the most perfect happiness, till it ended in a terrible tragedy. There was the seed of madness in the genius of Schumann as in that of so many really great men, and in an access of mania he sought and found rest where Ophelia sought and found it.

"I did not see much of Schumann, nor of Madame Schumann. I only recollect Schumann as a young man sitting generally in a corner of the orchestra, and listening to one of his works being performed under Mendelssohn's direction. I remember his very large head, his drooping eyes; I hardly ever remember a smile on his face. And yet the man must have been satisfied, if not happy, and he lived to see his own creations admired even more than those of Mendelssohn. He lived to see his critics turned into admirers; in fact, he educated his public, and gained a place for that thoughtful, wistful, almost metaphysical music which is peculiarly his own."

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In this last bit we have again a "water-mark" of chronology, for Schumann is no longer the "wistful, almost metaphysical" composer, but the composer who of all others is fullest of the very life of music, pouring it forth as from a freely flowing fountain, having its source far within the walls of some distant and unknown Eden.

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Very full of interest is a passage in this same paper concerning the late Ferdinand Hiller. Muller speaks of a letter he received from Hiller about a year before his death:

"His idea was to write a great oratorio, and he wanted me to supply him with a text. It was a colossal plan, and I confess it seemed to me beyond the power of any musician, nay, of any poet. It was to be a historical drama, representing first of all the great religions of the world, each by itself. We were to have the hymns of the Veda, the Gathas of the Avesta, the Psalms of the Old Testament, the Sermons and Dialogues of Buddha, the trumpet calls of Mohammed, and lastly, the Sermon on the Mount, all of them together forming one mighty symphony in which no theme was lost, yet all becoming in the end the accompaniment of one sweet song of love domi-

nating the full chorus of the ancient religions of the world. It was a grand idea, but was it possible to realize it? I was ready to help, but before the year was over I received the news of Hiller's death, and who is the musician to take his place, always supposing he could have achieved such a World Oratorio?"

* * *

In another part of this issue appears a letter advocating the claims of the American composer, roundly reproving Mr. Thomas for not occupying a larger place in his programs with the works of this much advertised individual, and giving statistics of works still in manuscript, locked safely in desks, which are equal to any of the classical masterpieces—all of which belongs to the category of "gratifying, if true." It is possible that there may be a manuscript symphony by an American composer (even what the late Autocrat of the Breakfast Table might have called a "fresh-water" composer) equal to any of Beethoven. But since there cannot be an effect without a cause, it is in the highest degree unlikely that any such case exists. We have in this country composers in far greater numbers than is generally known, who have manuscript symphonies, string quartettes, operas, and the like—ambitious works in the highest forms of music. But that they are generally or exceptionally equal to any of those of Beethoven, even the earliest of Beethoven, is entirely unlikely. When a talented man like Arthur Weld, for instance, a Boston boy, a Harvard graduate, a student of music with his other humanities, goes abroad and remains six or eight years under the best masters and in the midst of the best influences, there is no reason why he should not produce something which is at the same time technically correct and also capable of being played for the pleasure of hearers. All the indispensable conditions have been fulfilled in his case, and it remains to determine whether he possesses the necessary tonal fantasie and the poetry of nature affording him something to say in these lofty walks of the ideal.

But with the inland boy, untrained technically, who studies by himself, and at length takes up composition and straightway hitches his wagon to the star of symphony, the case is different. Without tonal incitation from constant hearing of first-class orchestral works, and without opportunity to try

his effects either upon himself or others, it is improbable that in any of his first twenty attempts he will reach the level of respectable student tasks, and perhaps never will he outgrow his innate crudity of musical expression.

What an ambitious person of this kind ought to do is to come to the larger forms gradually. He should master fluent musical expression by writing in the smaller forms, and at first in the forms which are in practical demand, such as the piano and song. Here, if he turns out to have originality and freshness, his works will find a hearing. Look at that emotional genius, Ethelbert Nevin. Who pushed him? Why is his "Narcissus" played so much more than Mr. Wilson G. Smith's excellent "Gavotte Moderne?" Simply because it is melodious and of a grace which appeals to the amateur. Here, however, I am perhaps proving too much; for I shall be met by the suggestion that one might write "Narcissuses" until doomsday without being any nearer producing a good symphony. Very true, so he might. Nevertheless, it would be which are equal to any of the classical masterpieces—all of something in favor of an unknown composer of symphony to know that he had shown ability to interest musical people in lower and less difficult forms. And this one certainly ought to do before venturing into these high provinces of tone-poetry.

* * *

America is not alone in denying to new symphonists the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of popularity. Take the case of the late Anton Bruckner, who died the other day in Vienna about seventy years old. Bruckner occupied a very honorable position in Vienna as professor of counterpoint and composition, and as a celebrated organist. Twenty years ago he brought out two symphonies in Vienna (had them played, I mean), when they were regarded as well made but ineffective or uninspired. His fourth is not mentioned in Riemann's dictionary, from which I take these particulars, but the seventh, played in 1885, made a distinguished effect and is generally regarded as one of the greatest works of recent times. This, however, was the verdict of the small circle immediately around the talented composer, the world at large knowing nothing whatever upon the subject. Even in Leip-

sic last autumn they were surprised to find the seventh symphony of Bruckner so fine a work.

If this happens in Europe, where orchestras exist in every town of moderate size, and symphony concerts are given every year, so that the classic symphonies have been played literally to death, much more might we expect it to be the case in America where there are not more than eight or ten orchestras all told, and where the classical repertory remains still comparatively unknown. In the American city where conditions approximating the best European have been gradually evolved during about fifty years (Boston), clever composers are coming to the front and are being accorded a hearing and an appreciation. In Chicago we are naturally somewhat slower in arriving, but later on our advent may be expected.

The fact remains, however, that any American composer imagining himself possessed of a call to symphonize his fellow men should make himself very sure of his ground; and even then should not build any hopes upon celebrity to be thus acquired in this life.

* * *

Among the curious institutions of ancient Britain were the Eisteddfod (es-tetdfod) of the Welsh. These were musical and literary festivals in which bards were promoted from one grade to another, and grand competitions of bards and choruses were had, with laurel wreaths and all that sort of thing. The official eisteddfods of Wales were suppressed about a century and a half ago, because they were being employed for fostering the sentiment of Welsh nationality as distinguished from that of England as a whole. Lately they have been revived without the objectionable spirit. In this country such festivals are held every year, but they are commonly a sort of quasi impromptu town meeting of choruses and contestants, gathered for the occasion. Each eisteddfod is a local enterprise. Funds are raised for the prizes, and arrangements made for adjudication. As soon as the notices are sent out choruses begin to be collected and trained for competing for the prizes. The result is a great deal of enthusiasm, no little disappointment, and at the end some hard feeling. The Welsh are particularly musical in temperament, and to them properly belongs the type of best English melody, such as the folk song,

"Home, Sweet Home," and similar tender melodies. It differs but little from the tender type of the Scotch melody, but the Scotch have also a jocular element, as shown in their inverting the rhythm and placing the sixteenth before the dotted eighth, occupying the last part of the beat ("Comin' Through the Rye," etc.)

Socially considered the Welsh in this country belong mainly to the industrial classes, wherefore literary cultivation has not been so generally disseminated among them as among some other strata of the population, but the Welsh stand far above most others of the industrial classes in accuracy and fineness of musical perception, and in art instincts. I have myself known Welsh musicians who were laboring men, but who as musicians had a sensitiveness of ear and a musical refinement rare in any class. These qualities come to expression in their eisteddfodau.

* * *

The Racine Eisteddfod was a case in point. During the day (Jan. 1) there were no less than about twenty competitions, whereof a list was given in the January issue of MUSIC. Although the choruses represented had been hastily brought together for the competition, the voices were very good indeed, and in many respects their work would have done credit to older choirs. The first prize was awarded to a Racine chorus, led by Mr. John E. Williams.

* * *

Among the interesting incidents of Chicago music since the last glimpses in these pages was the Carl Wolfsohn jubilee, celebrating his fiftieth year of connection with music, and the thirtieth since he had previously played Beethoven's fifth concerto with Theodore Thomas as orchestral director. There was a chorus gathered from the ranks of the old Beethoven society of Chicago, the voices perhaps not quite so young as twenty years ago, and they gave the "Hallelujah to the Father." Mr. Carl Halir played the Beethoven concerto for violin—played it, they say, admirably. The concert was a benefit, the funds going to present a bust of Beethoven to Lincoln Park, in the name of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.

* * *

Mr. Henry T. Finck, musical editor of the New York Evening Post, and author of a musical polemic entitled "Richard

"Wagner and His Works," is one of those fortunate gentlemen who know a daisy when they see it. In his musical notes in "The Looker-On" for January he quotes the critical opinions of certain New York newspapers concerning the impropriety of permitting Signor Mancinelli to conduct the Wagnerian operas at the Metropolitan, and goes on:

"I shall perhaps be pardoned if I cite from my own criticisms a few lines which cannot be repeated too often."

"Cannot" is good.

* * *

At the thirteenth concert of the Chicago Orchestra there were several interesting features, chief of which was Mr. Godowsky's performance of the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor, for piano and orchestra. The work is a very strong one, intensely impassioned, very brilliant and difficult. In the line of technic it demands unusual power and endurance, but the variety of technic is perhaps no greater than exists in several other works. In the line of very heavy chords, interlocking passages, and rapid and exacting finger passages following immediately after long passages of heavy chords and octaves (liable to divert the hands from finger conditions) this work belongs to virtuoso tasks of the first order, being perhaps the most difficult pianoforte concerto as yet composed, unless it be those of Brahms. Moreover, while many of the pianoforte passages are in themselves not such as a pianist would prefer, the piano is employed in combination with all sorts of orchestral colorings more discreetly and originally than perhaps in any other work. The rhythm, also, while very strong, is in places rather subtle, and the piano and orchestra answer each other upon beats and parts of beats requiring accuracy combined with apparent abandon. It is therefore a concerto, the satisfactory musical and virtuoso performance of which settles the status of an artist as conclusively as any single work could possibly settle it.

The fitness of Mr. Godowsky for just this task was doubted by many, and from opposite standpoints. On account of his slight physique many feared he would not have strength and robustness of tone, and the endurance for carrying it out to the end. Others, besides these possibilities of dissatisfaction, foresaw what they term "coldness" and inability to respond to the emotional demands of Tschaikowsky. It is enough to say that

none of these dismal prophecies were realized. In point of power, endurance, most lovely musical quality and perfect sympathy between the piano and the orchestra, the listeners felt exactly as Mr. Thomas himself did, that never in the history of the orchestra had they accompanied a concerted work so satisfactorily. The orchestra played *con amore*, for Godowsky is a great favorite with them; Mr. Thomas conducted with the warmth often noted of his interpretation of modern works; and Mr. Godowsky gave a performance which was everything a first-class performance could be—virtuoso to the very highest degree, musical in every phrase and nuance, masterly in repose, in abandon and in instantaneous and complete recovery after climaxes, and withal having apparently unlimited reserve force still in store. Everything was done with that economy of motion which so singularly distinguishes the playing of this artist, and with an apparent quiet to the last degree misleading with respect to the tasks so easily overcome.

In point of varied but always musical tone-quality, in swiftness and clearness of delicate finger work under the most trying passages, in massive brilliancy of chords and bravoura, yet with a manner and spirit apparently devoted first and continually to the musical idea in hand, and to carrying the piano in its proper position as part of the combined orchestral klang, this was as masterly a performance as can be heard anywhere.

In respect to sureness and amplitude of playing, Mr. Godowsky stands in the very front rank of virtuosos. As compared with Mr. Joseffy's playing, there are interesting questions which might be raised. Joseffy has a delicate staccato or elastic quality which brings out the figures and individuality of tones and tone-groups in the most rapid passages with a delightfully pleasing quality. Mr. Godowsky reaches equal rapidity and perfect clearness, but without the staccato quality. On the other hand, Mr. Godowsky has a legato connection of tones by the fingers only which is very rarely equalled. It would need to hear both artists many times before one could determine which particular style one would prefer.

The audience was warm both in the afternoon and in the evening; there were several recalls and the Scherzo from Saint-Saens' second concerto was played delightfully, by piano and orchestra.

Having the opinion I have of Mr. Godowsky's proper posi-

tion in the piano-playing world, I was naturally interested to find the newspaper notices all favorable. As for myself, while I do not find in Mr. Godowsky the singularly ample emotionality of temperament of the dashing and opulent Carreno, I do find him one of the most satisfactory artists I have ever heard. He is a pianist with whom technic always sits at the feet of the musical idea. Everything in his practice, and the whole spirit of his public play is of this kind. Hence for concerted work he is in the very highest rank; while as interpreter in solo work he covers the whole literature of the piano, and always in the same masterly way. Nothing is difficult; everything has music in it when he plays it. He deserves the widest possible currency, and in the United States particularly, because his work is so peculiarly cosmopolitan.

* * *

Another uncommon work of this concert was the second of the *Serenades* of Brahms, opus 16 in A, the first having been played last year. The work is in four movements and remarkable for not having the violins. It is delicately written and very lovely. While it is long and well worked, it is always delicate, like chamber music: Its want of sensationalism was unfavorably noticed by some; but the originality and individuality of the work were highly prized by others—among whom I place myself.

Goldmark's overture to *Prometheus Bound* was played. It is a well-made work, full of striving and sensational effects; perhaps for this reason I do not care for it, despite its richness of orchestral coloring. Later in the program there were the *Forge Songs* from Wagner's "*Siegfried*," played with great warmth and richness. The whole ended with the *Kaisermarch*.

* * *

The program notes of Mr. Arthur Mees continue to be admirable in every way. In evenness of execution and in good sense generally they seem to me the best the Chicago orchestra has ever had. The encyclopedia is sometimes to be recognized; but rarely. When you think you recognize something, try to hunt it up. Mr. Mees is a diligent and reflecting orchestral student.

W. S. B. M.

JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PREFACE.

I am not one of those who fancy prefatory remarks. From this the reader will understand that the following introduction is necessary or it would never have been written. For he must know, among other things, that no part of this history is fictitious, and that while it was entirely constructed and written by myself, I am indebted to Mr. Barrington's experiences for my incidents, and to extracts from his diary, and to remembered conversations, for the remainder of the book.

An apology is perhaps necessary for the publication of an avowedly literary history in a decidedly musical magazine. My excuse and my reason lie in my belief that the underlying and fundamental laws of all of the various forms of Art are the same. Whether an artist works with pen, brush, finger or voice, the development of his talent must be along the same great high roads which we may call Observation, Comparison, Emotion and Expression. The Musician will find, if he read carefully, that Mr. Barrington's development from a lazy, effortless mass of receptivity to an alert, well-organized power of expression, was along these roads which I have mentioned; and he will realize, if he thinks a little, that he has traveled or is traveling those roads himself in the study of Music.

I must further explain why I chose Mr. Barrington, and not one of the great geniuses, as the subject of this history. My reason is the very simple one that I know nothing whatever about genius, while I believe myself possessed of a very fair knowledge of talent and its development. The former is exceptional; the latter is universal. The Magazine writer and the Musician who performs in public, are possessed of a certain degree of talent, which may be developed and increased in the proportion of their effort and capability. It therefore follows that if I am to benefit the musician by this history I must tell about someone whose experiences and capabilities are

very nearly like his own. And such a one is Mr. Barrington.

The frankness of the narrative precludes the possibility of revealing the real name of its hero. Suffice it to say, that he is considered one of America's most talented writers. His work has made the world more graceful and pleasant and wholesome to live in, though it has not caused a moral revolution. The characteristics of his style are grace and wit and ease, and his sentiments are manly and old-fashioned.

He has very strenuously objected to the publication of the fragments which compose the first chapter of this history. They were written, for the most part, at the time of the occurrences which they describe, though they have since been revised. My reason for disregarding his wishes is that the reader may have the picture of Mr. Barrington as he was and with this he can compare him in the various future stages of his development.

And this is all that I have to say.

E. L. A.

New York, Jan. 1, 1897.

CHAPTER FIRST.

I.

I was breakfasting at Delmonico's a trifle earlier than was my custom, (though the clock pointed to half-after twelve) when, happening to look out of the window I saw him. I waved my hand to attract his attention and he turned back toward the door. I suppose that I should have gone to meet him instead of waiting for him to come to me. That I did not is to be ascribed, not to a lack of filial respect, but rather to the indolence of my then disposition. We shook hands, he with a slight constraint, caused no doubt by my inattention, mingled with a pleased delight at seeing me. For I was his son, and this was our first meeting in over a year.

"An early lunch, John?" he asked brightly.

"Breakfast I call it, sir."

"What," said he sternly, "is it your habit to breakfast at this hour?"

"It has been for the past year," said I with a shade of defiance.

"Your year of independence has not improved you."

"I am not sure that I agree with you," said I coolly.

"So," he exclaimed, with ironical interest, and added, "You of course pay no attention to your literary studies?"

"Why," said I lightly, "I can hardly say that I give any time at all to that occupation."

In itself, this was a simple statement, but situated as I was, it was proof of my courage or of my impudence. To understand why this was so you must know that my father was a man of very strict ideas and that I had previously had to conform to them. He was possessed of great energy and force of character, and few men would have cared to face his irony or his angry sarcasm.

As I spoke, I noticed that he straightened himself and in the glance I gave him the comparison was forced upon me of his clear-cut, vigorous, manhood, with my sluggish, laziness of deportment. I dropped my eyes before his steady stare and to cover my embarrassment, leaned back in my chair and lighted my cigarette. (It was a *La Ferme*.) I do not suppose that he could have looked at me in this manner above two minutes but at the time I would have multiplied that figure by sixty. For I knew that he was regarding me with the light given to him by his knowledge of his own and of my mother's character, shining full upon his twenty-three years' observation of me. He had, in his mental eye, the picture of my character and habits as they had been at the time when I first left Barrington Manor; and he was comparing me as he now knew me to be with that picture. Meantime I traced the white letters of the word *Telegraph* on the hotel window across the street. I remember that they were white celluloid, though of course that does not matter. I spelled the letters into the word a great many times, but at last forgot them as my father said, in the coldest and hardest tone imaginable—

"My legal business will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing you again before my return to the Manor. I wish you a very good morning," and he bowed to me with great condescension and left me. For a moment my vanity misinterpreted, but then I understood; and I sat down with the white light of self-knowledge flowing in upon my mind and illuminating every nasty thing it contained in memory or of motive. So mean I felt, and so little respect was left me, that I hastily rose and attempted to follow my father, hoping by a few manly

words to rid myself of this moral nausea and set myself right in his opinion. But I could not succeed in finding him.

About five o'clock I dressed and went to Mrs. Watson-Howard's "at home," where She was to pour tea. It was some time before I could speak to her. At last she glanced up, as though she had only just seen me.

"So unexpected," she murmured. "How could you do it?" Her manner of saying this was as lazily comfortable and so like my habitual pose that I smiled in appreciation and replied:

"It was an effort."

"It must have been, poor fellow! but I will reward you. I shall be relieved in a half hour and you may take me home. I want to talk to you about announcing the engagement."

"Of whom?" said I, wondering.

"Why, of you and I, goose," said she, with a quick eye of scorn.

"But I haven't proposed—yet," I objected, feeling that I was being badly treated and enjoying it, rather.

"Run away now and come back for me at six," said she, with an air of proprietorship.

"I'll be dashed if I do," said I under my breath. She overheard and called after me:

"Oh! yes, you will," and she smiled charmingly.

And I'm ashamed to say that I did.

II.

Fortunately there was a smoking-room, containing comfortable chairs. As a rule this is not the case, which I consider a great social evil. A man cannot remain for an hour with comfort on a frail straight backed chair.

At last she was ready.

"We will walk, John," she said, speaking brightly, as if I would of course be pleased.

"Why, it is more than two miles!" said I, dismayed.

"Two and a half," she replied, as if that were an added pleasure. She straightened my collar, looked me over approvingly and we started. She looked wonderfully pretty and fascinating in her high collared sealskin jacket, and her head-gear was becoming. Even by the electric light one could admire the delicate pink flush of her white skin and the

luxurious masses of her light brown hair. Her eyes were a dangerous blue—any bachelor will understand the adjective.

"You had better say it now, John," she began.

"What?" asked I, puzzled.

"Why, propose formally, dear!" said she, looking straight ahead.

"But suppose I do not want to," I asked, banteringly.

"Do not be a fool, John; do it at once," said she, seriously; and she gave me her eyes in speaking, and they of course decided me.

"Certain privileges must be allowed if I agree," said I, shrewdly.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, joyously. "First," and she held out one shapely finger, "you may send flowers," and added, parenthetically, "every day of course. Then I will select a ring, which you shall buy," and she extended a second finger, "and third" (very reflectively), "well, third, shall be left to your ingenuity."

"I suppose that I must fill it," said I, "with bracelets, and diamonds, and dogs, and books, and candy, and——"

"Oh! do not forget the candy. You must order that for every day at once."

"And are these what you call privileges?"

"Oh, it's just as well that you should know your obligations. I suppose you will want to kiss my—my hand, and all that sort of thing; and I know, of course, that children have to be amused."

"You agree to allow the privilege then?" I urged.

"I suppose so—why, John! in the open street. This is quite shameful of you. Call a cab if you are so impatient, but you must make your formal proposal first."

"Will you, Miss Ruth McEnergy Loveton, engage yourself to marry me, John Bainbridge Barrington, on Saturday, February third?"

"Why, that's to-morrow. I'll agree if you add a year. Here is the cab."

"I'd rather walk," said I, obstinately.

"Well, good evening, then," said she, forcing my hand; and of course I followed her into the cab.

"John," tenderly.

"Well, Ruth?" inquiringly.

"You do not think me bold, do you? I was only in fun dear, really, when I first spoke, and then you know that you have been in love with me for over a year! You never would have had the energy to do it if I had not given you a little hint."

"Little?" ejaculated I, with scorn, and at this she said I was a horrid thing, and began to cry softly. I comforted her tenderly, and so engaged the cab traveled too rapidly. We arrived at her home, and when we were in the brightly lighted hall I looked to find her eyes red from her weeping.

"Why?" asked I, wonderingly.

"You did not suppose that I was really crying?" she inquired, naively.

"I know I was really kiss——"

"Hush! Here's papa. Papa, dear, Mr. Barrington has just made me his fifth proposal. I have accepted him, of course," with a glance at me, "to get rid of him."

Loveton never could understand anything, and he said:

"Is this so, sir? Have you persecuted my daughter into accepting you?"

"I am afraid I have, sir," said I, ruefully. I was afterwards handsomely rewarded for my bravery.

"Ruth, do you love this young man?"

"Why, papa! Of course not, but he is stupid and good-natured and will be rich, and so I am going to marry him."

"That is quite proper," said old Loveton, and he duly blessed us. How we afterwards laughed at his stupidity!

"I shall stay to dinner, Ruth," said I.

"Oh, if you insist," said she, with an indifference that annoyed me.

"If you put it that way I'll not bother you," I replied, with hauteur.

"Well, really now!" she said, appealingly, as if reason and the right were quite on her side, "don't you think you should order the things for me for to-morrow?"

"Why," said I, with sarcasm, "how forgetful of me."

"There—there, you can't have another one," and she ran from me, blushing, her hands to her face.

Later I learned that young Converse dined there that night, and went to the dance at the Starr's with her. Of course she wore the roses I had sent.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAINE FESTIVAL.

A festival in the state of Maine! Rather does the reader picture a summer sail on her bays and harbors, a morning on her picturesque hills and mountains, or an afternoon on her balmy shores! These are the features of Maine that are fixed on the memory of many summer tourists, and naturally enough, for they are Maine's greatest glories. New England, and more especially Maine, is particularly a magnet to musicians in the warm summer months. The music season in the centers is short, not always sweet, crowded with concentrated effort and prolonged nervous strain. From such scenes the musician hurries to seek out some quiet place to rest, and from similar scenes the distinguished choral conductor, Mr. William R. Chapman, of New York City, has come each summer to seek health and rest in his old home at Bethel, Maine. Indeed, to say that Bethel is Mr. Chapman's old home is to state also that Bethel, Maine, is the birthplace of the Maine Festival, since for several seasons past Mr. Chapman has been heard there to remark, with hardly verbal deviation, "Some time I am going to do something for music in my native state," and now he is doing it by arranging for a Maine festival for next October.

On the evening of November 27th last the corner-stone of the Maine Festival was laid in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and as a chronicler of the time facetiously remarked, "Mr. Chapman took off his coat (to be taken literally) to do it." Mr. Chapman made the trip from New York especially to be present for the occasion. It was a rehearsal of the first Maine Festival chorus, with two hundred voices, and a total attendance of over three hundred. This at first glance may seem nothing remarkable; but when it is understood that only two weeks before that time, the first preliminary rehearsal of the chorus was called in Lewiston with a membership of only eighty voices, then it should be said, "Credit to him to whom credit is due." To be sure, considerable allowance should be made for the attractiveness of the cause, but to bring a chorus.

from a membership of eighty voices to that of two hundred voices in two weeks' time, with only two intervening rehearsals, takes some of that quality which the Chicagoans would call "hustle," and which belongs to Mr. Homer N. Chase, of Auburn, Maine, general manager of the Maine Festival. It



MR. WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.

may be stated here that the chorus of the city of Lewiston, and it should be added, Auburn, which is kept from being identified with this first branch of the Maine Festival under the same municipality by only a narrow river, has at the present time of writing a membership of over three hundred voices.

But coincident with the choral development local to Lewis-

ton and Auburn, and following immediately the initial rehearsal of the Lewiston and Auburn chorus on November 27, the Festival continued to grow as a Maine product under the efficient management of Mr. Chase, until it has now justly earned the title of "The Maine Festival."

But to go more slowly. Portland, Maine, was visited by the management, and the Haydn Society of that city extended a cordial invitation to Mr. Chapman to come before them.



HOMER N. CHASE.

This he did, on the occasion of his second visit to Maine on December 28th, when the Haydn Society, as a result of Mr. Chapman's presentation of the subject, voted to open its doors for the remainder of the season to all singers in Portland and suburbs so as to increase the volume of the chorus as much as possible for the coming festival. The Haydn Society is one of the oldest musical organizations in New England, and has for its director Mr. Herman Kotschmar, of Portland, one of the beneficent pioneers of music in Maine. It is upon such tried and trusty voices as these under Mr. Kotschmar's direction

that the timbre of the Maine Festival chorus will to a large extent depend. Mr. Kotschmar will, according to the present arrangement, direct at some time during the festival next October.

After the work of festival organization had been started in Portland, Mr. Chapman then conducted a series of remarkably successful rehearsals in all the leading cities of Maine, but not without much efficient and necessary preliminary work being done by the manager, Mr. Chase. Rockland, with its Philharmonic Society; Waterville, with her Cecilia Club, and Gardiner, with an extemporized but enthusiastic chorus, all held successful rehearsals, closely following one another, under the leadership of Mr. Chapman. Then Mr. Chapman was called back to New York to attend to his concerts and rehearsals in New York state. Since, and up to the time of writing, the capital of the state of Maine, Augusta, has organized and is rehearsing weekly a chorus to send to the festival, as are also Bangor and Bath. Besides these cities that will send choral delegations to the festival, are numerous towns, among which are Bethel, the native place of Mr. Chapman, Norway, Brunswick, the home of Bowdoin College, and Farmington, the birthplace of Madame Lillian Nordica. Of this last place, Madame Nordica at a recent reception to the delegates of the Maine Festival after the Nordica concert at Portland, Maine, spoke very interestedly and hoped that her old home would be represented at the festival. Anent Madame Nordica's attitude toward the festival, the following letter from the distinguished prima donna speaks clearly:

Portland, Maine, December 31, 1896.

My Dear Mr. Chapman:

I am perfectly sure that all I have heard regarding the coming festival is true and that it will be the greatest musical event in the history of Maine. As a daughter of Maine I am naturally most enthusiastic myself; and how can I evince my enthusiasm more substantially than by pledging myself to lend my voice to the great and glorious cause in October, 1897, until which time I shall not sing again in my native state.

Knowing well your ability to electrify a chorus, I have no difficulty in believing that a mammoth chorus from Maine will accomplish results which will be astonishing and lasting. I feel perfectly sure that the people of Maine will be impressed

with the importance of this great movement by the fact that you are willing to give your valuable time thereto in the great hope of arousing them to a sense of their musical duty.

With cordial hopes of your success in this great undertaking,
(Signed) Lillian Nordica Dome.

For tenor soloist for the festival, the still ascendent star Evans Williams has been engaged, and the famous New York baritone, Dr. Carl E. Dufft, of Worcester Festival fame, is to sing at the festival. The final rehearsals of the festival chorus in its sections in the various cities and towns of Maine will be held next May, when Mr. Chapman, and, it should not be forgotten, his charming wife and efficient co-worker, will come from New York to Maine for the remaining months and drill the choruses with a view to the amalgamation in October next. As regards the orchestra, besides the players from the state of Maine who will assist, Mr. Chapman is to arrange to bring to Lewiston, Maine, the scene of the festival, a large per cent of Seidl's orchestra of New York.

Of the programs for the several days of the festival, I have left no space to speak, but more of that later. Nor has any comment been made relative to the wonderful quickening of the musical pulse of the state of Maine, or the astonishing musical results that have already been effected. The facts must speak for themselves. They are somewhat bald, and, perhaps, uninteresting, but so is truth at times. Already one thousand copies of the chorus books for the festival concerts have been sent in all directions over the state of Maine, and an order for five hundred more has recently been sent in to meet the demand. It is at present impossible to read between the lines of these selections from oratorios and operas, made by Mr. Chapman himself, anything other than that the Maine Festival to be held under the direction of Mr. Chapman at Lewiston, Maine, next October, is a permanent organization and doomed—to success.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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FIFTH EVENING—SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.

PROGRAM.

Schubert: Waltzes.

Minuet, opus 79.

March, from four hand collection.

Fair Rosamonde and Variations.

Song, Hedge Roses.

Wanderer.

Hark! Hark, the Lark.

Gretchen.

Frühlingsglaube.

Mendelssohn: Songs without words. The first.

Hunting Song, No. 3.

Folks Song, No. 4.

Gondellied, No. 6.

B flat minor, No. 8.

Table Song, No. 28.

Duetto, No. 18.

Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream; four hands.

O rest in the Lord.

If with all your hearts.

It is enough.

Scene from Elijah, "Lord God of Isaac," etc.

Hunting Song for voices (part songs).

Farewell to the Forest.

The two composers upon the present evening have distinguished themselves in almost every walk of composition. Schubert left a large quantity of manuscript, most of it unheard until after his death, consisting of about seven hundred songs, nine symphonies, various pieces of chamber music, pianoforte sonatas, dances, marches, overtures, one opera, and many miscellaneous compositions. In every department of this vast activity there are a few works which stand out as masterpieces. To begin at the top, his "unfinished" symphony and the great symphony in C are in the very first line of orchestral masterpieces, standing well up alongside the greatest of Beethoven, and with an originality of style and beauty

wholly independent of the overshadowing Beethoven, who was just at the moment of their composition engaged in his last works, including the immortal ninth symphony.

Nevertheless, while Schubert was great in all musical directions he marked an epoch in one direction, and therefore has a fame peculiarly his own. As a song-writer he was one of the greatest the world has ever known. His fame in this department rests upon two wholly different considerations, the union of which in the same composer forms the epoch-marking peculiarity already mentioned. As a melodist he stands in a rank by himself. His melodies move easily, now within the diatonic mode, and now branching out into the chromatic, but generally within the periods in the diatonic mode. The melodies are flexible, well balanced, very singable, and natural. Each comes up, lives its day and dies away into silence like a lovely flower, unfolding from its own germ, in the moment of the year when the sunshine and the showers have brought the time for its appearing. In this case the predisposing external cause leading to the appearance of one of these melodies is found in the poem chosen for text. Whatever Schubert read, if it interested him, immediately called up within him a melodic form. These melodies not only differ from each other by degrees of indescribably delicate gradation, but each as it comes proves itself adapted to the text which gave it birth. These lovely melodies moreover, are supported by pianoforte accompaniments which at times rise to a co-ordinate rank with the melody itself as part of the expression of the poem. Sometimes the so-called accompaniment is itself almost the main thing. Such cases are found in the "Erl King," "To Be Sung on the Waters," and "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel." At other times the accompaniment is as simple as the melody, and serves no other purpose than that of supporting the voice. A typical case of this kind is found in "Hedge Roses" and in "Hark! Hark, the Lark." It is another peculiarity of Schubert that beginning with an entirely simple melody he sometimes digresses to a remote key, within which for a moment he goes quite as simply, only to return again immediately to the main key. The "Hark! Hark! the Lark," is a case of this kind. (Note the transition to G flat in the ninth measure.)

The universal type of Schubert's music is the melodic. This we find in the pianoforte sonatas quite as plainly as in the songs themselves. In the Minuet and March on the present program the melodic ideas are the main thing. Charminglly naive are the little waltzes upon the present list. Beautifully simple, delightfully symmetrical, their simplicity relieved by short modulations into neighboring keys, it is not possible to find elsewhere compositions so short, so simple, and yet so beautiful. In spite of their brevity and simplicity, the student will find them worth knowing thoroughly. It is also an excellent exercise for the student to learn some of these by heart and to play them in several different keys.

As an illustration of Schubert's cleverness in treating the pianoforte (which is already sufficiently evident in the dramatic accom-

paniments of his larger songs, mentioned above), attention is called to the Impromptu in B flat, the Air and Variations known as "The Fair Rosamonde," the title due to the appearance of this melody in his opera of "Rosamonde." At least three of these variations display great finesse in treating the pianoforte. The first needs to be done with the utmost delicacy and lightness, the melody suggested rather than brought out. The third has a new rhythm and a melodic secondary figure in the left hand part, which taken with the treatment of the variation in the right hand part gives this piece a wholly new content and effect. The fourth, again, is equally novel and equally significant for the pianoforte. The remaining variations are of little importance, although, as matter of course, all are to be played.

Mendelssohn as pianoforte composer represents two very important and characteristic moods, the Scherzo and the Song Without Words. It is probable that by the good fortune of the latter name for his collections of little piano pieces, Mendelssohn rendered the musical world a greater service than he did even by the elegant quality of his compositions themselves. It was the happy thought of the title which at once puts the listener upon the right track, and disposes him to try and discover what the words of the unworded songs ought to be. It was a fortunate guess rather than a something thought out by reason, and if he had been pressed to assign a reason for including some of these pieces under the name, he would probably have been driven to confess that they were so included because he did not know what else they were.

The Songs Without Words embody many types, the most important being the true cantabile—pieces in which there is a flowing lyrical melody with a soft accompaniment. These pieces are in effect nothing else than "nocturnes," quite after the manner of Chopin, only less elaborate in treatment and less extended. Among the best types of this class are to be mentioned the first, the two folks songs in the program above, and the Duetto. In all these the connected legato of the melody is of the first importance; and second, the proper sinking and swelling of the melody in true manner of impassioned singing. The accompaniment follows closely and shares in the fluctuations of intensity and mood.

Another type of these pieces is illustrated by the Eighth, in B flat minor. This piece, which has the speed and restless movement of a Scherzo, has also the true Mendelssohnian flavor of sweet melancholy. It goes at great speed, and often the melody is suggested by an accent rather than fully expressed. Such cases are found in measures three and four, and elsewhere. In these instances there is a fragment of melody in the middle voice.

Somewhat between the cantabile type and the Scherzo is to be mentioned the "Table Song," number 28, in G. This is like a part song of light and pleasant yet somewhat sentimental character, suitable to be sung at table.

As a composer for voice Mendelssohn attained a very high rank,

producing melodies of great sweetness (yet often also of inherent coldness) and very singable. One of the most beautiful examples of this kind is found in the "Oh for the Wings of a Dove," first sung as soprano solo and then later for chorus, in his setting of a psalm. Another well known example for alto is the "Oh Rest in the Lord." The latter melody derives additional beauty from the contrast it makes with the rather dramatic place in the oratorio where it occurs. Further illustrations of Mendelssohn's powers in this direction may be taken from the list above, which there is not time at present to more fully discuss.

The part songs of Mendelssohn for mixed voices deserve to be more sung. They are extremely beautiful and delightfully written for music and for the voices. While of moderate difficulty, they belong among the very best of part-songs for mixed voices unaccompanied. The omission of the accompaniment is of very great importance, as these pieces are strictly written, in such a manner that the voices have the complete ideas, both melody and harmony, and when given independent from accompaniment it is possible to obtain a purer intonation and better sympathy.

The present program permits a somewhat greater latitude of arrangement of parts than those of the preceding evenings. The works do not contrast with each exactly as was sought in previous programs, but rather form phases of lyric melody, to be sung in such order and combination as best suits the performers, taking care, however, that an agreeable succession of keys is generally observed.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

CARRENO AND L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

My Dear Mr. Mathews: It is always enjoyment to me to read your magazine every month, and to-day the first thing that attracted my attention when I opened the last number of MUSIC was "Personal Glimpses of Teresa Carreno." I read it through, and finding that an "lacune" open space, I may say, exists between the age of 9 to 12, I hope you will pardon me, for devoting a few lines to fill the open space I refer to. Teresa Carreno studied during that time with my late brother, L. M. Gottschalk, and the concert given by that then wonderful child was after she had started with him. Many times I remember Teresina working on the piano for hours in the front room, while my brother was in the back parlor, reminding her now and then by some remarks that he was hearing her all the time; many times in the same house on Ninth street in New York city have I heard her studying Chopin and that very sonata appassionata, the child listening to her master's playing and remarks on Beethoven. Madame Carreno, with that broad-heartedness and artistic nature for which she is so well known and which partly accounts for her wonderful playing, always has given credit to L. M. Gottschalk for having taken her into the broad field of classical music, thus enabling her from that tender age to understand the meaning of a composition, besides the purely technical rendition of it, and giving her from the start the possibility of going through her career as a star of the first magnitude. I hope, my dear Mr. Mathews, that you will kindly publish this letter in justice to my brother's memory, who though not teaching, having no time for it besides his concerts, had, for pure love of art, several talented children under his instruction. Believe me with kindest regards and thanks, yours sincerely,

L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

I was glad to see you take the stand you did (last summer) relative to American composers. With all deference to Mr. Thomas, I must say that he is pursuing a wrong course in keeping from his programs (as a rule) works by American composers.

I should think that he, of all American conductors, would be the one to foster and encourage American productions. Why not? The poor American composer has only luck and chance for his compositions, even to operatic works. Of course a great deal is rubbish, born of young brains not yet out of study; but there are meritorious works by American musicians that would credit any program,

Thomas' not excepted. But then, anything by Saint-Saens, Grieg, Wagner, etc., looks better on a program, than anything by plain Jones or Smith. America, of all countries on the face of the globe, will be the coming nation in music, as we are made up of all nationalities, are new, and our future is boundless in any pursuit. We have the models of the Old World for a guide, and who knows, when our time comes we shall produce a sweeter singer than Mozart or a greater philosopher than Beethoven, or a grander operatic composer than Wagner.

I know of a number of compositions that are fine, very fine; but the author keeps them locked up. Why? Because he never had a fitting opportunity to produce them, and in all likelihood they will stay where they are. I know of an album of songs that are gems, of a quartette for strings that a Beethoven player would go in raptures over, and of a symphony that even Beethoven himself could sign his name to. I know of a grand opera that is being composed that, if Messrs. Abbey & Grau could hear, might even produce, for it is better than some of the old ones that have been palmed off on a confiding public for the last ten years. But enough. The American composer must wait even till Gabriel toots his horn. If he be so fortunate as to find a chance to produce a work, well and good. If not, let it lay by until someone, a hundred years from now (provided he doesn't throw it in the fire) finds it and wonders how it was that such a work was permitted to sleep an endless sleep and all the rot and rubbish of the present day to be heard. But 'twas ever thus, even with Schubert. Talent and genius have chance. What more do they want? Everything that can aid them in their art productions. I doubt if there ever was or ever will be a man of genius who had everything at his command as he should have. I am speaking of men of the Beethoven stamp, and God knows they are scarce enough.

Wake them up, Mr. Mathews, and nine-tenths of the musicians of America will be with you. Genius is born, not made; born of the hand of the living God, and he can as easily produce one in America as in Germany. But you cannot convince the old fogies of this. They think that music is exhausted, that the last great symphony has been produced; that music, in fact, has been composed. They probably thought so in Monteverde's time, also in Palestrina's. Music is eternal, exhaustless and boundless, and Beethoven but opened up the way in which composers (I speak of composers) should go. He gathered all of the century's work before him and built a kingdom of tones and in this kingdom he builded a fairy palace. Unlock the gate and enter. Be bold! Music. What are the composers since his time but followers in the thoughts and by-ways which he left?

But this is a very long letter for me, a stranger, to write to you. I take great pleasure in reading your magazine, and with many well wishes for its success and prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly,

CH. M. THOMSON, Conductor.

MUSIC IN KANSAS.

That Kansas, the wind-burned, grasshopper-eaten, chinchbug plagued, drouth-dried, tornado-torn (?) state, the target for all kinds of opprobrious epithets, should astonish eastern musicians by the high standard already reached in music is doubtless surprising.

Many people, especially those who were at the World's Fair during Kansas week, will remember the ludicrous picture, aimed to be ridiculous, that appeared in a Chicago paper the morning after the Kansas chorus sang. It represented the members of the chorus as grasshoppers singing the music from a barb-wire fence. *Multum in parvo!*

A wonderful interest in music was awakened throughout the state by the invitation from the World's Fair committee to Kansas to send a chorus to participate in the exercises Kansas week. The committee of ladies, Mrs. Gaston Boyd, president; Mrs. Kate Smeed Cross, secretary; Mrs. S. R. Jones, Mrs. A. M. Dunlap, Mrs. M. H. Hodge, Mrs. G. H. Parkhurst and Miss Kate Blunt, all thorough musicians appointed by the World's Fair commission, worked unceasingly for the success of the undertaking.

The Commercial club of Hutchinson announced that a musical contest and jubilee would be held in that city in May and offered prizes for the best in chorus, quartette, duet, solo, violin and piano work. Mr. B. S. Hoagland of that city identified himself with the state committee for this work and rendered invaluable aid in making it a success. Through Mrs. Boyd, Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins offered gratuitously his services as adjudicator and they were gladly accepted. The enthusiasm was wonderful, and from the "Columbian" jubilee spring the "Kansas Musical Jubilee," that has grown in interest each succeeding year. The contest music selected by the committee is of the highest grade; the contestants are critically judged according to the science and art of music. The prizes are from \$25 to \$400.

In '94, Frederick M. Archer was secured to act as adjudicator; in '95, W. E. C. Seeböck filled the position, as he did last year also of the instrumental work, F. W. Root being the judge of all vocal contests.

The advancement in music found in this "wilderness" was unlooked for, and the judges frankly acknowledged their surprise. One adjudicator said he was not only "astonished but amazed at what he had heard. Of the rendition of the "Hallelujah" chorus (Handel) by one of the choruses (90 voices), one said it was "worthy the great composer himself."

Other states are seeking representation in these jubilees and one department, soprano, has been made an open contest for this year as an experiment.

There is an effort being made in a neighboring state for a jubilee and contest organization similar to Kansas', but it will not be effected for some time yet on account of opposing factions. The unity of interests and purposes has been one of the secrets of suc-

cess in this state and has given the contests their growing strength. The losers were, of course, disappointed; but the next year found them trying again, often with better success. One soloist had been a contestant every year; ranking fourth the first year he gained only one in rank each year and carried off first prize in the last contest over a large number of worthy contestants.

Another season of music of an altogether different character to the state jubilee is the chorus, composed of those who are in attendance at the Chautauqua Assembly held each June in Ottawa. This Chautauqua, by the way, is second only to the great New York Chautauqua. A chorus director of reputation is present each year who organizes and conducts a chorus which participates in the exercises and gives at least two concerts. One or more soloists add to the interest. Last year music was made a special feature of the Assembly. A solo orchestra, selected from the Symphony orchestra of Kansas City, under the direction of Prof. John Behr, was engaged. This Symphony orchestra is one of the finest west of Chicago, its leader was formerly a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mrs. Ella Backus-Behr, who each year is associated with Prof. Sherwood at the New York Chautauqua, was pianist; a quartette of soloists led the chorus singing. One of these, Mrs. J. Otis Huff, contralto, was soloist at the New York Chautauqua, also; a ladies' chorus was also engaged.

The closing concert of the ten days' session was the rendition of "The Messiah," with piano, organ and orchestra accompaniment. While, of course, it was far from perfect, it was a prodigious undertaking gloriously accomplished.

The study and enjoyment of music heretofore largely superficial, is, as a natural result, more thorough and critical. In fact, there is a new order of things musically in the state. If the songs of a nation reflect the character of its people, as someone has said, it is hoped the Kansas musical jubilees and contests will be a standard by which Kansans are judged.

S. K. RIDGE.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

This Christmas in San Francisco has an exceptional appeal to the remembrance of all music lovers, and the very atmosphere is redolent with the gratitude of the many worshipers at St. Ignatius', the magnificent church of the Jesuits of this city. Through the beautiful liberality of a cultured and wealthy woman the grandest organ in this country has been given. Mrs. Andrew Welch, the donor, has bestowed more than a costly gift; she has given possible years of divine music and thus has predestined not only the higher life that commingled religion and music impacts upon the soul, but also the uplifting of the spiritual to an envisagement of God's intention. The humblest of His creatures may stand within the dim aisles—shadowy as it were with the reflex of sorrows left there, where the

soul solaces itself at the foot of the altar, and the sanctuary lamp illumines the faltering heart on its further way to better things. I feel—

"I have no words to bring,
 Worthy of Thee, my King.
 And yet one anthem in thy praise
 I long, I long to raise.
 The heart is full;
 The eye
 Entranced above.
 But words
 All melt away
 In silent awe
 And love. —
 How can the lips be dumb,
 The hand all still and numb,
 When Thee
 The heart doth see, and own
 Her Lord and God above?
 Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
 And open Thou my lips
 That I may
 Show Thy praise.

(F. R. Havergal.)

In this Western World the sun awaits a closer coming of the stars—that on this sacred night seem in galaxy and battalion to guard the humble crib at Bethlehem—consecrate these nineteen hundred years. In this Western World Christmas dawned sunlit upon the hushed earth. At earliest morn the bell of St. Ignatius rang out a clarion of Peace and Good Will. Crowds surge the streets, and everywhere—the stir of glad tidings. In this vast temple of the living Christ, the very air is fraught expectant—impalpable presences and wings triumphant agitate the solemnity. On the grand altar, waxen tapers pulse tremulously before the tall, pale, spiritual lilies that droop adoringly. The very nimbus of Heaven rests luminously over all. In a stillness that is breathless, priest and deacon and acolyte, in splendid pageant, come with reverent steps into the ceremonial, sacerdotal splendor and sight and sound and slow movement make a wondrous harmony. The greatest organ in the land is touched to vibrant voice by the faultless magic of a master, and there swells forth an avalanche of chords and super-chords, as if the congregate winds of all space had engathered as a choir of the Eternal. Strain upon strain of divinest meaning discloses to the soul the mystery of incarnate favor. Higher and higher climb the notes until they seem the reverberant foot-falls of approaching hosts along the pathway of God's own kingdom—a procession of the invisible—the unseen before the semblance of the Great White Throne. Incense hovers and lifts censored fragrance as a breath of the unutterable. . . . The great organ

stops with a mighty silence and stillness lays a soft touch upon the heart of the multitude. Angel and archangel and cherubim and seraphim are worshipers at the tabernacle door. The air is heavy with the precious weight of prayer. . . . For a moment the pulse of the world stands still. Then, from the threshold of infinity a divine Gloria steals into the soul of the great organ, and the master is at the priesthood of his art. The stained radiance, crimson and purple and sun-wrought, gleams magnificence like a royal anthem of soundless praise. The white lilies burn now in a scarlet passion of divine fervor, and the tapers flicker white-lighted as if a Madonna Moon had touched them with her fair holiness.

Ceremonials are epochs of deep emotions. In their grandeur is the ecstasy of supreme moments, when in exaltation the spiritual vision is unfolded and we know that Heaven is real and eternity but a single word of God's promise. From the great organ on this Christmas morning when the dawn was faint before the mystery of the midnight, a note of celestial melody sounded the everlasting hymn, undying in the universe as hope in the heart, ceaseless forever henceforth—ceaseless as God's love. At this joyous hour Chicago's musical soul must have gone out responsively, when the unapproachable touch of Mr. Clarence Eddy held hundreds spell-bound to the wonderful tones poured out like a rare vintage of heavenly melody, intoxicating the soul with a sudden bliss, a foretaste of what the ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

ADOLF BRUNE, PIANIST.

Mr. Adolf Brune lately gave a piano recital which showed a gratifying advance. Serious program, containing Brahms-Handel Variations and Fugue, Chopin's E Minor Concerto, his own Bourrée, op. 8, and Liszt's Midsummer Night's Dream. Clear interpretation and sufficient technique, needing more variety of touch; brilliant playing of the encore number, a Moszkowski Etude, op. 25, No. 1, and remarkably intelligent presentation of the Brahms Fugue; promising future; one of the most earnest and thorough of our younger pianists, and striving for high ideals in composition.

"THE WAGNER BOOM."

Dear Mr. Mathews: I have lately come across the enclosed in an old scrap book, from a paper published in 1882. I thought it might interest you, too, so I copied it. What do you think of it, and what is your opinion of the author? It is one of the many I have, especially from German papers as far back as 1865, in which Wagner is given such abuse as you never heard of. Yours truly,

FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON.

THE WAGNER BOOM.

"This entire business of the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth is one of the most curious bits of musical history. Although there is a general impression abroad that great art works are generally in advance of their time, the historical facts do not confirm it. Not to speak of the ancients, the moderns such as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Handel, Bach, Shakespeare, Meyerbeer, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, have written their masterworks to supply a current demand. That the lasting value of the works so produced should have been unknown to the public that inspired and paid for them, is natural enough. Even the masters who have struck out in new paths have not gone beyond the appreciation of the public of their own day. Wagner has reversed all this. He does not even pretend to supply a demand. His music dramas are neither instruction nor amusement. They are neither music, drama, nor spectacle purely, but a combination of all three under the most severe restrictions. They are so far from being adapted to the stage that he thought it necessary to build a theater expressly for them, at an expense of more than half a million dollars. Nor are they adapted to any existing public, but a public has to be "naturally selected" from all the earth, by means of a process of the most unexampled free advertising. Yet every one of these seemingly fatal obstacles has been met, and the wonderful art works produced. The works of Shakespeare have met the music of Beethoven, and they have kissed each other on the hill just out of Bayreuth. Actors and players have given their services for well nigh a whole summer. Men have traversed half the circumference of the globe to get there. Newspapers four and five thousand miles away have printed columns of cable 'specials' about it. And what of it? Has the stage been elevated? No; many of his scenes could not be produced in an English-speaking country, they so exceed the conventional limits of decency. Has the art of music been advanced? No; if music goes on in this direction it will become intolerable. Has the drama been made a lesson of human life? No; the stories of the Wagner operas are inordinately gross and inhuman, and unrelieved by elevating motives of any kind. What, then, has been done? Simply this, that Mr. Richard Wagner, having written a lot of operas that no manager would have as a gift, and no city police tolerate, has had them produced under conditions which must satisfy even his wonderful vanity. This, mainly, is all there is of it."

The foregoing I believe was written by the present writer one Saturday afternoon in a furious hunt for Sunday "copy," amid the desolating influences of a fortnight of Wagnerian opera with the slender Pappenheim (weight about 350, avoirdupois) as Elsa, Elizabeth, and Senta; and the further incitation of some columns of "slush" from Bayreuth correspondents. My opinion of the author, therefore, is that it was a case of a good man momentarily gone wrong, in liver or nerve, or both; and at that time comparatively ignorant of the astonishing qualities of Mr. Richard Wagner as

advertiser, publicist, and above all as progressive musician. We live and learn. The moralities in the article I probably had from the Bayreuth correspondents, for none of us had seen these works at that time.

W. S. B. M.

ORATORIOS WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

By Fountain Meen (Organist of Union Chapel, Islington).

Among the various duties that fall to the lot of an organist, the accompaniment of an Oratorio or Cantata is undoubtedly the most exacting, as in addition to the actual exertion of playing, it entails a great strain upon the mental faculties, and therefore requires considerable power of endurance. In short, to use a common expression, it "takes it out of you" very considerably.

Of course, an oratorio should, if possible, be accompanied in the manner intended by the composer, which is, as a rule, by a full orchestra, in which case the organ, when used at all, is treated as an orchestral instrument, and is heard only occasionally. It is only necessary to refer to Mendelssohn's works of this class as being absolutely perfect examples of the use of the organ with orchestra. Performances of such works with organ accompaniment only, are, however, frequently given, and although the best of such accompaniment cannot adequately atone for the absence of an orchestra, it must be admitted that if, as in very many cases, it is difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to have a band, it is certainly better to have such performances than none at all.

The organist who undertakes this duty should have the work he is called upon to play, well in his mind, because he has so much to think of in the way of combining his stops suitably, and must follow the vocalists so attentively throughout, that it is essential that he should be most intimately acquainted with the work, as well as with its traditional rendering. Then again, he has to play from the vocal score, the accompaniment to which is arranged for the pianoforte, so that it is no uncommon thing to meet with passages which, if not absolutely impossible on the organ, will be altogether ineffective if played as written. For instance, the tremolando effects so often to be met with are, in many cases, merely a convenient substitute for the sustained notes to be found in the full score, and would have a very bad effect if played on the organ, besides being quite unnecessary, as the notes can be sustained. He has therefore to exercise his own judgment very considerably in adapting the accompaniment to the organ, particularly as regards the use of the left hand.

In choruses, where the accompaniment consists of the vocal parts in short score, care must be taken not to use the pedals when the lower notes belong to the tenor part, but to use them with the bass part of the chorus only.

In order to give some idea of the orchestral effects, it is most desirable to compare the copy with the full score, as it is often possible to produce on the organ effects which are not possible on

the pianoforte, and are not therefore shown in the pianoforte arrangement. It is not, as a rule, difficult to obtain access to the score. If it is in manuscript, it will probably be in the possession of the composer, if living; but if printed, it may be had of the publisher, and I have always found both composers and publishers quite willing to afford every facility for examining it. In the pianoforte scores of some works that have appeared during the last few years, the plan has been adopted of indicating the orchestral instrument to which the various passages are assigned, and an excellent plan it is, as it materially increases the interest of all readers, besides being of great assistance to those who may have to accompany the work upon the organ. In no work has this plan been carried out so completely as in the *Messiah*, Mr. Best in his admirable edition having given the accompanist all possible help in this direction. At the same time it is very necessary to exercise discretion in following these indications, as, although it is no doubt wise to make the accompaniment as orchestral as possible, it is by no means wise to try in every case to imitate the instruments indicated. There are, for instance, many passages given to the clarionet which would sound simply abominable if played on the clarionet stop. The value of this stop is greatly increased if it be enclosed in a special swell-box, as it can then be used in chords with very good effect, but as a rule it is so loud that it can only be used for certain solo passages. The gamba and *lieblich gedacht* will be found a useful combination for such chord passages, being very suggestive of the subdued tones of the instrument, much more so in fact than the clarionet stop itself would be. Flute passages as a rule come out well on the organ, and if the reeds are of good quality the oboe and trumpet stops give a fairly good imitation of the tone of those instruments.

In solos, the accompaniment should be played (as far as possible) in accordance with the text, and orchestral effects as indicated, should be introduced, provided always that they can be obtained without disturbing the flow of the music itself. I have frequently heard passages quite mutilated, in consequence of the organist's frantic endeavors to effect some change of stops. On no account should this be done, for the proper rendering of the music should, of course, be the first consideration, and if, therefore, such changes cannot be effected without spoiling musical phrases, they should be abandoned. In choruses the organist has frequently to support the voices, in addition to playing the accompaniment, and where the latter is obligato, considerable judgment is necessary in order to do justice to both.

As a general rule, the eight and four feet stops of the great organ will be found most useful for choruses, and, excepting for broad and massive effects, it is better to avoid the sixteen feet stops altogether, particularly in fugal movements. For example, in Handel's "*Hallelujah*," they should only be used for "full" passages. Again, in the first chorus of *Elijah* they may be drawn for the

opening bars, but should be shut off at the tenor lead, "The harvest now is over," and not used again until the "ff" towards the end is reached. Passages are frequently left without accompaniment in the pianoforte score, which are really meant to be played upon the organ, as, for instance, in "Behold, God the Lord!" from Elijah. If, therefore, it is thought desirable to play these passages, there need not be any hesitation about doing so.

It is often very difficult for an organist to tell how much organ he can use without overpowering the voices, and so much difference of opinion is to be found, as to the proper amount of tone to be used in accompanying, that it is decidedly unwise to place too much reliance on the opinions of others. For instance, if two musicians of experience, in whom equal confidence may be felt, sit side by side during a performance, it is not at all unlikely that one will describe the accompaniment as being too loud, and the other, as not loud enough. Experience teaches that the only safe plan is to find out for oneself the effect produced by various combinations at a distance from the organ, and rely upon one's own discretion. It may sometimes happen that solo vocalists will complain that they cannot hear enough of the organ when they are singing. In such cases the organist must be very careful about using more power, as in very many cases it will be found that if the singer can hear the organ well, the accompaniment will be much too loud. In this matter, as in almost everything else, the medium course is the safest—do not be too reticent, but endeavor to give sufficient support to the voice without overpowering it.

It is quite possible to accompany any of the standard works upon the organ with very good effect, but in the case of works of more recent date, where so much more prominence is given to the orchestra, it is not wise to rely upon the organ only. Take, for example, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*. It is a beautiful work, and may fairly be described as the finest of recent oratorios, but it could not be effectively accompanied by organ only. Given a good three-manual organ of average size and fairly up-to-date, and it is difficult to imagine anything more thoroughly enjoyable (although exacting) than to play such works as *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Redemption*, and others; but the organist cannot take his instrument with him, and has, therefore, to put up with what he can get, and play these works, perhaps, upon instruments of short compass, heavy action, and poor tone, so that all the presence of mind and readiness of resource of which he is capable may be called into requisition. His enjoyment may, therefore, be considerably qualified, but although it is, of course, much harder work to accompany on a small organ than a large one, the mere fact of having to overcome difficulties is productive of a certain amount of pleasure.

There is so much difference in organs, as regards size, quality of tone, touch, arrangement, position, etc., that it is somewhat difficult to give direct advice, but the writer of these few remarks hopes

that they may not be without some interest, and may possibly be of some assistance to those who are, as yet, without experience in this interesting branch of an organist's duties.—Nonconformist Mus. Journal.

MR. JOHN C. GRIGGS WRITES.

My church music class in the Metropolitan College of Music has apparently been a move in the right direction. We have had a most interesting and enthusiastic time. Another session begins in February. The finest lecture course ever given in any American school is to begin here in January. I will send you prospectus as soon as printed, hoping that when it is noted in your pages it will be clothed on with some of that glory with which you are wont to kindly irradiate the humble efforts of us remote easterners. And to continue in this modest vein I wish to intimate that I belong to that much abused and much deserving profession which teaches singers, and against which your sarcasm has been sometimes directed as not singing good repertoire, etc. I enclose you two recital lists, each of which I have given several times this fall. I also had a good time at Smith three weeks ago singing for Dr. Blodgett a Schubert program, as follows:

Der Wanderer, Der Lindenbaum, Die Post, Du bist die Ruh', from The Winter Journey; Das Wandern, Ungeduld, from The Miller's Daughter; Gruppe aus dem Tartarus (Schiller); Doppelgänger (Heine); Au Schwager Kronos, Haedenröslein, Erlkönig, from Goethe.

I did a Schumann program of similar scope from memory with lecture for Gow of Vassar a week later. I shall hope to do these in Chicago next winter.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. GRIGGS.

In connection with these recitals we notice that Dr. Griggs has published some small libretti of the more favorite German songs, but in one collection without translations of the German poems. This appears to us a mistake. While it is no doubt the duty of everyone to know German as they know English, it remains that some millions of the inhabitants of countries in other respects civilized and appreciably enlightened have as yet failed to come up to this high privilege. It is altogether likely that Dr. Griggs' audiences contained a liberal sprinkling of individuals belonging to this class. For them it would have been an act of kindness to have placed English versions side by side with the German, to the end that the listener might so find out what in particular it was all about.—Ed. Music.

WILLIAM STEINWAY TO WILLIAM MASON.

New York, December 23, 1895.

It is with great interest and pleasure that I have read the recent letter of Mr. I. J. Paderewski, in which he expresses such strong

approval of the piano method of my lifelong friend William Mason. As one of the principal objects of this work is the cultivation and development of a firm, full and sympathetic piano touch I have been reminded of what Liszt, Rubinstein and other great musicians said years ago in praise of the touch of its author, for their testimony, which I happen to know is authentic, goes to show that William Mason should be able to thoroughly understand the subject upon which he writes, possessing as he does such an excellent example of his own playing.

My recollection carries me back to the 23d day of May, 1873, when just prior to Anton Rubinstein's departure for Europe a supper was tendered him at the Hotel Brunswick by a few friends, among them Gustave Schirmer and several other well-known gentlemen.

During the evening, the conversation having turned on musical art in America, Rubinstein remarked that the prospect of our future development in this direction was favorable, as there were already a number of gifted native American composers and pianists. He referred to his visit to Liszt in Weimar during the year 1853-54, and said that while there he became acquainted with William Mason, whose playing was characterized by that peculiarly sympathetic and elastic touch which, unless inborn, could not be acquired by any amount of practice.

Again, on May 14, 1877, at the city of Hanover, Germany, Franz Liszt gave a reception to a number of artists and critics who had assembled in that city to attend a musical convention. Mr. Theodore Steinway, then recently returned from New York, was present on invitation, and Liszt on greeting him said: "Mr. Steinway, how goes it with my favorite pupil, William Mason?" Mr. Steinway replied that Mr. Mason was in good health and actively engaged in his professional duties. Liszt said, "Mason is by nature and temperament endowed with a wonderfully sympathetic touch of an elastic and velvety character."

This is certainly strong testimony, and in its light I am not surprised that Paderewski should so fully endorse Mr. Mason's touch and technic.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM STEINWAY.

IS HAENDEL'S "MESSIAH" INSPIRED OR SACRED?

In the Milwaukee Journal Mr. Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld takes the bull by the horns and maintains that it is possible to claim for Haendel's immortal work entirely too much. While his remarks are to be read with a grain of reserve, inasmuch as they represent a reaction from claims unduly pressed for the work, they are nevertheless in the main right as well as interesting. Mr. Weld writes:

Previous to this year's performance of "The Messiah," the Arion club, our justly celebrated choral organization, saw fit—imitating the Apollo club of Chicago—to indulge in a very novel form of ad-

vertisement for this immortal work. Many columns of the newspapers were taken up in describing the "wonderful religious feeling" of this oratorio and so forth and so on. Furthermore, it was stated pretty plainly that Mr. Tomlins had a greater knowledge of this work than any one living and that fact was dwelt upon with infinite variations. Finally it was said that the Arion club was both artistically and financially stronger than ever before. All of these public announcements by the club give the critical press the right, firstly to criticize the club from a higher standard than ever before, as they claim a higher position, and, secondly, to examine carefully the claims made for both Mr. Tomlins and Haendel's great musical achievement. In this article some things will be said which will doubtless create both surprise and annoyance among those who have been hoodwinked into adopting Mr. Tomlins' widely advertised views of this oratorio, but it is as well that the truth should occasionally be told, even in newspapers.

George Frederick Haendel—not Handel—was a German who was originally attached to the court of the king of Hanover, and he was by profession court musical director and a composer of operas. Through the affiliations of the Hanoverian and English courts he eventually came to London, where, with a keen business sense, he perceived that there was much more money to be made in writing oratorios and other religious compositions than in writing operas for the Hanoverian court theater—consequently he settled in London. That he was essentially an opera composer, first of all, may be seen from the fact that he left behind him forty-two finished and ten unfinished operas, as opposed to but twenty-two oratorios. He was not a man of notable religious feeling, or manner of living, being openly given to the various pleasures of the world, the flesh and the devil. But there was money in religious music, and, to a master of his qualifications, it was as easy to write one as the other. Haendel had a positively extraordinary facility in writing—he finished the "Messiah" in twenty-four days—but he was also the most noted plagiarist of his times, or any other period in music, and through his wholesale excerpts from his own earlier works, as well as those of other contemporary musicians, it was naturally easier for him to work with unusual rapidity.

Speaking of the many plagiarisms which may be found in the "Messiah," one of his greatest chroniclers remarks that it is true, that innumerable subjects, harmonic progressions, points of imitation, sequences, etc., which the unlearned are accustomed to admire (and with reason) in Haendel, are no more the invention of that master than they are of Auber or Rossini. The works which are chiefly ornamented by these plagiarisms are the "Dettinger Te Deum," "Saul," "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah," and his great historian, Julian Marshall, points out that for them he made the most extensive thefts from a "Te Deum" by one Francesco Antonio Uria, or Urlo, and from a very interesting work of Scarlatti's (still unpublished)—a serenade for three voices and double

string orchestra. In attempting to excuse him, Mr. Marshall offers the following amusing defense: "That such wholesale pilfering as this should have been possible, or even conceivable, is a fact which points to a very different standard of artistic morality from that of the present day. Might, in fact, was right. In Haendel's case the greater part of the music he 'adopted' was, no doubt, saved from oblivion by the fact of its inclusion in his works. The only possible justification of the proceeding is afforded by success."

Finally, four of the most celebrated choruses of the "Messiah" are taken bodily from the "Chamber Duets," a series of thirteen operatic numbers originally composed for the diversion of the king of Hanover while dining, while innumerable other of these "religious" numbers, both solos and choruses, are from his earlier German and Italian operas, not counting the "loans" from other composers. So much for the historical side of Haendel's "religious inspiration" while composing this great work.

As to the perfectly patent facts of the case, there are very few numbers in the "Messiah" which show any trace of religious feeling, although there are many intensely dramatic passages, which Mr. Marshall rightly points out as resulting from his thorough training and long experience as an operatic composer. If we place the "Messiah" side by side with any of his operas the music is identically the same, excepting that most of it is better and more carefully finished. To talk about exceptional "religious inspiration" in connection with this work is sheer, arrant nonsense, and entitles one to completely doubt the sincerity of any professional musician who lends himself to such deliberate artistic deception. Let us take one of the most celebrated choruses, for example, "For unto us a child is born." Why, the most every-day layman, if he have a trace of ordinary musical common sense, can see at a glance that there is not a single trace of religious feeling or conception in this number. It is a florid, operatic chorus, such as was highly popular at that period, and musically speaking, it is an exquisite production, and why, let me ask at last, should we speak other than "musically" in considering this work? To proceed, any musician who will claim that in "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," or "And with His Stripes," or "All we like sheep," etc., etc., show the faintest trace of anything else but the then prevalent operatic style of composition, that man is either not honest or he is wholly ignorant of his art. And so with the solos; is there any religious conception to be hunted out of the coloratura passages of "For He is like a refiner's fire," or in the splendidly dramatic, but essentially unreligious numbers, "Why do the nations so furiously rage" and "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron?" And finally, will anyone have the positive impertinence to tell us that the magnificent chorus "His yoke is easy" is religious music?

So then we see beyond the possibility of argument or dispute, that historically the "Messiah" is a pasticcio of Haendel's earlier dramatic works, together with new numbers composed in the same

style, and in addition we know, from our own ears, that there are not more than a half dozen numbers in the entire great work which can be considered as distinctly religious music. Why then, I ask it in all seriousness, why then, will the public permit its sterling common sense to be imposed upon by this trashy talk? As a matter of fact this work is one of the greatest oratorios we have—(Mr. Tomlins says it is the greatest, thus taking upon himself a responsibility which other musicians would not care to assume) but it is great enough to escape criticism as to its musical merits. Now then, in view of the fact that this positively monumental work has existed for nearly two centuries solely upon its undeniable artistic merits, why in the name of all that is good and true in art, why attempt at this late hour to give it a fictitious value which it does not possess? The religious words of the "Messiah" are merely pegs upon which its beautiful tones are hung—for the oratorio is what we call "absolute music," pure and simple, excepting its few dramatic passages. And it is beautiful, exquisite, absolute music. Therefore the attempt to make out that it is "program music" of the religious sort is untrue, unjustifiable, inartistic and inexcusable. We do not want artifice in the place of art, nor shoddy sentimentality in the place of appreciation of noble musical accomplishment.

LEIPSIC NOTES.

To resume our notes upon the Gewandhaus concerts, the fifth consisted of Brahms' C minor symphony, magnificently played and interpreted with most appreciative sympathy under Mr. Nikisch's direction; the Pilgrim March from Berlioz' "Harold in Italy;" and the closing scene from the "Gotterdammerung." The singer of the occasion was Frau Gulbranson from Christiania, who gave with splendid declamation the Brunhilde music in the closing scene, and three songs of Grieg with orchestral accompaniment.

The main features of the sixth Gewandhaus were a rarely played overture of Cherubini, the "Abenceragen," in which leading motives are strongly suggested; some ballet music from Gluck, arranged by Felix Mottl, Beethoven's fourth symphony, with its spring-like humor, and Cesar Thomson in Goldmark's violin concerto and Tartini's "Devil's trill" sonata. It is needless to say that this lovely program was delightfully carried out by all concerned.

At the seventh, the concert opened with Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," Haydn's symphony, No. 13 (Breitkopf and Haertel), and strange to say the overture to Rossini's "Barber." "How came the overture to Rossini's Barber on the Gewandhaus program?" asks Professor Vogel. There were two solo artists—Frau Katherina Edel, who sang Schubert's "Mignon's Song," and Franz's "In the Spring," accompanied at the piano by Kapelmeister Nikisch; and the 'cellist, Leo Stern, from London, who played Dvorak's new concerto for 'cello. The work of the latter was praised for its excellent technic, its fine tone and tasteful interpretation. The singer also made a great effect.

The eighth concert was given over to a performance of Handel's rarely heard oratorio, "Saul," which is one of his greatest. As the chorus was in fine form and the solo artists were strong and well selected, the performance was a memorable one.

The ninth concert was devoted to the memory of Beethoven. It consisted of the "Egmont" overture, the heroic symphony, and the fourth pianoforte concerto, the latter by Eugen D'Albert, who must be considered one of the greatest Beethoven interpreters of the present time. The concert was a grand success—as indeed are all of the present season.

The great pianist, Sophie Mentor, has lately been heard here in an extra concert of the Liszt verein, in which she played the Tausig arrangement of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue, the Beethoven sonata in E major, opus 109, and lesser selections from Chopin, Schumann, Tschalkowsky, one of the Schubert-Liszt songs, a composition by her pupil, Gagelinilow, and at the end of the Liszt arrangement of the "Tannhauser" overture. Her playing was brilliant, expressive, and imposing in the extreme.

The fourth philharmonic concert, directed by Felix Mottl, was a very pleasant occasion. Mottl is a director free from affectation, reposeful yet full of inner life, and his interpretations are very interesting.

Time fails me at the moment to speak of a succession of lesser concerts, which, however, for the most part would be more interesting here where the artists are known than at the distance to which I am sending these notes.

C. D. H.

VIOLIN AND PIANO SONATA BY MRS. BEACH.

The accomplished and industrious composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of Boston, has lately brought out a new sonata for piano and violin, played for the first time by herself and Mr. Kneisel, at the fourth concert of the Kneisel quartette, January 5th. According to accounts the work made an excellent impression, being not only feminine in respect to delicate sentiment and a fine sense of tonal values, but carried through in a broad and masterful spirit worthy of a man in his best moments. In other words, the new woman composes with true abandon and craft. Among the critical opinions the following are the kernels:

The Boston Courier:

This sonata was found to be much beyond its composer's previous essay in that department and to merit being named with her symphony for its nobility of thought and feeling, its strong earnestness, its mastery of rhetorical form, its technical application of this to the two instruments, and its absolute musicianly spirit, uninfluenced by any purely feminine temperament or fancy. It was beautifully and correspondently played, of course, and it was received with unalloyed satisfaction by every hearer.

Mr. Elson, in the Advertiser:

Between Beethoven and Mozart came Mrs. Beach, and she was not

crushed between the upper and nether millstones either. Her violin sonata in A minor is a fine work, greatest in its first and last movements, weakest in its largo.

Mr. C. L. Capen, in *The Boston Morning Journal*:

Of the new sonata by Mrs. Beach it is a pleasure to write, that from beginning to end it fairly teems with musical ideas, all fine, original and fresh. There is not a commonplace bar or cadence in it; neither anything feebly said at second-hand.

The short first subject of the opening movement is in the pure minor or hypo-dorian mode and has a quaint, incisive rhythm all its own. The second subject offers a fine contrast and is full of just such comfortable enjoyment as one derives from an idealized waltz.

The second movement, a quick scherzo, could but have put everybody in good humor, while leaving the appetite keen for the admirable contrasting movements that followed.

In the third movement, a largo condolore, there is a succession of distinct, delicately quaint and mystical changes, which seem also to present a series of musical interrogations. With a remarkably spirited Allegro con fuoco the sonata comes to an end, this final movement containing an abundance of free, clear and natural counterpoint, while at the same time being a bright and animated composition not without many a dash of fantasy, almost elfishness.

The sonata, as a whole, is an eminently sincere, spontaneous and able work, and one that bears the stamp of originality, as well as scholarship of surpassing merit. It contributed the most interesting feature of perhaps the most interesting concert of the Kneisel Quartet season thus far.

MINOR MENTION

The official report of the Galesburg meeting of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association is out and copies can be had by addressing the secretary, Mr. C. W. Weeks, Ottawa, Ill., or the president, Mr. P. C. Hayden, Quincy. In this connection it may be noted that the program committee, Messrs. Liebling, Spencer and Bentley, are preparing a very interesting program for the next meeting.

* * *

The Spiering Quartette gave its fourth concert January 19, in Handel hall with a larger attendance than formerly. The program consisted of Tschalkowsky's Quartet in D major, opus 11, the Mendelssohn Trio in C minor (Miss Emma Dahl, pianist), and a Haydn Quartet. In the first number, which was the main feature of the program, the playing was animated, but not always well intoned. The criticism is made by way of caution.

* * *

Miss Mary Wood Chase played a program before the students of the University of Chicago, at the Kent theater, January 13, with a list of selections embracing the Schumann Sonata, opus 22, the variations on the name Abegg; Moszkowsky's Masquerade and Unmasking, and Juggleress, an etude of Chopin and the Ballade, opus 23.

Miss Chase plays with a great deal of power and assurance, and shows the advantages of much practice. She is also intelligent in her interpretation, and as she has a large repertory she is likely to be in demand.

* * *

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave a recital before the pupils of the Chicago Conservatory, January 21, with a program embracing Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor, Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, Impromptu in F sharp and Scherzo in C sharp minor, and the Tausig Invitation to the Dance, with certain additions by Godowsky. The playing was very beautiful and masterly, and it is a very rare opportunity for conservatory pupils to hear playing of this order close at hand, as one might say. In the Impromptu and Scherzo the playing on this occasion reached the standard of the highest finish and artistic abandon and success. Everything was good, but these were best of all.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave their second recital January 14 at Handel hall, assisted by the exquisite 'cellist, Mr. Bruno Steindel, who played the Dvorak Concerto for 'cello with piano accompaniment, for the first time in Chicago. The song program covered a wide range, but the singing was not quite so fortunate as on the former occasion. Probably the singer had not yet recovered from the fatigues of his brilliant western trip in which he sang at Salt Lake and Seattle and so on.

* * *

A brilliant concert was given by the Chicago Musical College at Central Music hall, January 19th, for the purpose of bringing out Mr. Walter R. Knupfer, a young pianist brought over from Leipzig last autumn, but prevented by illness from appearing in public sooner. There was an orchestra composed of players belonging to the Chicago Orchestra, led by Mr. Hans von Schiller and Mr. Henry Schoenefeld. Mr. Knupfer played the Grieg concerto and a number of pieces by Liszt and Moszkowsky. He is a well-schooled player and no doubt will be heard to better advantage later. Among the pieces on the program were the "Suite Characteristique" and "Gypsy Melodies," by Mr. Schoenefeld, both well-written and very pleasing compositions. Mr. Bernhard Listemann made the sensation of the evening in Fritz Listemann's Grand Polonaise, a very brilliant piece for violin with orchestra. The baritone, Mr. John R. Ortengren made a pleasing impression in a song from Saint-Saens' "Timbre d'Argent."

"THE MAKING OF A SONG."

To the Editor of Music:—Dear sir—In your January number a writer called Baltzell, who ornaments both ends of his name with a profusion of initials, discourses with cheerful assurance, untinged with any pretty embarrassment, upon "The Making of a Song," laying down rules for procedure as if he were writing of the construc-

tion of a chess-board. Among other delightful things he says: "Triple rhythm generally lacks the strength and dignity of duple." May I ask Mr. Baltzell to kindly point out wherein the following numbers selected hastily at random lack either strength or dignity: The Prayer, Lohengrin, first act; the Pilgrims' chorus in Tannhauser; Haendel's Largo; the first movement of the Eroica symphony; the slow movement of the fifth Beethoven symphony; the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music; the celebrated D minor passage in the Elysium scene of Gluck's Orpheus; the resurrection of the Nuns in Meyerbeer's Robert the Devil; the Prize Song from the Meistersinger, and the Spring (Love Song), first act of Walkure. I could fill several pages of your magazine with mere instances without reference if I had time this morning to write them down, but these come into my head wholly at random. Please understand that I am asking purely for information, for possibly I have misunderstood your contributor, who perhaps merely intended to point out that a waltz was more frivolous and less dignified than a polka. Yours in perplexity, ARTHUR WELD.

MASCAGNI.

"How sweetly sad thy song,"—how 'clear
 Its vibrant tones, upon a sleeping breeze
 Around the verdant hills and leafy trees,
 Fall on the upturned listening ear!
 Within thy charm is thought of fear
 And other forms which earthly vision sees;
 Within thy store are magic-working keys,
 Disclosing hearts which beat to sorrow's tear.

Chime on, sweet harp, nor let thy music end,
 The season's winds will still blow ill as e'er;
 But in the heart-enchancing song you bear,
 The hopeful thought of spring you gently blend.
 The first, a rapturous melody you send
 That earthly song the Heavenly light may share.

ARCHIE A. BELL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIFTH GRADE CONCERT PIECES.

"Will you please to name for me about four good concert pieces for concert use, commencements, etc., in grade five. I do not want them too classical, and yet I do not want them strictly popular.

"Would you use Gustave Satter's music now? Do you think his 'Martha' and 'Valse des Valsees' good concert music for the fifth grade?"—L. J.

The combination "concert" with "fifth grade" is a contradiction of terms. What is wanted is exhibition music available in the grade you mention. Something pleasing, effective, and practicable.

It all depends upon the taste of the pupils. Where the taste is not advanced sufficiently for modern, up-to-date music, I should not hesitate to use anything that fairly compromised between what I would like to use and what the pupils, if left to themselves, would prefer. Satter was a pleasing writer, but I have not heard a piece of his for ten years or more, nor have I seen one. Very likely the ones you mention are as good as any. For a pupil rather old-fashioned in taste, liking melody and not appreciative of thematic development, some of the old-fashioned pieces are excellent. Such are Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Winds" and "Last Smile." Very likely these have been played to death. In that case try Gottschalk's "Last Hope" and "Marche de Nuit." Both are melodious and both practicable within the limits you mention. If something a little better can be used, take the Chopin Waltz in A flat, opus 42, the one in syncopation. This belongs to the grade you mention and is effective when well done. The left hand has a very easy time. Another piece, more modern, is Moszkowsky's Waltz in A flat. There are many other pieces of this writer which will please, but the waltz in A flat is most universally played. If the pupil has a great deal of taste, and is capable of practicing a piece thoroughly and has a pretty good hand, Moszkowsky's "Moment Musicale" in C sharp minor is an excellent and rather brilliant work. If the pupil is rather sentimental with an ear for fine melody she could play Liszt's "Liebestraume" (Love's Dream) in A flat, No. 3. This has a delightful melody, full of a sentiment truly Italian, with passages of brilliant and delicate tracery of arabesques between, like a love dream with fire works obligato. It is a very charming piece. Shorter and more direct is the Gavotte in B major (1st Gavotte), by Godard. This is very effective and modern. If the pupil has the ability (exceptional in the south) to play Bach, take the Loure in G, or the Gavotte in E major, arranged by Tours. The arrangement of the latter in the Peters Bach Album, by Sara Heinze, is not so good, although quite as difficult.

If you have a taste for Schubert the Menuet in B minor, and the Impromptu in A flat are good; and a little more difficult is the Impromptu in B flat, opus 142, known as "The Fair Rosamonde"—an Air with Variations. This perhaps more properly belongs to the sixth grade, but an ambitious girl with an appetite for it could master it if well taught, after doing the fifth grade.

Operatic arrangements are no longer in fashion. Nobody is making them. The old operas have been hashed up in so many different but all old-fashioned ways, that nobody cares for any more of them. And many writers once famous are no longer played. Satter was never more than a writer of limited currency; he would be very proud to be even that now. Ketterer is another and Leybach—both relegated to the domain of the "ought-to-be-forgotten." Emil Liebling's "Madeleine Waltz" is a capital piece for your purpose, and about the right difficulty. Also the "Florence" waltz, with a little judicious cutting of one or two unprofitable pages, makes an effective concert number, popular and pleasing.

There are several pieces by the charming and very popular French lady, Chaminade, which are available for this use. The Scarf Dance is one of these. There is an arrangement of this fingered by Dr. William Mason.

THE STUDY OF HARMONY.

A Chicago correspondent asks the rather singular question as to what books she ought to get to begin the study of theory; whether she can study it herself; and whether there are classes in any of the conservatories.

One can study anything whatever by oneself—but it is not always a profitable way. Darius Greene tried it in the department of flying. I am just now recommending Norris' Harmony after the French method for self-study because it seems to me clear. But I earnestly recommend attending a class at one of the musical colleges. They all have them, and all have them good. Mr. E. W. Chaffee teaches such classes in the Gottschalk school, Mr. Frederick Gleason has similar classes on his own system, at the Chicago Conservatory, and the Musical College has always made quite a specialty of harmony, and Mr. Henry Schoenefeld has classes there in free composition. Go to whichever one you prefer or feel yourself attracted to; but no matter which one it is, keep right on for two years at least, one or two classes a week. In this way you will at last arrive at a working knowledge of harmony—and incidentally of many other things. To take it for one term is merely to get a smattering. You will feel wiser, but the impression will be mainly subjective. What you want is a working knowledge, and this you are not likely to get in clean shape by working alone. You could study it by correspondence at a moderate charge with Dr. Hugh A. Clarke of the University of Pennsylvania (address the university at Philadelphia), and arrive at something. But the class is your best way.

STUDENT MUSICAL CLUBS.

I am written asking directions for a course of study for a musical club. In this case as the club is already formed, so much is accomplished. If the membership of the club is mostly untrained in the study of musical literature and knows but little of classical music, I think the Ten Evenings with Great Composers now running, the music will be as good as any. The music is very moderate in difficulty, has been chosen with reference to a minimum of expense, and is admirably calculated to interest the students as well as illustrate the general qualities of the different composers. We have now completed four of these evenings. The remainder will follow at the rate of one a month.

In case the membership consists of more advanced musicians, or in case they imagine themselves to be so, perhaps you would do better to take up my *How to Understand Music*, going over a selected number of chapters, the selection to be determined in advance by a committee of the most advanced and conservative musicians of the club. Selecting the material and subjects, at the rate of about two chapters for each meeting, and perhaps now and then supplementing the reading matter there from other sources, you will inevitably come upon a pleasing variety of the best music and in very suggestive and instructive aspects. There are a good many clubs now engaged in this sort of work, using that book as basis. I know of no other that so completely prepares your work for you. And I will mention incidentally that I am very much pleased to notice that whereas during the first years of this book it was read, simply, it is now just beginning to be employed in its true mission, as a basis of actual object lessons for practical musical hearing.

In the case of a club consisting of young music pupils, collected perhaps by a single teacher, it would be by no means a bad idea to follow out Mr. Richard Welton's *Course in Hearing Music*, of which a beginning is made in this number. It would be preparatory to the second book of *How to Understand Music*. Observe, I say "Second Book," not "Volume II."

W. S. B. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. A Reference-List or Syllabus of Periods, Topics and Authorities, for Classes and Private Students. By Waldo Selden Pratt, Professor in Hartford Theological Seminary. 1897.

In this little pamphlet Professor Pratt performs for the student a service not unlike that noticed in these pages some time ago by Professor Dickinson of Oberlin. Its design is to afford classification and to refer the student to the best sources for studying the period or topic. Such a work, if well done, cannot but be valuable. The present omits from its references upon the topic of Greek Music Mathews' *Popular History of Music*, which between pages 48 to 69 contains a succinct but full account of the entire subject, an account based upon very wide reading and study, and perhaps more trustworthy and just in conclusions than any account mentioned by Professor Pratt. The omission was probably accidental, for the chapter on this subject in volume II of "How to Understand Music" is mentioned—which was an earlier study of the same subject. Curiously enough the great and epoch-marking works upon Greek music are not mentioned by Professor Pratt, Westphall's "*Griechische Musik*," and Gavaert's "*Le Musique de l'Antiquite*," works so important in their results that the first volume of Ambros' great "*Geschichte der Musik*" had to be rewritten, in order to bring the subject down to the conclusions of Gavaert. The chapter in Mathews' *Popular History* is based upon these works, but fortified by rereading almost the entire Greek literature (in translation) for the sake of side lights upon music. Had it been desired to encumber the pages with references, the originality of the account would have been much more apparent.

I desire to caution the student further against placing too much confidence in alleged archaeology of certain French writers. For example, there is Villoteau, whose account of music in Egypt is entirely without scientific value. The same is to be said of Fétis, whose fascinating "*Histoire Generale de Musique*" contains in its pages more misleading and unfounded information than can be found in the same compass anywhere in the world, so far as I know. Much the same, with the attractiveness left out, is to be said of the treatise of Kiesewesser, which is almost entirely a work of imagination.

Moreover, upon the scales of barbarous peoples, nothing as yet is scientifically established. The testimony of amateur observers "correcting" native intonations and upon these corrections founding hypotheses of their scales, is not to be trusted. Whenever we have the music of barbarous tribes reported in phonographic records, as

is now being collected concerning the North American Indians, science will arrive at a point where exact study can be begun. Up to that point there is nothing more reliable than conjecture. The hiatus which I have elsewhere noted as having everywhere existed between the musical intonations which by theory ought to prevail and those which players and singers actually make, is a quantity so uncertain that the theories of even such exact writers as the Greek musical writers afford no information concerning their music from its tonal side.

The most that can at present be concluded concerning the music of early times and barbarous states is that in every part of the world yet explored there is some kind of an art of music, in which the inhabitants take pleasure and use it for social purposes and for religious rites, public functions, etc. Wherever the civilization reaches a certain point the melodies tend to form themselves along what we call the "five-toned scale," and the feeling of the common chord is latent; a little later a true tonality develops, with at least a dominant chord and sometimes a subdominant. Later still all the complexities of the harmonic system and the enharmonic tonalities. The precise steps of the progress, and the causes which actuate it are not yet understood, wherefore the testimony of book-making historians has to be taken with great caution.

Speaking of taking pains where no display of learning was intended, it may be mentioned that in order to prepare the account of the music of the ancient Egyptians in Mathews' "Popular History of Music," a chapter filling about eleven pages, the entire plates in the Napoleon work upon Egypt, Rossellini's Egypt, Lepsius, and Champollion's were gone through several times carefully, in the attempt to trace the progress of musical instruments from the period of the graves at Beni-Hassan belonging to the fourth dynasty, down to the remains of Philae, dating from about the Christian era—a period of time amounting probably to about four thousand years. A development was observed, but only the general results could be ascertained, so many of the steps being unrecorded. What there was, however, was distinctly upon the side of development hypothesis. The early harps must have had very few notes, and those low and unresonant; later there were more, and by the length of string they must have been higher in pitch and probably from the structure of the instruments more resonant. Egyptian music probably consisted of chant-like melodies of four, five or six notes, in which rhythm was a very notable feature. So much appears in the street processions (where rhythm would have been indispensable), the hand-clapping assistants, the sistra, and so on.

Coming down to epochs with which our own music is in closer relation, we are entirely without exact data as to the manner in which the major scale found itself out in the music of the northern harpers, and after them among the players upon the lute. The harp and the lute are the two instruments which have effected the ear-training pre-requisite to an intelligible harmony; and the violin

played a similar office in developing melody. I am not aware that this fact has been adequately recognized by any other writer. It is, however, very plain when you read between the lines.

The history of music, if studied intelligently with a proper discrimination between facts fully ascertained and facts only guessed at by successive generations of writers, is one of the most useful of accessories to a correct understanding of the art of music we now have; and by the same token an excellent guessing school with reference to the music of the future, which is sure to come. Mr. Waldo S. Pratt, therefore, is working along a very good line, and every well wisher of music will join in giving him God-speed. M.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ART OF MUSIC. By C. Hubert H. Parry, Mus. Doc. Oxon. D. C. L., Durham, etc., etc. International Scientific Series. New York, D. Appleton & Company. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 342, \$1.50.

This is a work which ought to be in every public library and in the library of every musician. While it is perhaps not quite so readable in style as it might have been made, it gives a very good and painstaking account of the progress which music has made from the far-away beginning of prehistoric man down to the present. We must not forget that the harps and players represented in our earliest discoveries of music, at the tombs in Beni-Hassan, dating perhaps about 4,000 B. C., represent the result of a very long progress. Dr. Parry seems to have worked out his task in admirable spirit, but it is proper to say that the material is not yet ready for handling. The entire chapter concerning "Scales" is to be taken with a grain of salt. It is only since science has begun to record barbaric music upon the cylinders of the phonograph that it is possible to make comparisons and deductions with any degree of certainty. All the statements of the older writers concerning the intervals heard by them in the music of half-civilized and barbarous tribes are unworthy scientific consideration. Every deviation from pitch they assumed to have been intended, and hence they speak of many minute intervals where it is altogether probable that nothing more novel was actually present than certain unconscious and unintended failures of correct intonation.

In the later parts of the history Dr. Parry gives many annotations upon individual works and the qualities they represent, which belong among the most intelligent criticisms the writer has seen. Every musician will appreciate these delicate "apperceptions," as philosophers love to call them.

In short, Dr. Parry traces the story of music along the route usually followed by the musical historian, but with the attention primarily directed to the actual changes in the music itself, rather than to the biographical particulars of the composers. The few musical examples are admirably chosen, and are from unfamiliar though very important sources. Hence, Dr. Parry seems to have made an independent study of the progress of evolution of the art of music, and his work therefore deserves the attention already bespoken for it in the opening lines, above. M.

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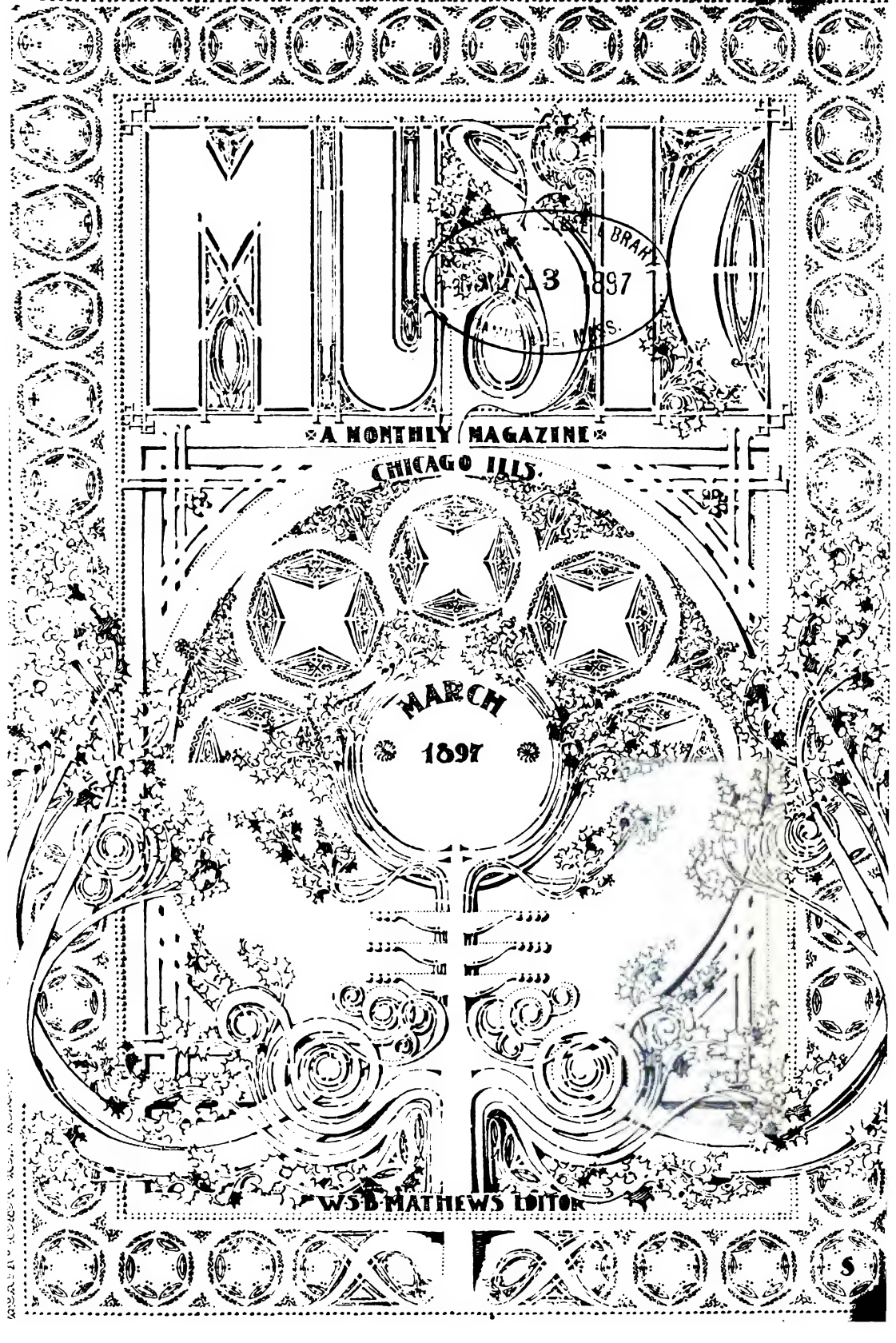
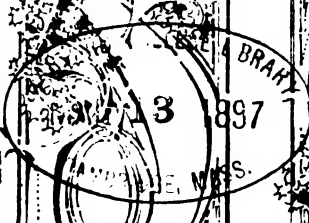
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CHICAGO ILL.

MARCH

1897

W. S. MATHews EDITOR



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"ALL FOR ART."
(From an Italian Photograph.)

MUSIC

MARCH, 1897.

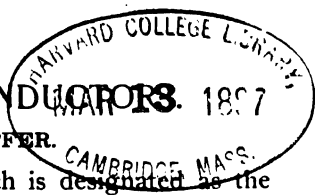
MODERN MUSICAL CONDUCTORS

BY WALTER R. KNUPFER.

That epoch in musical history, which is designated as the epoch of piano virtuosity, began with Franz Liszt. Considering the efforts of the most capable modern representatives of the art of piano-playing, it must be frankly admitted that piano virtuosity has well nigh reached its limits. In the same sense as Franz Liszt is to be regarded the inaugurator of the above referred to period in the development of tonal art, Richard Wagner is not only the founder of a new era in musical composition and instrumentation, but the originator of modern "conductors," or "the art of conducting," the ablest representatives of which a renowned Berlin critic has termed a "virtuosi's on the orchestra."

Contemporaneous composers, headed by Richard Strauss, demand indeed not only an enormous orchestral apparatus, and finished artists as members of orchestral bodies, but tax the abilities of conductors to the utmost as well. The complicated orchestral scores of to-day do not at all facilitate the work of the latter, and a mere metronomical time-beating is not quite sufficient when seeking to penetrate the innermost depths of Wagner's operas, Brahms' symphonies or the symphonic poems of Franz Liszt or Richard Strauss.

The Lisztverein of Leipzig, presided over by the renowned pedagogue and critic, Prof. Martin Krause, gives annually from six to eight concerts. The programs—under different conductors—consist not only of the works of Franz Liszt, but are devoted to the compositions of all prominent modern masters as well. The public at large has then the best opportunity to study by personal observation wherein the various conductors differ from each other, and to what extent their individuality influences the interpretation of the works.



To the annual guests of the Lisztverein belong the two youngest representatives of modern conductors, Felix Weingartner and Richard Strauss. The former is Kapellmeister at the Royal Opera of Berlin, and enjoys the undivided favor of the metropolitan public. He possesses a great amount of personal magnetism. The moment he raises the baton, the



MR. FELIX WEINGARTNER.
(Photograph by E. Bieber, Berlin.)

listener is aware of the fact that something "great" is to come, and orchestra and audience are at once captured by the impression of his personality. The enthusiasm of the leader has its effect upon the orchestra, and with spirit, dash and éclat he leads his troupes to victory. The secret of Weingartner's greatness consists in his aim to give his audience a more general impression of a composition. He always has in view the

work as a whole, as in its totality, yet without ever neglecting the details of technic. He is a master in the upbuilding of climaxes, and the fortissimos which he draws from the orchestra are almost incredible. I have heard the *Faust-Symphonie* of Liszt under the baton of various conductors, but never more fascinatingly and imposingly rendered than under Weingartner's direction, in spite of the fact that he had but a mediocre orchestra at his disposal—the best proof of his ability to accomplish much with limited means.

I cannot recollect of ever having received a more overpowering impression than after the rendition of the "*Tannhauser Overture*" by the court orchestra of Berlin, one hundred strong, with Carl Halir as concertmaster, during a visit of that body in Leipsic. The very commencement of that overture, in the almost ideal tone color of the wood instruments, sounded as a descending angel chorus from Heaven. The "*Bacchanale*" froze the marrow in one's bones, and when finally the first theme, the *Pilgrim Chorus*, recurred, after the elaborately prepared climax, the audience grasped indeed the spirit of Wagner. Who has not heard that, has no idea to what extent orchestral power can be exhausted and of what effect Wagnerian music is.

As a composer Weingartner does not rank quite as high, although he has composed works of high value. His opera, "*Genesius*"—although favorably received by the public—was almost a total failure on account of press intrigues, but scored a great success at its reproduction, in a somewhat changed form, a year ago. The symphonic poem, "*King Lear*," and his arrangement of Weber's "*Invitation to the Dance*" for the orchestra, enjoy great favor wherever produced. In a pamphlet, "*About Conducting*," he deals rather harshly with the "*Rubato* conductors," in particular with Siegfried Wagner, and speaks of the desire of some conductors to place themselves in the foreground at the expense of the art work, and to attract the attention of the listeners by many poses, movements and gestures.

One of the most remarkable personalities in the musical world of to-day is Richard Strauss, court conductor at the Royal Opera of Munich. His manner of conducting is characterized beyond everything else by a strong passion, a fiery temperament and a total absorption in the work in hand.

Strauss appears to be raised into another world while conducting; nothing but the art work exists then for him; applause, favor and public are a secondary consideration. His main force consists, as in the case of Weingartner, in the powerful upbuilding of climaxes, wherein he frequently exhausts the whole orchestra. He has the advantage of being



MR. RICHARD STRAUSS.
(Photograph by Hertel, Weimar.)

a virtuoso on almost every orchestral instrument, and in case of necessity simply plays to his musicians little doubtful passages, etc., as he desires them to be rendered. His command over the technical material is fabulous, and his compositions prove this assertion only too well, for they demand almost impossibilities from the orchestra. His opera, "Guntram," the symphonic poems, "Don Juan," "Macbeth," "Death and

Transfiguration," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and his latest work, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which was performed but recently with immense success in Germany, belong to the most significant contributions to recent musical literature. Being in the prime of life he is no doubt destined to offer the musical world many a surprise.



MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH.
(Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.)

Under the hands of Arthur Nikisch and Hans Richter, too, every work assumes the character of highest perfection. The latter is conductor at the court opera of Vienna, and is renowned as the musical leader of the first Bayreuth festivities in 1876, when, as the intimate personal friend of Richard Wagner, the latter was by his side yet. Richter is equally renowned as a conductor of Wagnerian works, as well as a most authentic

interpreter of classical composers. His triumphs in London and Berlin are of the most extraordinary character. The most characteristic feature in his conductorship, as well as in that of Nikisch, is that noble repose, which lends to the orchestra that feeling of safety which contributes much to the success of the work. I remember very well how much Nikisch's departure



MR. HANS RICHTER.
(Photograph by Grillich, Vienna.)

from Leipsic was regretted, when he took charge of the Boston Symphonie concerts, for the members of the orchestra never believed themselves in better hands than in his. He conducted Wagner's operas from memory, a task which counts but few rivals. It is indeed a musical treat to hear a symphonie of Beethoven, Brahms or Schumann under his baton. The clearness and plasticity of the themes, connected with tem-

perament and geniality, remind one of the manner in which Hans von Buelow achieved his fame as a conductor.

Arthur Nikisch is universally acknowledged the greatest living musical conductor. No wonder then that the most astonishing transformation has taken place in the time-honored Gewandhaus of Leipsic since Nikisch waves his baton therein. The orchestra would hardly be recognized in comparison to its efforts of recent years, and only to the influence of Nikisch it is due that modern works, and particularly those of Liszt, have received due attention there. Besides conducting the Gewandhaus concerts, Nikisch also directs the Philharmonic of Berlin, which offer a strong competition to those of royal court orchestra under Weingartner's leadership, and fills many dates in the leading musical centers of Europe. He has an income of about fifteen thousand dollars annually, an enormous sum for Germany, and receives beyond doubt the largest salary ever paid to a conductor in Germany.



MR. SIEGFRIED WAGNER.
(Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl,
Munich.)

An interesting figure in the concerts of the Lisztverein is Siegfried Wagner, the "left-handed" conductor, who holds his own as a conductor and musician, in spite of the prejudices which the son of a greater father has to contend with. As conductor of the "Nibelungen-ring" in Bayreuth during the last summer he has removed any existing doubt as to his qualifications. He has plucked a few laurels as a composer and is a credit to his teacher, Humperdinck, the composer of "Hansel and Gretel."

OPERA IN ENGLISH AT THE CASTLE SQUARE.

BY JOHN K. MURRAY.

You ask me two things; first, what in my opinion was the cause of the Mapleson collapse? And, second, to tell the story of our success in opera in English at the Castle Square. I gladly try to answer, trusting that your readers will remember that singers are not magazine writers, wherefore I hope you will pardon my direct way of putting things.

First, regarding the failure of the Mapleson Opera Company. The great mistake grand opera managers make is in "starring" a few singers to the detriment of all the rest. For instance, they announce a grand "De Reszke" or "Melba" night, and then have two or three "off" nights between.

The cast for the first night in Mr. Mapleson's venture was an excellent one, and the singers were well received by the public. They had a tenor in the company who, in my opinion, is as great as De Reszke, and he, with the prima donna, might have saved the company from failure if things had been managed rightly. After giving the company a good start on the opening night, then, he should have made sure of the public attending the second night by giving the new opera, "Andrea Chenier," and after that he would not have had to worry regarding the patronage for the remainder of the week. It was the principle of having an "off" night between that started the ball of failure rolling.

The history of the great Metropolitan Opera Company shows how detrimental this system of "star" nights and "off" nights is, by the unevenness of the receipts on the latter nights:

The star singers do not sing often enough to support a manager. Upon the slightest provocation they refuse to sing. If madame or signor's dinner does not "set" well, he will not sing; if mademoiselle's pet dog is sick, she is just as liable to refuse to go on; and if one singer gets jealous of another, then there is still another excuse to add to the long list of why they cannot appear. Managers have become

slaves to the whims of the grand opera singers, and it is about time it was stopped.

But I am digressing from the subject in hand. Society was willing to patronize the new organization. They looked forward with pleasure to hearing new singers and new operas. But somehow they were not sufficiently informed as to who



MISS CLARA LANE.
(Mrs. John K. Murray.)

made up the company. The general public relies on the first few nights to find out whether they want to go or not. If the company had weathered the gale that fatal Wednesday night, they would have been successful all the rest of the two weeks' engagement.

To sum the matter up, I believe that a mistake was made in not averaging up the casts better and by not letting people

know more about the venture. They had singers in the company who would fill the roles in a Metropolitan operatic cast with as much brilliancy as the singers now there, but the great public did not know it. And then they got no chance to hear of them, as the venture broke up too suddenly.

However, the time is near at hand when Mr. Mapleson, or any other manager, can bring to Boston a company of even lesser fame than those he had here, who will receive the support of the public, if they will only sing in English.

The majority of our people like to know what a singer is singing about. What effect would our great songs have upon an audience if they did not understand the words? All the lights and shades, all the sentiment and the pathos would be lost. What does "Nearer My God to Thee" sung in English mean to a Frenchman? He may be able to follow a translation of the hymn, but in reality it does not appeal to him at all. Singing in a foreign tongue may be admired for the art displayed in the vocalization, but it never touches the heart, and it really fails of its purpose. I can see this from my own experience. It has been forcibly demonstrated by the performances of the Castle Square Opera Company. Here is the theater packed to the doors at every performance; the rendering receives the praises of even our most captious critics; and the public comes week after week, with the same enthusiasm. Why? Because we sing in English and the people understand what we are singing about.

The same people often come two or three times in a week. True, our prices are small, but that is the fault of the management, for the public is willing to pay more.

You will remember distinctly that when we first came to the company, nothing but the lighter operas, such as "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," "Maritana," etc., were given. When it was proposed to give "Carmen," the members of the company were much exercised. They said they were engaged for light operas and could not give the heavier ones. Finally things got to such a pass that the musical director stopped rehearsals, as he feared calling down "the vials of wrath" from our learned Boston critics who certainly never heard of a "comic opera company" essaying to give grand opera. Then, too, they feared that it would be too much even for the loyal public, to support, and they began to think they had been just

on the verge of committing a musical sacrilege. However, old Bruce's motto of "try, try again," came into play and rehearsals were resumed. The result you know as well as I. The people were surprised and delighted to hear a grand opera sung so they could understand it. One thing made even the critics marvel, and that was, that the same prima donna, the same leading tenor and baritone, sang the opera



MR. JOHN K. MURRAY.

for sixteen performances in succession, in two weeks, a matter of musical history which I doubt can be duplicated even in the land of Bizet itself.

Then Gounod's "Faust" was considered, and the same uneasiness got abroad in the company. They felt that by some strange turn of the wheel of fortune they had been successful in "Carmen" but they dare not tempt fate again. Finally,

though, all such scruples were overcome and the opera was put in rehearsal, the result being even a greater triumph.

Just think of it! "Faust" for three weeks in succession, with the same singers. There was no "alternate" cast to step in and give the singers the rest they really needed. This, I believe, is the longest record of grand opera being given in succession. And, to think that it all took place in what our continental friends are wont to call "unartistic and barbaric" America. I cannot refrain from mentioning the high praise given Miss Lane's performance of "Marguerite," from such great musicians and critics as J. K. Paine and B. J. Lang.

It should be noted here that the opera was given in its entirety with even the church scene, which is generally omitted, and with scenic and stage effects that could hardly be duplicated at a Metropolitan Opera house production. And all for twenty-five and fifty cents. "Trovatore" was the next opera produced and before the end of the two weeks the attendance was so great that hundreds were turned away nightly.

"Mignon" and "Lucia" were both given for two weeks and then "Aida" and "Rigoletto" came in for a week each, until finally the company worked up to the presenting of "The Huguenots," after which they started on the lighter operas again, to give the singers the rest they should have had long before.

Later on, the various grand operas were repeated, a lighter opera being given between. It was then found necessary to secure a double company, so that when the roles for which the singers were cast, proved too taxing to sing every night, another set of singers could take their places.

Even though some of the favorite singers were thus absent from the cast every other night, yet the business at the theater did not fall off. This shows that the public do not ask to have the same singers each time, if the management will only guarantee them an equally good performance. The management have made a great point of the ensemble of the company and are studying at all times to improve it. As I have remarked above, all the operas in the repertoire of the company have been repeated at different times, with as flattering success as when first received, and will be again from time to time; but the management recognize that the public always wants a change and they endeavor to add just as many new operas to the list as time and strength will warrant.

Even now, they are growing more ambitious! Wagner is the next composer to be recognized and the company is hard at work rehearsing "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "The Mastersingers." Good singable translations have been procured and the public may be sure that they will know "what the opera is about."

The fact that the patrons of this theater know what the singers are singing about, has been one of the main points of the extraordinary success of their giving grand opera. The management has received hundreds of letters from all classes of musical people, testifying to the great pleasure they have experienced in being able to hear the great works of the operatic masters in our mother tongue.

Incidentally, permit me to remark here that my experience as a member of the Castle Square Opera Company has led me to believe that the old time theory that opera should only be sung in the language for which it was written, is now exploded. We firmly believe, and in fact, many good, competent critics have remarked, that the English text is as singable as the original, and we believe we can make it as expressive as the foreign version. So many unsingable translations of opera librettos have been made, in days gone by, that I presume that the public thought they never would be able to enjoy foreign grand opera re-rendered into English.

I am going even farther and say that I find English one of the easiest languages in which to sing. German, with its plethoric array of consonants, is too harsh; and French is altogether too nasal. English seems to stand next to Italian in smoothness. In this connection, it might be well to add that if singers would take more care with their enunciation, rounding and smoothing the harsher words, they would be understood just as well, and produce a much more musical effect.

One remarkable fact is that the public patronized the grand opera performances at the Castle Square theater more liberally than the lighter ones, which can be clearly proven by a glance at the box office sheet. From this, we must conclude that the people have a love for the higher forms of music, and will patronize them, when they are rendered in a form that they can understand. The policy instituted by the Castle Square theater could be carried on on a larger scale if the first singers

of the world gave opera in English. The time is soon coming when the De Reszkes, the Melbas, the Calvés of the next generation (if the present operatic stars do not read the signs of the times quickly enough) will win all their honors singing in our mother tongue, and then "Opera in English" will be "the thing."

Right in this line I would remark that if the Schoeffel and Grau management could give opera with the same stars they now have, singing in English, their profits would be much greater. Then they should avoid lauding two or three stars to the skies, to the neglect of all others. Tell the public just as much about the other singers in the company as they do about these, and give them just as many chances to show what they can do. Have an organization so there will be "stars" every night, instead of only have one or two "star nights" in a week as now seems to be the policy pursued. To sum it up, give all the singers an equal chance.

The two years of opera at the Castle Square theater have been so successful that a contract covering a period of five years more of the same policy is now being considered.

American composers will be interested to know that they will yet have a chance to get their works rendered at this theater, as that is one of the plans the management hope before long to consummate.

The public hardly realize the enormous expense that attends the production of an entirely new opera, especially when it is taken into account that according to the present policy of the theater, it would only be given for two or three weeks at the most.

The management even now will gladly examine original operas by American composers, written in the vein of grand opera, and should the right thing be sent in I hardly think they would neglect so good a chance to help along the cause of music in America and add another laurel to its proudly won wreath. If, too, a legitimate comic opera score (by that I mean, a real musical opera, not a book full of horse-play, and without any original music), is offered, the composer will stand an excellent chance of securing an early hearing of his work.

Even now the company is rehearsing an entirely new dramatic opera, from the pen of the talented director of the company, Mr. Max Hirschfeld, which will soon be given.

A WORD AS TO ORCHESTRATION.

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Perhaps there is no form of musical writing so little understood by the world at large—on one hand, so easy to accomplish in its trite forms but so difficult to attain from the standpoint of creation and dramatic effect—as that which is known as instrumentation or orchestration.

In the musical profession there are hundreds of men who can take a composition and write parts playable by orchestral instruments and combinations, who neither possess sufficient ability to create a melody or harmonize one after it is created. And we are surrounded by any number of men, called composers either by the world or themselves, who compose for the voice, or piano or organ, who are entirely barren of ideas for the production of orchestral coloring or the use of orchestral instruments. The number of conditions presented to the arranger or instrumentator is only limited by his creative faculties, his absolute knowledge of tonal quality of the instruments to be written for, and how these instruments, in groups, should be treated. There is no question in my mind that some of the masters groped at times for orchestral coloring, and unquestionably put their notes on paper, hoping for effect, just as the buyer of a lottery ticket hopes for the capital prize.

There is such a thing as over-dressing a score just as a woman is guilty of the same offense to good taste, in regard to her toilet. Every part of her attire may be of the richest material, but the crowding together of incongruous colors and ultra effects may spoil the beauty of the subject. Some of the moderns, confronted with an unusually large body of instrumental performers, have seen fit to crowd their scores with figuration and counterpoint until the human ear finds it almost impossible to decipher the composer's intention. Wagner, that wizard of the orchestra, has perhaps produced more effective bits of orchestral coloring, that have been unexpected, and at the same time dramatic, than any other composer. And

for ingenuity of design and delicacy of treatment, Saint Saens and Massenet are veritable masters.

A man, in orchestrating, should have knowledge of the capabilities of each and every instrument of the orchestra, and an undisputed knowledge of the power and penetration of each member and group of the instrumental body. For instance, a man may intend a certain instrument in the orchestra to play an obligato or solo, but not understanding the penetration of that instrument or its peculiar tonal quality, may so surround the melodic device by the accompaniment of other instruments as to completely ruin and make ineffective that which should stand out in holdest relief. That is one of the great sins of many composers who write for the voice and the orchestra. Of course there are times when an incapable orchestral conductor or a careless or inefficient body of instrumentalists can ruin the best laid plans of the orchestrator.

As I said above, there is no form of writing that is so purely mechanical or can be so wonderfully creative as the scoring for a body of musical instruments. How often have we attended an operatic performance, and in some number, when we were particularly anxious to hear a tone quality and the phrasing of some great vocal artist, have realized that the voice was completely hidden by the loudness of the orchestra? While this may at times be due to the stupidity of the conductor and his men, it is much more often due to the use of the instruments made by the composer.

In my experience I have usually found the man whose education has been furthest removed from the knowledge of instruments—that is, who has made his compositions through the aid of a piano or organ, and has not conceived through the channel of orchestral effects—tries to keep everybody in the orchestra busy, from the bass drummer up to the piccolo. He usually succeeds in keeping his audience busier than all in trying to decipher what he is getting at. A man not knowing how to create orchestra effects is apt to become imitative, and tries to reproduce those orchestral nuances appealing most powerfully to him. This is one of the reasons why we have had an undue quantity of Wagnerian orchestration in many of the modern comic operas. Wagner naturally appeals to these musicians on account of the greatness of his orchestration, and he strikes these non-creative composers as

the proper man to imitate; and the sad spectacle is witnessed of some poor little emaciated soprano's voice loaded down with an orchestration fitted for a Lehmann or a Materna, or some tinkling topical song enunciated by a voiceless comedian builded on solid brass chords, filagreed wood, and arpeggioized strings.

And thus the world runs away!

MACDOWELL'S SONATA TRAGICA.

Eyes kindling hotter erstwhile kindled eyes
Till madness bursts to stifled syllables;
The languid laugh: the cheating passion-prize
A cursed corpse save to vagrant memories!

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

HEARING MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WELTON.

(Continued from page 397.)

From the foregoing it is evident that two answers corresponding to the two mental attitudes just described can be given to the question, "For what should one listen?" in any piece of music. In the following syllabus, which corresponds in its arrangement with that of the "order" on page 390, possible answers are set forth in some detail. Incidentally these answers show the scope of each class and help the student (hearer) in his choice of programs.

SYLLABUS.

In pieces of Class I. the pathos of the contralto, the fervor of the mezzo, the brilliancy of the soprano, the passion of the baritone, the tenderness of the tenor, the sonority of the bass, the soaring of the melody, the weight of the recitative, the harmonic coloring of the accompaniment, should thrill the passive hearer. If, however, he characterizes his impressions in these or any other terms he is undone. He has become an active hearer. Nor may the passive hearer observe the singer nor give attention to the words of the song. With closed eyes and abstracted mind he should feel, not think.

The active hearer must distinguish the voice as soprano, mezzo, contralto, tenor, baritone, or bass; decide whether the concert voice (*voce di teatro*) or parlor voice (*voce di camera*) is used; observe the use of the six resonances (brilliantly clear, clear, gently clear, mildly sombre, sombre, deeply sombre); observe the use of the various registers (small, thin, thick, etc.); name such faults as may appear (nasality), throatiness, breathiness, false intonation, defective articulation, excessive or habitual tremor, etc., or note the absence of such faults. Most important of all: the active hearer must characterize every musical or artistic effect he perceives whether merit or defect by a term or terms that will indicate its emotional influence.

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He must distinguish the style of the song or parts of it as declamatory, cantabile, florid: its mode as chromatic, diatonic, major, minor; its force as loud, medium, soft, increasing, diminishing: its rate of movement as quick, moderate, slow, accelerating, retarding.

He must distinguish scale passages, arpeggios, trills, turns, upper waves, lower waves, portamentos, staccatos, legatos.

If possible, he must write the melody in some notation (Staff, Tonic Sol-fa or Cheve) by ear as it is sung.

He must distinguish the prelude, interlude and postlude of the Accompaniment (if they occur) and note their relation to the melody and rhythm of the song.

He must distinguish the accompaniment as

- (1) Sympathetic part or parts.
- (2) Rhythmic chords.
- (3) Arpeggiated chords.
- (4) Arpeggios.
- (5) Figured chords.
- (6) Passages not strictly chordal.
- (7) Obligato.

Lastly he should decide if the composition and its rendition be worthy or otherwise, stating the reasons for his judgment.

The student must continue the studies of Class I. until he can perform every item above noted promptly and correctly.

Frequent repetitions of the works studied are desirable for the active hearer. In that way resemblances and differences are more readily perceived. For the same reason the passive hearer should avoid or at least not encourage, repetitions. The mind aware of them can with difficulty escape comparisons that will jeopardize passivity.

If it be asked "Can one acquire all this technical science without other training than 'the sole agency of hearing music,' as claimed in the opening paragraph of this work?" an affirmative answer can be given and the position can be fortified by proof that in no other way can actual, personal, workable knowledge be acquired. There is a factitious book-knowledge learned by the book student that breaks down in the time of need, under the pressure of some musical exigency, and the student must recommence his pursuit of skill, at the beginning, with the acquisition of real (that is, experimental) knowledge. It is conceded that such preliminary study of books, with their

classifications and outlines informs such a student what to observe. But it is also true that theoretic principles as set forth in books are but deductions from such observations as the least skillful hearer can make and the most skillful theorist must have made. The book student has another doubtful advantage in a ready-made terminology. A suitable terminology is readily acquired (or possibly invented) when the musical distinctions requiring a terminology are perceived. Until that time a terminology is superfluous. The views just expressed are analogous to those held by educators concerning other subjects of study than music.

In Class II. the passive hearer must yield himself completely to the rhythms. It is difficult to avoid doing so. How captivating a dance rhythm is can be seen in any concert room. Animation replacing listlessness, tapping fingers and nodding heads show its power. When the sensibilities are thus entangled and thought suppressed, training in passivity is nearly accomplished.

The active hearer must distinguish double and triple measure: primary and secondary beginnings: masculine and feminine endings.

He must decide whether a piece be a waltz, mazurka, redowa, minuet, polonaise, march, quickstep, gavot, schottisch, polka, galop or other. He must distinguish the strains as repetitive or contrasting: observe the trio, da capos, introductions and codas: note in which voice is the melody and whether it is cantabile or florid: observe the changes of key, mode, etc., if possible foretelling the contrasts and changes just noted.

In Class III. the incidents of the drama will invade the attention and demand a share of it. Against the resulting illegitimate mode of hearing (see Appendix A) both active and passive hearers must resolutely strive. To them it should be indifferent whether the language of the drama be English, German, Italian or other (though not to the rational pleasure seeker).

In this Class the passive hearer must feel the enchantment of voices and rhythm as in the preceding classes. Doubtless the concerted (ensemble) and choral effects will be still more potent. Other impressions will be derived from the pompous brass, the feminine clarinet, the silvery flute, the acid-sweet

oboe, the appealing 'cello, the ever-sensitive protean violin and other instruments. But he must not think of his impressions in these or any other terms.

The active hearer must note the qualities of the instruments: their pitches, degrees of power: their uses in solo or ensemble, for melodic or rhythmic purpose or as accompaniment for song, speech, action or spectacle: their conventionalized usage for "hurries," fanfares or to depict sentimental or romantic scenes as twilight, hunting, combats, etc.

He must note the effect of concerted solo voices and of choruses of equal voices (male or female) and mixed voices in unison and harmonized passages, with instrumental accompaniment and without it.

For Class IV. special directions need not be written, as works of that class differ from those of Class III. mainly in superior breadth, depth and intensity of sentiment—a difference in degree but not in kind.

In Class V. the sublime in music, due to the majestic movement, the austere harmonies, the organ's might and its waves of sound should thrill the passive hearer.

The active hearer must distinguish the harmonies as consonant, dissonant or partially dissonant: as major or minor; close or dispersed; massive or thin: two-part, three-part, four-part or other.

He must distinguish the cadences as full close, plagal, authentic, open, interrupted: as tonic, dominant or other: or if transitional or modulatory must name the new key or mode.

He must write the air and bass of many specimens of this class and indicate the harmonies in cipher, by ear as they are performed.

Class VI. affords little that is new except the points of imitation and the fugue. But that is very much. The significant but chaste subject, enforced by reiteration in various registers, at various pitches; colored by changes of key and mode and by the ever varying harmonies of the accompanying voices: the successive climaxes of the three unfoldings: the excitement of the stretto and the dominant pedal: the repose of the tonic pedal;—in brief, "the single thread of thought wrought out into a glowing passion" (Curwen) should stir the deepest in the nature of the passive hearer.

The active hearer must decide if the fugue be real or tonal:

note the entries of the subject and answer: observe the nature of the counter-subject (and other subjects) if there be such: note the unfoldings, episodes, points of imitation, strettos, pedals, changes of key and mode, etc. .

In Class VII. (1) the passive hearer will find little of interest unless the composer be Beethoven, Mendelssohn or some other who varied the sentiment in varying the form.

The active hearer must distinguish variations as melodic, rhythmic, harmonic or modal: say to which voice is given the chief melody in each variation: classify the accompaniment as in Class I. and suggest suitable instrumentation for the melody and accompanying part or parts.

In Class VII. (2) the passive hearer must reject the title or story that by some is believed to be a key to the music, as being extra-musical. (Appendix A).

The active hearer must first examine the music to determine if it is self-justified; if it is worthy of existence independent of its title, motto or story or if it is only fit to illustrate a literary text. If it has insufficient musical value—is trivial or vulgar, the piece should be dropped. If it is good music the student must decide if it is a successful paraphrase or not and specify the artistic means employed in the paraphrase. (But when he converts the music into verbal terms he has left the domain of music.)

In Class VII. (3) the passive hearer will experience reminiscences of earlier impressions rather than distinctly new ones. Doubtless the geniality, tenderness and nobility of the earnest souls who have wrought in the forms of this class will thrill the hearer and he may appreciate the dignity with which they delivered their messages. But the human voice is more intimate than any instrument and in vocal timbres, either those of solo voices, choruses or ensembles, can be heard the counterpart of all instruments that can deliver a melody (*cantabile*). Unconsciously, therefore more certainly, the idealized and purely instrumental effects will be relatively disregarded while the quasi-vocal effects will receive chief attention. A sufficient proof of this statement is the increased animation felt by a hearer when in any work of this kind a fluent melody (a distinctively vocal effect) is reached.

The relation of the passive hearer to all succeeding classes of the "order" is similar to that just stated. It may be as well,

therefore, to consider that relation at this point, taking an orchestral work as a type of all.

When the Grand Orchestra is first heard the ear and intelligence are stunned and confused. Gradually some order is perceived. Melodies, rhythms, harmonic outlines and particular timbres are distinguished. But what is felt is rather a revival of old impressions than distinctively new ones. As particular orchestral works are infrequently repeated there is little opportunity to form new categories of feeling. What is heard will be referred to old categories, as far as possible. As far as possible, melodies will be translated into vocal terms (will be interpreted as if they were sung). The chant of trombones and trumpets, for example, will be as the voice of a mighty chorus. Melodies too bizarre or peculiar (unvocal) for such reference will be interpreted as rhythmic effects. But group-effects of instruments which as solo are well known will afford no difficulty.

But there are other orchestral effects than those yet noted that can not thus be referred to categories previously formed. Such are its forest-like rustling and murmuring (the characterizations must necessarily be imperfect and unsatisfactory), its ocean-like moaning, its torrent-like rushing, its tempest-like crashing, its groans, shrieks and cries like the dying, its amorous sighs, calls, cooings and flutters like a forest full of birds in the mating season, and its silence—its ominous, foreboding silence—at a momentary pause. Why such effects produce in some natures, awe, terror, fascination, frenzy, erotic fancies, suspense, fear, and other elemental passions cannot be explained as due to any conventionalized usage of such effects by composers, for these emotions may be experienced the first time an orchestra is heard. The explanation must be that those sounds revive impressions made on primeval man—the prehistoric savage—by the sounds emanating from objects of his hate, fear, passion or desire. The ghosts of those objects still haunt the halls of sound.*

*Let us not disdain the sources of Music. By antiquity, if not by nature, they are august. Nor disdain them that have borne Music to us. But when the ever-smouldering embers of elemental passions, fanned by circumstance, burst into destructive conflagration, let our horror and indignation as we survey the ruin be tempered with sympathy, and gratitude to them that suffer in bringing in their natures the ancient fire of which Music is a partial flame.

As these primal simplicities of the moral nature antedate art, underlie art, are its source, it is evident that the capacity for feeling music is at least as great in the intellectually uncultivated as in their mental superiors. It is probably greater in the former, for in them the feeling of mystery is stronger.

Why such impressions as were noted above are infrequently produced by other than orchestral music is because the "mystery" has been dissipated. Why we do not faint as did the child Mozart at the sound of a trumpet is because its effect has been discounted by an ear and intelligence prepared for them. This theory receives support from the fact that common and simple sounds heard under peculiar conditions—conditions tinged with mystery, so to speak—regain some of their former potency. Thus, "the hidden bird sings most sweetly." A voice, though it be the gentlest, if unexpected or heard in the night or from the choir of a dimly lighted church, specially affects us. As also, two tender soprano voices harmoniously breathing a folk-song at twilight, the singers unseen: two silvery threads of sound; or a languorous siesta on a summer afternoon tinged by a Chopinesque Nocturne or a Beethoven Largo, or even the unspeakable street piano: heard from a distance! or an echo in the memory from a half-forgotten ballad or choral. Such agencies and many others as rude or refined can melt anew refractory natures unaffected by music heard under ordinary conditions. "Mystery," then, is the universal flux for the passive hearer. Or changing the figure: "mystery" is the veil that he may not lift. Music, "an Isis hid by the veil."

Since the composite effects of purely instrumental music are not analyzed by the passive hearer (or should not be) but are heard en bloc and interpreted as modified timbres of effects previously heard, suggestions for him may terminate at this point. For the active hearer they are continued and it is interesting to note that where the passive hearer meets a natural imitation—a hill he may not surmount—the active hearer finds his loveliest vistas.

Many specimens of Classes VIII., IX. and X. must be heard to prepare the ear and intelligence for the complex effects of Class XIII.

In Classes XI. and XII. the hearer must distinguish pri-

mary, secondary and tertiary themes: episodes, connecting passages, links, codas, etc.

In Class XIII. the sum of what is most effective in musical art—therefore its culmination—would afford little difficulty to the hearer since those effects have been heard singly, were it not for the difficulty in isolating them for examination. The music must be analyzed as in preceding classes and the tone-colors and effects of various instruments when used as solo and in combination must be noted.

In Class XIV. the organ, if modern, is vice-orchestra, minus the sensitivity and sympathy of the latter, but plus its own unique grandeur. The hearer should name the orchestral equivalents of the registers used and the points of superiority or inferiority for various musical purposes in the organ as compared with the orchestra.

Class XV. furnishes a kind of composer's virtuosity, of which the products must be observed as in works of similar structure of Class VI.

In Class XVI. the present limits of the technical side of art can be observed as also the presence or absence of those artistic qualities that make or mar ideal interpretations.

Prepared by such a course as the foregoing, the hearer will be able to distinguish an artist's idiosyncrasies or peculiarities from the customary modes of interpretation; to separate the essential from the non-essential. Possessing that degree of critical skill he will be able to teach that most difficult pupil—himself—thus securing the best teacher.

But the active hearer is warned that while acquiring that mastery of the external—the formal in art—he is in danger of losing the substance—the internal: in danger of losing interest in the beauty of the flower while analyzing its structure.

(Such a conflict between the scientific habit of thought and the capacity for feeling was specially manifest in the case of Darwin, who regretted that exclusive attention to Science had in a degree atrophied his emotional nature.)

APPENDIX A.

No place is assigned that exercise of the fancy that paraphrases music in verbal terms of sentiment or romance.

So far as music, by exciting the nervous system, awakens or sustains that fancy, hearing is of the first mode. But that

use of musical effects conduces to musical culture no more than using the odor of rotting apples by Schiller: snuff by the great Napoleon: coffee by Balzac and tea by all the world, as excitants, conduces to appreciation of or taste for rural life.

So far as portions of the tonal or formal structure of a musical composition are interwoven into the verbal paraphrase the hearing is of the second mode.

But to the degree that scenes and pictures belonging to other arts claim the attention, music is heard by neither the first nor second mode—is not heard at all: for the exercise of one faculty (the verbal imagination) precludes the exercise of any other. What is understood and appreciated by sentimental ladies and others who demand a story with which to interpret music, is the story, not the music. That the story be more consistent or coherent (most stories of this kind are the merest drivel) the music is mutilated or distorted by undue and extravagant accentuations, changes in force, speed, etc., that from a musical point of view are wholly inadmissible. (Reference is here made to such fanciful stories as of knights and ladies that have been supposed by some to "interpret" some of the Polonaises of Chopin.) The inconsistencies and contradictions arising from independent interpretations (paraphrases, stories) of this kind no less than the necessity of forcing renditions into agreement with them prove that such stories have no basis in fact.

It is evident, therefore, that programs and lectures that deal in such material cannot aid one to feel or appreciate music. If the music is significant and the hearer responsive such aids (?) are unnecessary: while they are valueless if either music or hearer fail.

Such "aids" have a use and a necessity though not musical. They make a concert less tedious to the unmusical, the insensible and those unable to think about music in terms of its science by offering them something else than music (1) to think about. It may be that such attendants on musical rites may some time, escaping from the program's bondage, really hear music for itself. Until that time, ten thousand thousand nightingales might lacerate their breasts in vain.

"But," it may be said, "composers have been inspired by sentimental and romantic incidents and by natural scenes. Many works have titles and mottoes that suggest their mo-

tives. There are imitative and descriptive pieces, compositions for special occasions and the vast mass of vocal and dramatic music. Does not a knowledge of the incident, scene or story help one to understand the music?"

"No," it must be replied, "the converse is the truth. The music helps one to understand the story. It illustrates the story; gives it point, piquancy or color. At a peculiarly felicitous instance of this kind as in the use of a leit-motive by Wagner or some other, one may exclaim, 'What a poet!' but not 'What a musician' unless the music, solely considered, is extraordinarily meritorious. The worth of a piece must be estimated by its fitness for independent existence, not by its serviceableness as commentary or illustration."

A consideration of the methods of musical composition will strengthen this position. A stream of music flows, without interruption, through the brain of a composer. This goes on independently of the will and is the expression of physical feeling. As physical feeling is the analogue of physiological states, varying as those states vary and like those states, commonly below the plane of consciousness, so its expression (music, as above) varies and is commonly unregarded. But when an incident or scene arrests the composer's attention, and quickens his emotional life, he seizes the dominant musical idea and, if congenial, it is wrought out. But it is wrought out by the methods of Musical Science, influenced more or less by the feeling of the composer at the time, but not modified by the incident.

It may be the composer deems the product a transcription, paraphrase or description, but it is really a **part of his life**—as subjective as any mere closet work could be. Further evidence is afforded by the fact that the same incident will give rise to as many different pieces as composers who know of it. Think of the number of spinning songs, barcarolles and berceuses. If one is a true description, what must the others be?

It may be the composer seeks to illustrate some phrase of the incident by tones—perhaps to imitate the note of a cuckoo or quail. (As Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony). But that is musical carpentry, not spontaneous musical production. Nor is the setting such effects in relief musical interpretation: nor the perception of such effects, music-hearing. A May Song that impresses us as do the sunlight and breezes of the

Flowery Month is real music. But the interpretation of one figure as the floating of petals: another as the swaying of branches: another as the blazing ardor of the midday sun: the personification of the melodic voices: nay, the dwelling on the title in thought are all extra-musical activities. By them Music is dethroned. Poetry has become princess, and Music the hand-maid at the gate.

The foregoing conclusions (pages 395-7 and 511-13) are strengthened by the consideration that the exercise of the emotive and intellectual faculties and the fancy, in observation of other Natural Phenomena than that of Sound, lead to similar results. To the emotional an anemone is a thing of beauty, bewitching the senses: to the intellectual its structure, uses and place in the scale of nature are superior considerations: to the fanciful it is but a peg on which to hang an ancient (and childish) tale of Folk or Flower Lore. A blazing planet excites awe or kindles hope in a seer's breast; from its phases a scientist derives Astronomy: the poetic fancy, from within, shapes a myth.

Any Natural Phenomenon thrills the emotional nature: the scientific order of mind observes and calculates and the Fanciful, by a self-originated tale (that in itself is lovely, exquisite, it may be thrilling) obscures, not illuminates, the marvel.

APPENDIX B.

Some of the advantages afforded by skill in "hearing with the eye" are:—

- (1) A means of musical culture because a mode of hearing.
- (2) The musical horizon can be extended beyond the bounds of the reader's (hearer's) technical skill. Meanwhile his ear will not be assaulted nor the composer's intention queered by the errors, eccentricities, etc., that might result did he try to perform such works.
- (3) The image of music can be placed in the mind before the music is performed. (See page 4.)
- (4) Playing and singing at sight are facilitated.
- (5) Ability to select music without "trying over" or the solicitation of advice that may prove mistaken.

These "advantages" are so great that some brief suggestions are offered on the means of acquiring such skill. Definite rules were better but lack of space forbids. These sugges-

tions then are tentative, subject to modification by addition: but hardly by diminution.

Certain general principles are:—

Use such material for practice as can be heard in actual performance if the particular effect is imperfectly conceived.

Study each element singly (that is, not in combination with any other element) until real skill is attained.

Continue study of each element until real skill is attained.

In the most complete "hearing with the eye" the reader must realize simultaneously rhythms, melodies, klang effects of voices and instruments, the harmony and changes of force and speed. These elements may as well be taken in that order.

(I.) Reading rhythms.

(1) Practice with the French time-names.

(2) Practice counting time.

(3) Practice beating time.

(4) Practice laaing time. Until the student can laa the time (rhythms) in any easy sonatine on a monotone at first sight this element should receive chief or sole attention. (When two or more rhythms are coincident, as may be in concerted music, the rhythm of the chief melody should receive the larger share of the attention: the rhythms of other voices and the accompaniment occupying a subordinate place as would be the case were they actually heard.)

(II.) Reading melodies.

(1) Practice with the Italian tune-names.

(2) Or other device of the singer.

(3) Play on a dumb keyboard (see page 5.)

(4) Practice laaing the tune. Until the student can laa the part in which is the chief melody of an easy sonatine (transposed to a suitable octave) at first sight he should not attempt further advance. Less than this skill will be sight-guessing, not sight-reading.

(III.) Reading klang effects.

(1) The student should strive to hear, in imagination, different sopranos successively singing the same air: realizing as vividly as possible the tone-quality (klang, timbre) of each voice. He should select such airs and such voices as he is already familiar with or can hear.

(2) Airs suitable for the Tenor, Bass or Contralto voice should similarly be imagined as sung by different singers of the same classes, and then actually heard, if possible.

(3) An air should be imagined as sung by a single voice of each of the vocal classes just named.

(4) As sung in unison by a chorus of men's voices: by a chorus of women's voices: by a mixed chorus.

(5) Each part in a duet, trio, quartet or other vocal combination should be imagined as sung by a voice of the class for which it was written. A suitable form would be a four-part chant or hymn-tune.

(6) The combined effects of the voices which were heard separately in the duets, trios, etc., just suggested should be imagined

(7) An air written for the flute, violin or other of similar range and melodic adaptability should be imagined as performed on as many different kinds of instruments (suited for such an air) as the student is familiar with or will hear.

(8) An air should be imagined as performed on a trombone, euphonium, 'cello and all other instruments of 16-foot pitch that the student is familiar with or may hear.

(9) Similarly an air should be imagined as played on the reed organ with various registers, singly and in combination: similarly on the pipe organ: by a brass band: by an orchestra. The number of possible combinations is so great that particularization is inexpedient at this point.

(10) Imagine a harmonized Choral played with various registers as a reed organ (single and combined): on a pipe organ: by a brass band: by an orchestra.

(IV.) Reading harmonies.

(1) The student should recognize by ear:—

(a) major and minor chords.

(b) a, b, and c positions.

(c) the cadences I.V V.I IV.I and all cadences in the major mode ending with VI.

(d) the chords I IV V₇ V in both the major and minor modes, in all positions and distributions.

(e) transitions to the dominant and subdominant and modulations to relative keys.

(2) The student should then read simply harmonized chants and hymn-tunes. These should be imagined as played on the reed or pipe organ, using various registers: as played on the piano: as sung by a quartet of solo voices: as sung by a mixed chorus: as played by band or orchestra. In every effort of

this kind a characteristic klang or tone-color should be imagined. To miss that, as do most students of harmony, is to miss the point: is to make the studies of harmony and composition pointless, tedious, dull, dry, mechanical and uninteresting.

(3) Organ themes may follow. The student should read each piece of music three times. On the first reading he should especially observe the chief melody, being careful to follow the registration and the chief rhythm. On the second reading the expressive delivery of the chief melody should receive chief attention. On the third reading the subordinate rhythms and melodies should be read, and their expressive treatment noted. (It is permitted—and may frequently be necessary—to the student to inspect a piece before reading it and even to analyze it to the extent directed on page — before reading it.)

(4) Songs without words for the piano.

(5) Brilliant piano music; music having dispersed harmonies, figured and elaborately embellished melodies, etc.

(6) Band and orchestral scores.

THE SYMPHONY CRANK.

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.

BY AMELIE VON ENDE.

It was a sultry evening in May. Dark masses of clouds covered the sky and were rent now and then by lightning. Thunder rolled in the distance. A fresh sweet smell arose from the damp earth and mingled with the faint odor of trees in blossom. Groups of children were playing in the streets. From the pleasant looking suburban cottages came the sound of merry voices.

An old man was walking by rapidly, paying no attention to the inquisitive glances that followed him. He was conspicuous in appearance. A form bent with age and sorrow; a true Jupiter profile and a mass of wavy black hair, streaked with silver. Deep wrinkles were around the strong mouth, and on the high broad forehead. In the dark eyes which had once sparkled with noble self-possession and enthusiasm there was a dim light, as of dying embers. The lips often quivered as in pain, yet they were compressed as in firm resolve. The beardless face looked strangely pale beneath the black soft hat. His hands were buried in the wornout pockets of his gray overcoat. Everyone turned to look after him.

The nearer he came to the city the more he quickened his steps, but he had to stop often to catch his breath. Soon he was in the heart of the city, surrounded by the crowds of people, the noise of wagons, the ringing and rumbling of the cable cars and the crying of newsboys and bootblacks. At a street corner a cab came with great rapidity; he heard nothing. Already the horses were up to him when the driver suddenly halted and a robust policeman pushed him aside with a curse. It made no impression on him that he had barely escaped being run over. A ragged little girl selling newspapers came up to him and mechanically murmured her wish. As though awakening from a dream he stood still, looked long at the child, thought a moment, then put his hand in his pocket and gave her some money. He did not take the paper. The

child looked after him surprised. She had never before had such a customer. The old man walked faster, stopping more frequently to rest. A faint color came into his hollow cheeks. The crowds on the streets grew larger. Dressed up people passed him, looked at him and whispered to each other. He turned a corner. An enormous stone structure rose above the other buildings. A long row of carriages stood one close behind the other in the bright illuminated street, carriage after carriage rolled up. Ladies and gentlemen in full dress, the former wrapped in soft light cloaks, stepped out and walked up the broad marble steps. Past them hurried youths with long hair, scores under their arm. He also went in. Already in the vestibule he took off his hat. Now that the beautiful massive forehead was uncovered one could see that he was not as old as it seemed at the first glance. He searched in his pockets, found a coin, and murmuring something like "last row," received his ticket. The man at the ticket window must have known him, for he smiled at his neighbor. The two doorkeepers also nodded to each other significantly. Even the ushers seemed to recognize him. They whispered to each other, "The symphony crank!" He went to a corner seat in the top gallery. One could see nothing from there, and be seen only by one's nearest neighbors, but he came to listen. As if lost in a dream he looked fixedly up to the dimly lighted ceiling. He listened to the first half of the programme indifferently. When the musicians and the chorus took their places after the intermission and began the first page of Beethoven's Ninth, a faint smile played around the weary, drooping corners of his mouth. He did not need to bring the score with him. Each note of that immortal work sounded and lived behind that pale, high forehead.

Thirty years ago today he had heard it, the ninth symphony! Then he was an ambitious young musician, full of lofty plans. His native city was proud of him; his parents more proud. They gave him the best teachers in spite of their limited means. At that time he had just finished his first symphony, and although he was still under the influence of Haydn, although the themes were of a childlike simplicity—the execution was praised by his teacher. With great industry he studied Beethoven, and when the ninth was to be given he went to the performance with his teacher.

So powerful was the impression the work made upon him that he came back from the concert like one paralyzed. That same evening his symphony was thrown into the fire. For a long time he could not write a note. "That is very good," said his teacher. "In intervals of this kind the mind gathers new strength and ripens in knowledge. If after a period like this something is written, then it stands considerably higher than the previous works."

And so it was. His ideas grew deeper and deeper; he grew constantly more clever in the mastery of form. When he came back to his teacher after a long time with another symphony, he had already conquered the influence of Haydn and Mozart and stood on the same ground with Beethoven. His parents had saved enough to make it possible for him to complete his studies under a famous master abroad. He was to leave his home within a few weeks. Then suddenly his father died of a malignant fever, and the money which was set aside for his study had to support his mother and sisters. He tried to earn the amount by giving music lessons, but he had studied only in his native city, he had not been crowned with glory in a world-known conservatory of music. It was the old story of the prophet, who was worth nothing in his native land. Others less talented, but who had the means, went to Berlin, took a course in the Royal High School, returned with testimonials, and received positions with high salaries. Who cared whether their conception in playing was hackneyed; whether their compositions showed a sad lack of thought. Their diplomas hung in a costly frame on the walls of their elegant music rooms, a beautiful grand piano stood in the center. That was different than the little room in which he gave his lessons on a simple upright, and when the pupils had gone sat down at the old-fashioned, shaky writing desk and bent over his compositions whose originality always called forth this criticism from the publishers: "Very good, very original, but not catchy enough for the public!" In this way he lived on for years. At last his sisters were grown up. One was married, the other a governess. Now he could begin to think of himself, for his courage was yet undaunted, his confidence in the final victory over adverse circumstances not yet dead. He was saving his money for a journey abroad. It was too late to become a great artist, but

his aim was to show his compositions to some great master, and through his recommendation get a publisher. This he was looking forward to.

Then he made the acquaintance of a young singer, and love conquered reason. Another would have waited, but he had never been calculating and worldly wise. He had remained a big child. In his optimism he thought he would come nearer to his goal through a union with the gifted Ada, and it seemed so in the beginning. They gave concerts together; they had many pupils. Nevertheless wise people, when they heard of the marriage, said: "Ernest is always an impractical fellow; now that his mother and sisters are provided for, he takes matrimonial worries upon himself."

And the wise people were right. The mutual work and study did not last long. Soon Ernest had to provide for another being. Ada had to fulfill the duties of a mother. But before the happiness of their love everything else retired. Only in their few hours of rest they still built air castles. Within a few years he had a large family to support. In spite of all, he had saved enough to go to Germany during the coming vacation to seek a publisher for his third symphony, for the second had long ago followed the first into the fire. The day that his bank-book showed the required amount Beethoven's Ninth was given. They decided to allow themselves the pleasure of hearing it. That was fifteen years ago to-day. And now they both sat upstairs close together like a bridal couple. Under the score which was in his lap—this time it was his property—their hands were clasped, and when the four soloists sang:

"Wer ein holdes Weib errungen mische seinen Jubel ein,"

then their eyes met in tender understanding, and a warm flush rose into her yet youthful face. As in a dream they went home. They felt that what they had just now enjoyed together would never come again.

Troubled and anxious the grandmother met them:

"The little one has a high fever and the boy also seems to be ill."

After a sleepless night the physician was called. "A bad case of diphtheria" was his diagnosis. The children were nursed for days with tender care and great self-sacrifice on the

part of the mother and grandmother. One week after the concert, which had begun so joyfully and had ended so fatally, they were again alone in their little home—the voices of the children were forever silent. Ada, who had over-exerted herself by night watching, was only a shadow of her former self. Ernest, to deaden the pain and sorrow, buried himself in new work, but it could not lessen the great sense of loss. For months Ada was sick and worn out. It was not only the death of the little ones that worried her, but the sorrow that through their marriage, through family cares, Ernest's career had been spoiled, and the fulfillment of the one wish in his life was forever put off into the future. It was this that wore her out. She tried to return to her work but her health did not allow it. In this way the time passed sorrowfully, and before the year was out Ernest stood at the coffin of his wife. When it was ready to be closed he laid his symphony into it. He was forty years old, in the prime of his life, but fate had robbed him of the courage to entertain ambitious plans. He had grown indifferent; he no longer cared for a name. Should he now, that the loss of his loved ones had made him independent, and he had only himself to care for, strive for fame? Who would rejoice at it? He had no one. Wise people said his conclusions were not manly—and perhaps they were right.

Years passed. Ernest had again devoted himself to teaching. Though he had learned more by himself than all of his colleagues they looked askance at him. He no longer kept his name before the public, not even by smaller compositions of his own, which he had formerly played in concerts. Thus he was gradually forgotten. Younger men came, knew the art of advertising and took his pupils away. Only a few poor students, whom he instructed for almost nothing, remained faithful to him. He was living in the house of a widow whose talented son he taught in return for his room-rent. But Mrs. Erlach declared that he cared too much for mental nourishment, that the food he provided for himself was insufficient, that he grew thinner and thinner, while his library gradually increased. Neither did he ever miss a concert, though he would always sit in the last row. This is why they knew him at the ticket window. He stayed at home only when they played the Ninth symphony. Then he would sit at the writing

desk, on which was a photograph of Ada and the score of the Ninth symphony, and would read measure after measure, and finally fall as into a trance.

The less he cared for the world the less the world cared for him. People did not sympathize with his peculiarities, and the number of his pupils constantly diminished. Still he had attended every symphony concert this year; but every time he was paler and thinner. The ushers noticed it, and said: "The symphony crank is getting old." Then came the annual performance of the Ninth. A peculiar longing once more to hear this work seized him. In the last hour he decided to go. And now he sat there, and worn out from the long walk, he closed his eyes.

When the conductor raised his baton, Ernest's face assumed a peculiarly strained expression. Strings and horns sounded the motive in sixteenths which runs through the first movement—softly, mysteriously the fifth vibrated through the hall, swelling up to the powerful fortissimo, with which the first theme begins like a challenge of fate. Mildly consolatory came the modulation to B-flat. He sat as under a spell, his eye riveted upon vacancy, as if he looked into another world. At the return of the theme in D-minor, and the forcible cadence, he took a deep breath. The scherzo followed with its obstinate taps of the kettle drum, the buoyant rhythms and yet somber coloring. When the adagio closed in its transcendent beauty, the brow of the listener in the corner seat was paler, the hollow cheeks were redder, but the eyes still stared into vacancy. Shrill and sharp the B ushered in the last movement. There was a wrestling, a struggling of the themes, and when the human voice arose, like a warning to cease strife, when the chorus began the sublime ode to joy, all life seemed to have left Ernest's face, only the eyes had a dismal glow. The final chord was struck. The audience rose. Ernest remained motionless. His arms hung down; his head rested against the back of the seat. A few musicians in the neighboring seats noticed him.

"He has fainted!" said a young man.

"Who?"

"The symphony crank!"

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, he is getting old——"

They brought him into the open air and waited until he recovered his senses. At the corner each took his car.

The street lanterns burned unsteadily. The electric lights threw restless shadows on the wet street. Rain fell in monotonous drizzle upon the pavement. Slower than he had come Ernest started on his way home. It was long past midnight when he arrived in his little room. On the table stood a bottle of wine. He smiled sadly. Kind Mrs. Erlach had wanted to give him a rare treat. She did not know that he had eaten nothing for several days, so he could go to the concert. He drank a glass hurriedly. Then he took out of the drawer an old worn-out score, whose greenish blue cover was patched in many places, laid it before him, and forgot all about him.

The next morning when his landlady failed to hear him walk around, as was his habit, she opened the door. Through a tear in the curtain a beam of the golden May sun stole into the room. The lamp was still burning dimly. Ernest sat in his arm chair bending over. His face rested on the last page of the score of the "Ninth."

And the wise people said: "We knew that the impractical fellow would some day starve!"

CONSONANCE AND DISSONANCE.

BY BERTRAM C. HENRY.

In Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," in the introductory chapter of the second volume which deals with the form and structure of music, are to be found some curious notions as to the nature of consonance and dissonance. The author maintains that there is no fixed basis for the distinction, asserts that the major third was once considered a discord, and prophesies that "the minor second will be a concord some day." Confusion of thought could hardly go further. It is difficult to see how a writer of Mr. Hadow's intelligence and discrimination in most musical matters could allow himself to treat a simple subject with such obscurity.

The confusion evidently arises from a leaning to the common habit of using the words concord and discord without any sharply defined meaning. Anything that is pleasing to the ear is popularly called a concord; anything that sounds unpleasant, a discord. Now, almost any combination of tones, by skillful treatment, may be made to sound all right in its place. It is also true that one of the conditions of harmonic progress has been a process of accustoming the ear to certain things which at first seemed unreasonable and disagreeable, until they were eventually found to be reasonable and agreeable. So it might happen that if the terms concord and discord are to be used in the popular sense, one person would pronounce a given combination of tones a concord, while to another less advanced in musical culture it would be a discord. It is evident that this is very nearly equivalent to saying nothing at all about the relation of the tones.

The question of the agreeable, or disagreeable, effect of an interval is not the whole ground of the distinction between consonance and dissonance. The secret is revealed by the prefixes con and dis. A consonance is a "sounding together;" a dissonance is a "sounding apart." If we take a typical consonance, as c-e, the tones sound as if they belonged together, are in stable equilibrium. On the other hand, if we take c-d,

a typical dissonance, it sounds as if the two voices were trying to push each other away; one of them must move at least a semi-tone farther away from the other in order to reach a condition of stable equilibrium. The principle appears even more clearly in the case of an interval which, by an inharmonic change, may be made either a consonance or a dissonance. G-sharp and a-flat represent different relations to other tones, but the same pitch in the tempered scale. Taking this pitch in connection with the c below, we shall have a consonance or a dissonance according to the way in which we think the tone relations. Where it is proper to write g-sharp, this tone will have a decided tendency towards a, and the interval c-g-sharp must be pronounced an unstable combination, a dissonance. If e is added to the two tones, the only note which properly belongs with c and g sharp, the dissonant effect is at once perceived. On the other hand, where it is proper to write the note in question as a-flat, there is no tendency either upward or downward; the interval c-a-flat is stable, a consonance. Either e-flat or f may be added without disturbing the equilibrium.

Before the introduction of the tempered scale, the distinction between consonance and dissonance rested on strictly mathematical grounds. It was purely a question of the ratio of the vibrations which made the sounds. If we take a series of tones whose vibration numbers are in the ratio of the first six natural numbers, we get the so-called "harmonic chord of nature," produced by a fundamental tone and its first five upper partials, the major triad. In this series of tones we find the octave, ratio 1:2; the perfect fifth, 2:3; the perfect fourth, 3:4; the major third, 4:5; the minor third, 5:6, and the major sixth, 3:5. If we add the upper and lower octaves of these tones, we obtain only one new ratio for tones less than an octave apart, viz., 5:8, the minor sixth. Intervals larger than the octave may be ignored, as they are practically identical with one or another of those already named. In just intonation tones whose vibration numbers stand in any of these ratios, produce concords; all other ratios produce discords. The minor triad presents a different arrangement of the intervals, the minor third coming below the major third, whereas it stands above in the major triad, but no position of the minor triad presents a new interval.

If we seek the reason why just these ratios and no others should produce consonances, we can only fall back upon the supposition that in these cases the coincidences of the two series of sound waves are sufficiently frequent to allow us to merge the two series into a whole. The ratios 6:7 and 7:8 have never had a place in any musical system in common use. The next ratio which is in common use, 8:9, is separated from the earlier ones by such a gap that it is felt by the ear as of a distinctly different character. The coincidences of the sound waves in this case are so much less frequent, and the interferences are so much more numerous, that the two series are felt, not only as distinct, but even as antagonistic. If we had a chance to become as familiar with intervals in the ratio 6:7 and 7:8 as with 4:5 and 5:6, we might possibly pass on gradually to an acceptance of more and more complicated ratios as consonances, and if we could continue to progress through an unbroken series, we might eventually come to regard the minor second, 15:16, as a concord. But in view of the gaps over which no bridge promises to be thrown, it is pretty safe to say that both the major and the minor seconds will remain discords to the end of the chapter. As for the other assertion of Mr. Hadow that the major third was once considered a discord it is just conceivable that at a very early date the ratio 4:5 may have been too complicated to be comprehended by inexperienced ears. But according to the best authorities it was not what we call a major third, but a Pythagorean third, tuned in the ratio 64:81, which within the historic period was regarded as a discord. It is hardly to be doubted whether a civilized ear could take it for anything else at the present day.

It remains to be noted that in the tempered scale, now everywhere adopted among civilized nations, no intervals are in perfect tune according to the ratios given above except octaves. Major thirds are a little sharp, yet not so sharp as 64:81; perfect fifths are a little flat. The question of consonance and dissonance, therefore, no longer rests on a purely mathematical basis. An ideal element has been introduced. The intervals actually in use are accepted as symbols, so to speak, of the pure intervals, and it is the idea of the musical relation of the tones, rather than the actual mathematical relations, which determines the question of consonance and dissonance. The varia-

tion of intervals from the mathematical ratio is so slight that any well-tuned piano will exhibit the phenomenon of the sympathetic vibration of strings to the first five upper partials of any low fundamental tone. Thus we are not removed, in spite of the imperfections of the tempered scale, from what Professor Gow of Vassar calls the educative influence of the harmonic chord of nature. Our actual major triad is still in substantial agreement with this chord. It is still true that all the intervals called consonant are to be found in the different positions of the major triad, and in another order in the various positions of the minor triad. Leaving out of consideration the octave, which is mathematically perfect, any consonant interval, taken by itself, will suggest either a major, or a minor, triad. No other than the intervals classed as consonant—perfect fifths, perfect fourths, major and minor thirds, major and minor sixths—will suggest either a major or a minor triad. These two triads are the only stable chords, and the intervals classed as consonant, by virtue of their power to suggest these chords, are the only stable intervals. Voices which are arranged so as to produce any other combination of tones, tend to fall into new relations.

This distinction of stability and instability is fundamental. In harmony the consonance is the element of repose, while the dissonance compels movement. The consonance is final, sufficient unto itself; the dissonance needs a resolution. The effect of a dissonance upon a musically sensitive ear is illustrated by the following anecdote of Rheinberger, which, though doubtless apocryphal, was current in Munich a few years ago. The story runs that one night three music students, returning from a *kneipe* in a hilarious mood, stopped under the composer's window long enough to sing loudly an augmented triad. Herr Rheinberger was awakened, and could not compose himself to slumber again without hearing the resolution of the dissonance. He went to the piano, but alas, the rascals had not sung in tune with it! The notes were just a little too high for *c*, *e*, *g*-sharp, but just a little too low for *d*-flat, *f*, *a*. Neither the chord nor its resolution could be produced upon the instrument, and the luckless *kapellmeister* knew no more repose that night because he could not satisfy the demand of his ear for the resolution of the augmented triad.

In modern music we take a great deal for granted. In

many cases we are content merely to imagine simple and natural resolutions, just as Rheinberger, if any such thing actually did take place under his window, was probably content with the mental resolution of the augmented triad. We skip over many obvious steps in music, just as we do in language, in logic and in mathematics, without making explicit everything that is implicit. We also recognize other tendencies than those of purely harmonic origin, and sometimes allow them to prevail when they have sufficient force to warrant it. But ultimate resolution of dissonances there must be, of some sort. Equilibrium must be restored, and a condition of stability must finally be reached, if only with the concluding tonic chord. Mr. Hadow thinks he has found an exception potent enough to overthrow the principle. It is true that Schumann's song, "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," ends with "a dominant seventh out of key." But to my mind this is not a true ending, rather a means of carrying the listener's attention onward to the next song in the cyclus. My thought cannot stop here, even if the singer does, but inevitably goes on to "Aus meinen Thränen sprössen." Aside from this, the incompleteness of the concluding chord helps to give the impression of unsatisfied longing, the "Verlangen" of the text. A more notable exception is to be found in "Bittendes Kind" of the "Kinderseenen," op. 15, which also ends with a dominant seventh, and has no close connection with the following piece. But this is not a complete ending either. The entreating voice of the child is hushed, but he continues to plead with his eyes. Again, in "Kind im Einschlummern" we have another incomplete ending, not upon a dissonance this time, but upon a sub-dominant chord which has a less conclusive effect than the tonic. It is as if the child fell asleep in the midst of a sentence; the piece does not end, it simply stops. In all these cases the poetic idea not only justifies an incomplete ending, but even depends largely upon it. Not one of them tends to make the dominant seventh a chord of perfectly stable, reposeful character, capable of giving the effect of completeness at the end of a composition.

Both consonance and dissonance are vital necessities in music, just because they are of so thoroughly opposite character. Every fundamental conception manifests itself in two opposing forms, the union of which is necessary to the com-

plete conception. In music we have the practical working out of this principle. A composition which should consist entirely of dissonances is inconceivable; but a piece which should contain nothing but consonances, major and minor triads, without passing notes, would be intolerable, except, perhaps, as a momentary contrast to a very highly spiced selection. If we were to cease to distinguish consonances from dissonances the effect would be practically the same as if one or the other class were entirely banished. There would be no difference discernible between Wagner and Palestrina, so far as the harmonic structure of their music is concerned. At the present day the distinction between consonance and dissonance is firmly grounded. With the abolition of the distinction music as an art will cease to exist.

A SONATA.

BY WILLIAM IRVING ANDRUS.

I had been studying music at the Conservatory in Leipsic for some two years. During all this time I had been paying special attention to piano. Since I was quite advanced when I went to Leipsic—having had one of the best teachers in New York since childhood—I had made great progress, and had been called on quite often during this time to render the music of the great masters, especially of the romantic school at Conservatory recitals.

There were few outsiders present at these recitals, but sometimes as many as nine or ten especially privileged ones were allowed to attend. At all of these recitals, during the time when I did not play, I always glanced at the audience to see who was there, especially among the visitors, and also to see the effect the music made on individual persons in the audience. I felt especially attracted to a visitor who had been present at every recital and had seemed to take a deep interest in every number rendered. Often I could feel his intense dark eyes on me, and as I often memorized all my numbers, occasionally I would look across the side of the grand piano, feeling strangely drawn by those magnetic eyes.

Some weeks after this, my master came to me one day and said, "I have a great favor to ask of you. Perhaps you have noticed by this time the presence at each recital of a man who appeared very much absorbed in all the numbers." I replied that I had. Then my master went on to say: "It is the renowned Dr. R——, of Baden. The Doctor has of late been much interested in the science of mesmerism, and its application to materia medica. He has been conducting a long series of experiments with some of his associates. As music seems to him to be such a universal language that all people whatever their nationality receive similar thoughts from the rendition of the same composition, he wishes to make some experiments in that line. For some weeks he has been attending the recitals regularly with my permission, desiring to see all the

pupils and to select one whom he deems most impressionable and imaginative. Yesterday after the recital he came and said, 'I have found my man. Please speak to Mr. G——, and ask him if he is willing in the interests of science to be a subject,' So I came to ask you."

I replied, "Herr Doctor, I want a little time to think of this; I am not quite ready to say yes."

So the matter was dropped for a time. At the end of a week I said to the Herr Doctor after a lesson, "Well, I am ready to acquiesce and become a subject." I knew I was very imaginative, and besides had always had a desire to be mesmerized, to feel the strangeness of that state. So the day was set for Friday, October 12, 18—. I had been going on with my regular work, and had felt no desire to retract. I had since the proposition become quite intimately acquainted with the Doctor, and knew that I could trust him, so great was my faith in my intuition.

At last the eventful day came. How well I remember it. I had slept well the previous night. I was in good practice, and felt as if my fingers could do anything. At 9 o'clock a. m. the Doctor came for me in a carriage, and as I stepped in I saw that Herr Professor was there also. We drove through the streets on and on into the country, till we came to one of the Doctor's sanitariums. I had never seen the place before. We entered the wide stone portals and ascended to the second floor and the doctor threw open a door which led into a small auditorium. The seats were arranged in a circle around a small open space. On the dais in this space stood a small grand piano, and resting on two iron rods was a large mirror placed directly over the piano. Around the circle sat some thirty eminent physicians. The doctor led me to the piano. I seated myself. As I did so, the doctor adjusted the mirror so that those behind could see my face plainly. He also drew a phonograph with its receiver close to the piano. The doctor then said, "Now, Mr. G—— will compose a sonata while under my influence and embody in it, in musical form, the ideas which I will give him in words." The doctor fixed his dark, magnetic eyes upon mine and by a few passes of his hands placed me entirely under his control.

* * * * *

Diminutive in size I dreamily floated through the air with-

out effort. In the distance I saw loom up the towers and turrets of a palace. As I came nearer I alighted and walked along the ground, amazed at its magnificence. I entered through a long line of guards, none of whom molested me. I asked the page who came forward to meet me where I was. He said in the fairy king's palace, and that there was to be a great ball there this very night. As he led me along I could hear strains of music growing plainer and plainer. I am entering the grand throne room. I am dazzled by its overwhelming magnificence. It surpasses description. When I had collected myself a little, I became aware that a large orchestra was playing a martial introduction. Suddenly through a large portal entered Oberon with Titania at his side, followed by a whole troop of elves and fays. Immediately the orchestra, after a few measures of movement, commenced the intricacies of a mazy fairy waltz. I felt the musical rhythm permeate my whole being. I gazed on the glittering, ever-changing throng. The rainbow colors from the gauzy wings and dresses blinded me. How long this lasted I know not. It was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger all besmattered with mud, his wings torn, his limbs bruised: At his coming, suddenly all the swaying throng halt in wonder and terror. He approaches the king with news of the victory of the king's forces over the wicked dwarfs, but of the death of the king's son. There is great sorrow. The orchestra commences a slow funeral march and plays on till the king arises and addressing the company says that family grief should have no place in a realm of rejoicing, and bids the orchestra strike their most triumphant strains in thanksgiving for the victory. A majestic volume of harmony strikes my listening ears, grand in the extreme, embodying all ideas of victory and yet saddened here and there by mournful minor cadences. It ceases.

* * * * *

I am waking. I am in Dr. R——'s room. I look into the faces of the company. I see that I have played a sonata, a martial first movement, an intricate, dazzling allegro waltz as a second movement, an adagio representing the funeral march as the third movement, then an allegro maestoso e serio as a fourth—the victor's song with interwoven lament for the slain. It flashes through my mind in an instant. I looked in

the glass above my head. My eyes were large and glittering, my facial expression changed. I did not recognize myself. How I reached home I knew not. I was exhausted physically and mentally. In the evening what little consciousness I had left faded away. For two weeks I was delirious with fever. Then the crisis came, and I steadily improved, but it was three months before I was able to resume my work.

The sonata was reproduced from the phonograph and put upon paper. When I was well enough I started practicing it, and it took two weeks' steady practice of eight hours daily to master it, so great was its difficulty. I have written many songs and composed many pieces but the Fairy Sonata is the finest and my favorite, for in it were put my whole musical soul and being without reservation. I never desire to write another under the same conditions, and yet I would not have missed the experience although it had cost me more than it really did.

It taught me a lesson, however, which I shall not soon forget. It taught me that there are realms of fancy and imagination—may I not say of the soul's life—far beyond our present knowledge, which were not meant to be uncovered or opened carelessly by our crude means to mortal eyes, without the attached penalty of the most disastrous consequences to the subject in mind and body.

JULIA E. CRANE AND HER WORK.

BY JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

Instruction in music has of late years become such an important feature of our public school work throughout the country, and the employment of supervisors of music has become so general that the work of preparing these special features has become one of the leading tasks of our public and private normal schools. In this work no other school, probably, has been quite so successful—certainly none more so—than the New York State Normal and Training School, at Potsdam, that state, under the direction of Miss Julia Ettie Crane. MUSIC has from time to time had occasion to make mention of the influence wielded by this able and delightful teacher, in behalf of the musical education of the public school children, and its readers will perhaps be especially interested in reading of the life and ideals of Miss Crane and of the exact nature of the work she is accomplishing.

Miss Crane comes naturally by her love of music, and by her ability to teach, for both her father and mother were school teachers before marriage, and both were musically inclined. Her father, who himself had to struggle hard for an education, furnished his children with the best general and musical education afforded by the town in which they lived, and bought for them a piano, though not in a condition to afford luxuries. In those days there were held in Potsdam "singing" and "glee" schools, where the young people learned to read music; and early in its history it became a local center for musical conventions at which were gathered hundreds of singers from the surrounding country, and at which were heard the leading artists of the day. Among them were present at various times Annie Louise Cary, Myron Whitney, Adelaide Phillips, Toedt, The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, and the Listemann Orchestra; the leader of the chorus and conductor of the festivals was Carl Zerrahn, and under his baton were rendered the "Messiah," "Creation," and many shorter works such as Gade's "Erl King's Daughter," and Mendelssohn's "Hear

My Prayer." The taste of good music thus obtained was an inspiration, and led the little town into many extravagances in the study of music.

In 1869 the Normal School was located in Potsdam, and Miss Crane entered as a pupil in the intermediate department, and remained there until her graduation from the classical course in 1874. During this time she kept up her studies in music, always singing in some choir or playing the organ or piano for one, and taking part in whatever musical entertainments were given in the town. On graduation from the Normal she entered the Primary department of the graded schools of Potsdam as a teacher, and kept the position for three years, in which time she introduced vocal music into the school, and gave private piano instruction outside. At that time Dr. Tourjee had opened a summer school at East Greenwich, R. I., and there Miss Crane spent her summers; there she met for the first time the late Dr. Luther Whiting Mason and Mr. H. E. Holt, and studied with them their methods of public school music teaching. Through her study with them she became convinced that what was needed in public school music was the application of the same principles of psychology and pedagogy, which were being applied to the other branches of study, and determined to devote herself to the development of this new branch of education. Realizing that a one-sided education must necessarily give one a narrow view she began such a course of study as she felt a "public school music teacher" would need. The course which she mapped out for herself at that time, and which she proceeded at once to carry out, included piano lessons with Mr. B. J. Lang, and later with Mr. Wm. Sherwood, voice culture with Mr. Harry Wheeler, conducting with Carl Zerrahn, and a thorough course in elocution, which she deemed helpful in pronunciation and delivery. At the same time she continued her study of pedagogy and psychology both theoretically and practically, and continuing also her regular grade teaching in the public schools, applied in her teaching and especially in the music work, the new ideas gained from her study. The result of this close application and broad study was a very great success in her work, and soon brought her, in 1877, a call to take charge of the vocal music and gymnastics, and assist in mathematics, in the state normal school at Shippenburg, Pa., a position which she at once ac-

cepted. The work there was, as she describes it, a combination of physical, mental and vocal gymnastics. At the end of the first year she was given also the charge of the department of piano study. As an instance of the success with which Miss Crane has always met with in her teaching it may be mentioned that in this school vocal culture had never before been attempted, and the piano department had never had pupils sufficient to pay the salary of the teacher. Yet before the end of her second year there she was obliged to employ an assistant in the piano department, and the income from the private lessons, after paying Miss Crane's salary as well as that of the assistant, left quite a surplus in the school treasury. She continued in this school until 1880, when she resigned to take a much needed rest. During the years from '77 to '80 she attracted considerable attention by a number of very able papers and addresses at teachers' meetings, and by the sweetness of her voice on several occasions when she sang at school or town recitals. In the summer vacation of 1878 and 1879 Mr. Wm. Sherwood held summer schools of music at Lyons and Canandaigua, N. Y., at which the teaching of methods and the illustrations of class work in public school music were done by Miss Crane, who also sang at the school concerts.

The year after her resignation from the Pennsylvania Normal School Miss Crane received and accepted a very welcome invitation to go abroad with Mrs. Merritt, wife of the newly appointed consul to Great Britain, a trip which afforded a much desired opportunity for study with Manuel Garcia. During her stay abroad she sang in many London drawing rooms and elicited much newspaper comment of a very favorable kind. After a year of rest and study there she returned to her pupils in Potsdam, and began work with a much larger class, and an increased number of concert engagements. In the spring of 1884, on the resignation of the music teacher at the Potsdam Normal School the position was offered to Miss Crane, but was at first refused, as it seemed a narrowing of her opportunities. It was renewed, however, with the addition that she should give one hour a day to the school, provided the school authorities should do all in their power to advance the cause of music in the school and should give her freedom as far as possible to inaugurate a training school for music teachers in connection with the regular normal work. The organiza-

tion of such a school as this was a long cherished ideal with Miss Crane, and the opportunity was at once taken advantage of and the position accepted. The length of the entire course at the normal school is thirteen years. With the assistance of the principal, Dr. E. H. Cook, who entered heart and soul into the scheme proposed by Miss Crane, the entire program was rearranged and a time for music found for every pupil during the entire course. Then began what is perhaps the most interesting and the most valuable of all the work Miss Crane has done—the careful study, with this great example before her, of the needs of the pupils in public schools. The greatest difficulty in the way, and it is one that meets every musical specialist in every public school in the country where music is taught, was that of training the teachers so that successful work could be done in the training school. It took two years to accomplish this, and a great deal of careful preparation, but it was accomplished and the real work began. During all this time Miss Crane continued her work in private with voice pupils, and after a little these pupils were drawn upon for teachers for the advanced classes in the training school, as the children were constantly requiring more skillful teaching. This was the beginning of the Special Music Teacher's course, from which have been graduated already nearly a hundred teachers of music who are scattered in the normal and graded schools throughout the country. While it is not claimed that music in the Potsdam school is on a level with arithmetic or Latin in the scale of importance or stress, at least it has there its definite place, and an opportunity is offered pupils to study its subject matter, to practice the art, to study the methods of teaching it, to observe the teaching of others, and finally to teach the subject themselves in all grades from the kindergarten through regular high school work.

The rapid advancement of the children in the training school has required constantly increased advantages for the training of teachers, and to meet this demand Miss Crane has opened a school of her own, devoted to this line of work. In this careful instruction in the notation and terminology of music are given in classes, as well as work in harmony, analysis, history of music, sight singing, ear training and acoustics. At the same time there is opportunity offered for very fine private instruction in piano and vocal culture. By a special ar-

rangement all the pupils of this school have the privilege of the normal school classes in all music branches, and all graduates of the special music teachers' course are expected to have done all the work of both schools.

Although the inauguration and carrying out of a plan of this scope and magnitude has required much time and attention, Miss Crane has always realized that the highest success could not be reached if her own education came to a standstill. Every year, therefore, she has found time to take a more or less extended trip through the country, visiting the cities in which prominent teachers or especial features are to be found in the public school work, and she has also devoted a considerable time to private study with leading musicians. Her work at teachers' conventions as well as the articles she has written for various educational and other papers have made her a wide acquaintance among teachers, and the wide distribution of the graduates of her school has carried her fame into all parts of the country.

In all that we have said so far about Miss Crane it would appear that the great success she has met with in her work has been due to her close application to her work, and to her incessant study and search for new methods and means of development of her art. Such is undoubtedly in a measure the case. But it is not the whole, as Miss Crane would modestly have one believe. The thing that first impresses one who has the pleasure of meeting her, and which grows stronger as the acquaintance ripens, is the sweetness of her disposition, and the charm of her personality. One cannot imagine a woman more eminently fitted by nature for the very work to which she has devoted herself. There is a certain quality about her that makes itself felt wherever she may be, dominates the room in which she is, and produces in those who have to do with her an enthusiasm for their work, and a belief in the beauty of it, and in the ideals towards which it aims, that one cannot describe, but which is one of the chief factors in the success of any work Miss Crane undertakes. In all her work Miss Crane has been influenced by a wonderful love for children as well as a belief in the beauty of the aesthetic and moral influence of music in the schools.

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.

BY IRA GALE TOMPKINS.

(Continued from page 375.)

In addition to the extreme beauty and melody of his versification—"the golden cadence of poesy"—and breathing the highest passionate eloquence, the reader's attention is called to the striking parallelisms or analogies in phrase and metaphor throughout all his plays and poems. Yet he seldom repeats himself, or plays but on one string. This may be particularly noted in the following, where the same thought and image is conveyed by a happy alternation of phrase, combining both euphony and melody with harmony of thought and feeling:

MUSICAL ECHO.

How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

—Twelfth Night, II. 4.

THE REVERBERATE HILLS—BABBLING GOSSIP OF THE AIR.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!"

—Ib., I. 5.

THE CAVE WHERE ECHO LIES.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.

—Romeo and Juliet, II. 2.

ECHO—MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

MUSICAL DISCORD—SWEET THUNDER.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

CHIME OF BELLS.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, —*Ib.*

A DOUBLE CHASE.

Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies. Venus and Adonis.
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,

—*Titus Andronicus*, ii. 3.

ACOUSTICS—SCIENCE OF SOUND.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale:

—*Lover's Complaint*.

REVERBERATING POWER OF A CONCAVE ARCH OR
VAULTED ROOF.

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores? —*Julius Caesar*, i. 1.

Like an arch, reverberates
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, iii., 3.

PREROGATIVE AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC.

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patronness of heavenly harmony:
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in music we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

MUSIC REFRESHES THE MIND.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man
 After his studies or his usual pain?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

—Taming of the Shrew, iii., 1.

MUSIC A COMFORT IN GRIEF.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease,
 Heart's ease;" O, an you will have me live, play
 "Heart's ease."
 O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of
 woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.
 "When griping grief the heart doth wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 "Then music with her silver sound
 With speedy help doth lend redress."

MUSIC'S SILVER SOUND—MUSICIANS SOUND FOR SILVER.

Then music with her silver sound—why "silver sound?" why
 "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for
 silver.

—Romeo and Juliet, iv., 5.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with
 troubles;

Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst.

—Henry VIII, iii., 6.

JOY DELIGHTS IN JOY.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
 Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?

TRUE CONCORD.

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

SING ONE PLEASING NOTE.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing.

—Sonnets.

PHILOMEL—LANGUISHMENT—DIAPASON—LAMENTING

PHILOMEL.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear.

—Rape of Lucrece.

FRETS.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

—Rape of Lucrece.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow.

—Rape of Lucrece.

BIRD MUSIC—NATURE'S FEATHERED CHORISTERS—PHILO-
MEL—HER MOURNFUL HYMNS HUSH THE NIGHT.

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

—Sonnets.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S COMPLAINING NOTES.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, v., 1.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree;
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

—Romeo and Juliet, iii., 5.

THE SONG OF THE LARK—THE HERALD OF THE MORN.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise.

—Cymbeline, ii., 3.

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.

—Sonnets.

MELODIOUS BIRDS SING MADRIGALS.

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

—Titus Andronicus, iii., 3.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

—As You Like It, ii., 5.

By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

—Merry Wives of Windsor, iii., 1.

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

—Titus Andronicus, ii., 3.

ALL NATURE SINGS—BIRDS CHANT MELODY.

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade.

—Titus Andronicus, ii., 3.

BIRD MUSIC—ENCAGED BIRDS.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

—Taming of the Shrew, ind., 2.

Lear. Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.

—King Lear, v., 1.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure,
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

—Third part Henry VI., iv., 6.

SINGING FREELY IN BONDAGE.

Our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

—Cymbeline, iii., 3.

MUSIC A CHARM FOR SLEEP AND A CHARMING AWAKENING
FROM SLEEP.

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest.

—Pericles, v., 1.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

—First, Henry IV., iii., 1.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound

—Taming of the Shrew, ind., 1.

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage.

—Merchant of Venice, iii., 2.

PENETRATING POWER OF MUSIC.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her
music o' mornings: they say it will penetrate.

SONG OF LARK "MY LADY SWEET, ARISE."

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

—Cymbeline, ii., 3.

MUSIC BEGUILING.

I cry for mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

SOMETIMES PROVOKES TO ILL.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

Measure for Measure, iv., 1.

SEEMING MERRY BUT FEELING SAD.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Othello, ii., 1.

X The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:

A WOEFUL HOSTESS BROOKS NOT MERRY GUESTS.

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

—Lucrece.

MUSIC MADDENS AND CURES MADNESS.

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

—Richard II., v.

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull.

—Tempest.

She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,

—Pericles, v., 1.

THE UNTUNED AND JARRING SENSES.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up.

—Lear, iv., 7.

DETHRONED REASON, LIKE SWEET BELLS JANGLED, OUT
OF TUNE.

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

—Hamlet, iii. 1.

SINGING SLANDERING MUSIC.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

—Much Ado, ii. 3.

A BAD VOICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they
would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mis-
chief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague
could have come after it.

—Ib.

GOVERNED BY HUMORS.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are alto-
gether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

—1st pt. Henry IV., iii. 1.

HOWLING AFTER MUSIC.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

—Twelfth Night, v. 1.

MAKING THE WELKIN DANCE—A DOG AT A CATCH.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the
night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?
shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Ib., ii. 3.

CATERWAULING WITHOUT MITIGATION OR REMORSE OF
VOICE.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here!

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no
wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of

night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozlers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

Ib., ii. 3.

SINGING POPULAR AIRS.

A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights.

—2d Henry IV., iii. 4.

TUNE O' THE TIME.

Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter.

—Hamlet, v. 2.

ITINERANT SINGER—BALLADS.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

USE NO SCURRILOUS WORDS.

Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

MERRY BALLADS IN REQUEST—BEARING A PART, "IT IS MY OCCUPATION."

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

—Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

SINGING—MAKING NOISE ENOUGH.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

—As You Like It, ii. 5.

SUCKING MELANCHOLY OUT OF A SONG—COME, WARBLE.

Aml. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Aml. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing.
Come, warble, come. —Ib.

HAWKING AND SPITTING THE PROLOGUES TO A BAD VOICE.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, I' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

—Ib., v. 3.

WOONG IN SONG—SPEAKING NOTES AND CROTCHETS.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of woong, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come,
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes:
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

—Much Ado, ii. 3.

SHEEP'S GUTS HALING SOULS OUT OF MEN'S BODIES.

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?
Well, a horn for my money, when all's done. Ib.

MUSIC NOT APPRECIATED—APPLY TO ORGAN GRINDER.

But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

—Othello, iii. 1.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

—Ib.

A GLORIOUS CASKET STORED WITH ILL.

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

—Ib.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs.

—Hamlet, i. 3.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION—MUSIC'S MASTER.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

—Pericles, ii. 5.

TEACHER AND SCHOLAR—RUDIMENTS—GAMUT—ONE CLEF
TWO NOTES—OLD FASHIONS PLEASE BEST.

Hor. Madam before you touch the instrument,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art;
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. (Reads) "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,

'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;

'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,

'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:

'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:

'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
 To change true rules for old inventions.

HOW THE TREBLE JARS THE BASE.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune,

Luc. All but the bass.

Hor. The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

(To be Continued.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S SONG-CYCLES.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

The development of lyric art (music) during the current century is strongly identified with the name of Robert Schumann. Whilst it must, perhaps, be admitted that the highest attainments in that branch of the tonal language were reached in the inexhaustible and monumental song treasure which Franz Schubert left as his inheritance to the musical world, we find none the less in Schumann's lyric gifts so much that is new, original and interesting that they command our undivided interest and sincere admiration. A contemporary of the most creative period in Schubert's life, a warm and true admirer of that tone poet, it is but a natural law in the development of art that Schumann should have leaned upon and looked up to Franz Schubert until he reached his own artistic maturity and individuality.

Schubert's influence over Schumann is of the most positive character; the lyric Schumann without Schubert were well nigh an impossibility. He is, however, not to be considered an imitator of Schubert, for many a tender flower and fragrant blossom, unknown heretofore in the garden of song, grew up in the paths which Schumann walked. Generally characterized, Schubert's songs are manly, fresh, natural, healthy, happy, bright and imbued with eternal youth, while those of Schumann dreamy, tender, thoughtful, analyzing, reflective, morbid and at times almost feminine. Certain moods, feelings and emotions found in Schumann's songs their first adequate expression. I have but to mention the tender-chorded soul-life of the nobler (this adjective refers to nobility of character, not of birth) and more refined classes of modern society, in particular, that of the feminine sex, which Schumann had studied in its most secret shades. The inexhaustible depths and innermost emotions of woman's nature he reached by means of the boundless resources of his genius, in endless variety in many of the songs, which form the song-cycles: "Dichterliebe," "Frauenlieb und Leben," "Liederkreise," "Myrthen," etc., etc.

It is but just to refer to the circumstances and conditions which led to the composition of the song-cycles, which, as Schumann himself often asserted, contain the best efforts of his genius. It was his deep-rooted love of Clara Wieck, the late Clara Schumann, one of the most intellectual, brilliant, sincere and poetical women of this century, the peerless interpreter of Schumann's pianoforte works and a true priestess in the temple of art—which dictated these products of soul and heart; for not less than one hundred and thirty-eight vocal compositions were written in the year 1840, the first year of their happy wedded life. The crisis of his long and touching love story had come, the trying years of suspense were over, and the object of his true and enduring affection, Clara Wieck, had become his own.

The year 1840 marked an event in Schumann's life which directed his whole artistic activity in other channels. The fanciful romance of the "Davidsbündler," which inspired him to so many beautiful creations for the piano, was totally forgotten, and replaced by interests and emotions of a more actual, human and sympathetic kind. Prior to the year 1840, the "song year" of his life, Schumann tested his capabilities with conspicuous preference in instrumental music only.

Whilst not all of the songs which comprise the song-cycles are perfect types of the modern "Kunstlied," they vary more in the amount of imaginative power and truth of delineation which they contain than in point of structure. The saying "words set to music" may justly be applied to Schumann's songs, and the marriage of "perfect music to noble words" he certainly brought about. Schumann possessed in more than a marked degree the ability of putting himself on a par with the poet whose words he sets. By totally penetrating into, absorbing and idealizing the thoughts of the poem, he forms that strong assimilation of words and music which characterizes his lyric creations. He always claims but a just equality with the poet, and this in such a pronounced manner that the words without the music, and the music without the words almost seem impossible. With particular favor he chose entire song-cycles, wherein the opportunity was afforded him of closely following the varying moods and thoughts of the poet. Lyric poetry certainly was not wanting, because that part of the century which embraces the middle and last part of Schu-

mann's life is the most productive period in the history of Germany's lyric poetry.

The most sympathetic poet to Schumann appears to have been Heinrich Heine (born Dec. 13 at Duesseldorf; died in Paris, Feb. 17, 1856). The close relation which exists between the greatest master of antique lyric poetry, Goethe, and the composer Franz Schubert is of a similar character as that of the greatest master of the modern lyric, Heine, and the composer Robert Schumann. The difference in the choice of their favorite poets strikingly marks the deep difference between Schubert and Schumann.

Schumann was the first composer to fully comprehend Heine's poetical nature and to grasp the full meaning of his words, which are weightier and richer than those of any other German lyric poet. Heine seizes the mood more accurately, and each word thus becomes highly significant to the composer, who must follow the changing moods closely in order to create a perfect musical illustration of them. Therefore the song-cycle called "Dichterliebe," op. 48 ("Poet's-love"), written to sixteen songs of Heine's "Buch der Lieder," is probably the most characteristic set of songs of Schumann's creation. The absolute and total assimilation of words and music is so pronounced that none of the many touches of humor, passion, pathos and sentimentality which form the chief characteristics of Heine's poems, seem to be lost in the careful treatment which Schumann gave to them. This cycle is dedicated to Madame Schroeder-Devrient, who stood unexcelled in the interpretation of these songs, particularly those of a declamatory character. The songs of the "Dichterliebe" comprise some of the most perfect types of modern lyric art, and with a few others have created for Schumann his position as one of the greatest lyric tone poets of modern time. The rhythmic, harmonic and melodic treatment accorded them, and the deep and passionate emotion which breathes through them, have made them to the present day the favorites of their kind. Nos. 1-3, 5, 8, 12 and 15 are characterized by peaceful, idyllic grace, as, for instance, "Dein Angesicht," "Auftraege," "Wenn Ich früh in den garten gehe." Nos. 4, 10, 13 and 14 are as characteristic of Heine as of Schumann, on account of their calm, unsuspecting opening and infinitely sad ending. "Ich grolle nicht" stands unexcelled in the domain of song, in the expres-

sion of heart-rending grief, despair and deep emotion. In the sixth song of that cycle the music reflects not only the meaning of the poem, but the impression of solemn grandeur, which the city of Cologne, with its monumental "Dom," made upon Schumann. The vocal part of No. 9 is of but a subordinate nature and connects with the very poetical conception of "Es leuchtet meine Liebe." The assimilation of words and music above referred to finds a most wonderful example in No. 11. The last song of the "Dichterliebe" is of balladlike character, but not less remarkable than the others for that reason.

The poet Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (born March 10, 1788, near Ratibon; died Nov. 26, 1857, in Neissen), one of the most talented representatives of romantic-lyric poetry, seems also to have inspired Schumann, and the cycle upon the poems of that author is known as the "Liederkreis, op. 39." Eichendorff seems to have exercised a most wonderful influence over Schumann. His poems are music as such, and disclose nature's magic wonderland in the re-echoing of the charms of the woods, the idyllic forest solitudes, the woodland airs, the rustling branches, the glittering stars, the dreamy night and the magical music of fairy tales which live in field and forest. To Schumann's fervid and highly imaginative temperament this domain offered a very fertile field for musical painting. The wonderful Lorelei ballad, "Waldeggespräch," belongs to this set, and stands as a powerful expression of the true spirit of romance, in its weird and irresistible fascination. Whoever heard the words, "Du bist die Hexe Lorelei," with that wild-hunt accompaniment, will never forget the spirit which breathes throughout this ballad. As the most poetical songs of that song-cycle I should like to mention "Frühlingsnacht," "In der Fremde," and "Mondnacht." As a whole this cycle does not reach the height of the "Dichterliebe," since it lacks the continuity and connection which is such an essential feature in the "Dichterliebe," and in the third of Schumann's song-cycles, known as "Frauenlieb und Leben," op. 42.

This latter collection of poems is from the pen of Adalbert von Chamisso (born Jan. 30, 1781, in the castle of Boncourt; died in Berlin Aug. 21, 1838). The works of this poet were not quite as sympathetic to Schumann as Heine's or Eichendorff's, but he found in them a feature which strongly appealed to him

and, as it seemed, demanded and waited for his musical illustration. No composer before or after Schumann had so strongly penetrated into that side of human character, which ordinarily men are not so capable of understanding, the intensity and endurance of a true and pure woman's love. Wedded to the object of his longing, yearning and his tender affection, he had in Clara Wieck a living example of the noble, sterling and thoroughly womanly qualities which poet and composer immortalized in that song-cycle, "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen," is probably the most popular number of that collection, but all of them are musically very interesting and offer as a particularly charming feature the short instrumental Coda, which summarizes all that has gone before and gives these little poems a master touch.

Besides the song-cycles "Dichterliebe," "Liederkreis," op 39, and "Frauenlieb und Leben," which must be considered as the most important of that kind, Schumann composed some smaller song-cycles to poems of Heine; Justinus Kerner (born Sept. 18, 1786, in Ludwigsburg; died in Weinsberg Feb. 21, 1862), whose nature bears very much resemblance to that of Schumann; to Frederick Rückert's (born May 16, 1788, in Schweinfurt; died in Coburg Jan. 31, 1866) "Liebesfruehling," etc., etc., all of them belonging to that period in Schumann's life which comprises the op. 24-37.

In following the history of the lyric-romantic song to the present time it is but gratifying to find that this art form has invited the almost exclusive attention of Robert Franz, and in a lesser degree that of Johannes Brahms, Anton Rubinstein, Adolf Jensen, Edward Grieg, and other prominent authors of the present generation. Many highly interesting and original contributions to the literature of song were made by those tone poets, and the fact that they have become favorites of artists and music lovers speaks for their high artistic value. Schumann's song-cycles, in particular "Dichterliebe," "Liederkreis," op. 39, and "Frauenlieb und Leben," however, will always occupy a most unique position in musical literature, because they are strongly identified with the extremely subjective and lyric-romantic nature of their creator, the immortal tone poet, Robert Schumann.

Chicago, Feb. 18, 1897.

MUSIC IN SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

BY PAULINE JENNINGS.

To Syracuse University belongs the honor of having been the first American college or university to establish a College of Fine Arts co-ordinate with its College of Liberal Arts. This College of Fine Arts, the first institution of its kind in America, remains in some respects unique. The method of equating the study of art with the other elements of a liberal education, has been distinctly different in Syracuse from that of other colleges, since neither in its practical or theoretical branches has any fine art been incorporated into the curriculum of the College of Liberal Arts as an elective. But by a very completely organized course of study in the College of Fine Arts, leading to a liberal education in connection with an education in the arts, and comprising, besides four years of practical work in the art chosen, thorough study in esthetics, the history of the arts, languages, history, and literature, the degree conferred by that college is made equal in length and rigor of study with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Music is an elective only in the course in Belles Lettres, which was recently established in the Fine Arts College, the remainder of the course being literary. Syracuse was the pioneer in being the first American college to require a four years' course of study in music, and a four years' course in theory. The text-book used since its first English edition is Dr. Percy Goetschius' "Materials of Musical Composition," and the study is supplemented by the use of the valuable Bussler-Cornell treatise on "Musical Form." But the pride in our alma mater which is felt by every loyal Syracusan, is not merely in virtue of her priority in securing a fuller recognition of the rank of art as an educational factor in the American college. Our satisfaction is founded rather on the effectual work she has done, and is today accomplishing. When in 1877 the course of musical study was laid out on a four years' plan, including several years of preparatory work, by the learned Dr. George F. Comfort, first dean of the College of Fine Arts, utter failure was predicted by many educators, who declared America too "stern and

rock-bound a coast" for so deeply rooting the art plant. The soil was too untilled, such cultivation as existed was too surface-wise, and the American student (at least when toiling on his native heath) too little given to genuine study of the underlying principles of his art, said the great objector, who, since time began, has not failed to put himself in evidence at the critical moment. Greek roots, said he likewise, might properly be munched in college as a staple food; chord roots, however well assimilated, produced a less vigorous mental muscle. This was twenty years ago. Today the College of Fine Arts numbers nearly five hundred and fifty students, the majority of whom are pursuing musical studies, though all are not working for a degree. The faculty comprises eighteen very efficient members, eleven of whom are teachers of music.

The aim is to make musicians, not virtuosi, and to this end the course is rich in studies helpful in fostering and maturing musical intelligence, and a grasp of the scope, history, and domain of the art, its language and structure, and its relations to general culture. The related literary subjects prescribed in the musical course are French, German, and Italian, Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern History, History of the Fine Arts, and Elocution. The theory work includes Chord Formation, Melodies, Modulation, Inharmonics, Figuration, Homophonic and Polyphonic Forms, the Higher Forms, and some study of free composition in case the student shows special aptitude. Ensemble practice is required during the last year, and the advantage of orchestral accompaniment is given to students sufficiently advanced. One year's course of lectures on Musical History is also required, and an additional year's lectures on Esthetics. The latter course was introduced by Dr. Comfort, who had given in 1865 in Alleghany College the first lectures on Esthetics given in an American university, and who became, on his removal to Syracuse, the animating spirit of the new College of Fine Arts. The piano is adopted as the basis of study, though students specializing in voice or organ may discontinue it after the sophomore year. Piano students are required to study the voice for one year, and to take part in the choral classes. Weekly recitals are given by the faculty and students, as well as frequent concerts; a society for special musical study (The Euterpe) has done much good by uniting into common fellowship many a musical atom slow to enter

into combination. For music, as Comte would have it, is pre-eminently a social art. One of the chief factors in the musico-mental development of the student is found in the access afforded by the college to a most comprehensive library of current art literature. A club Art Reading Room and Library in Crouse College is open to students, where are seventy, or more, magazines, coming from all countries where the Fine Arts find expression. The Beethoven Trio Club, comprising members of the faculty, several series of subscription concerts which have from time to time been given under the auspices of the Euterpe Society, piano recitals, and an exceptionally fine series of organ recitals usually given each season by Dr. George Parker on the Roosevelt organ in Crouse Hall (an organ scarcely surpassed in perfection in America), these are the principal factors in the local musical activities.

The Faculty has contained such eminent names as Dr. Percy Goetschius, and the late Dr. William H. Schultze. It now includes among its fine instructors Mr. William Berwald, composer and pianist; Mr. Conrad Becker, a violinist, who, though he has not yet been often heard in the larger cities, seems likely to attain the very highest things by virtue of most musicianly attainments, and Miss Unni Lund, pupil of Mme. Edvard Grieg, and vocalist of potent musical personality, because so charming. But there are three names which stand out with special prominence in the development of Syracuse as an art center. I refer to Dr. George F. Comfort, whose brain-child is the Fine Arts College; Dr. Wm. H. Schultze, whose fine influence was active in the early struggle for existence, and Dr. George A. Parker, who for fifteen years has quietly and steadily, but most persistently, elevated the standard of work in music, and to whom, more than to any other, is due the high plane excellence attained. Dr. Parker's rank as one of the leading organists of America is too well known to need emphasis, and by all his pupils, of whom I had the honor to be one, he is regarded as a teacher sure to develop to sincere musical expression whatever of earnestness and force is in the pupil. He is a progressive teacher, too, not the victim of one cast-iron method, but hospitable to new ideas, and in the van of progress in pianoforte pedagogy. His pupils differ in many things, but unite in placing him among the first few names in the lists (now so prevalent) of "Best Music Masters

in America." And this feeling is by no means limited to his pupils. Any sketch of Syracuse, however fragmentary, would be incomplete without tribute to Dr. Schultze, whose life was one of wonderful beauty and usefulness. Acknowledged as one of the first violinists of his day, he came to this country in 1848, as leading violinist of the Germania orchestra; he played in thirty-six concerts with Jenny Lind and Sontag; was afterwards first violinist of the Mendelssohn Quintette club, and at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1869, in company with Ole Bull, Carl Rosa and Meisel, he led the 200 first violins. In 1877 he was called to the Musical Directorship of Syracuse University, and from that time until his death in 1888 the best energies of his highly endowed personality were given to the upbuilding of the college. But the permanent distinction gained by the College of Fine Arts is, after all, the reward of the untiring labors, in season and out of season, of Dr. Comfort, since his was the brain to devise, organize, and develop the institution. In her success he sees realized the hopes of half a lifetime. The history of Dr. Comfort's valuable services to esthetic education, as well as of his profound scholarship and many attainments in philology and languages, is found written in any encyclopedia. But the unwritten history of his influence, found in the minds he has enriched and widened by his broad horizon and lofty view-point, is perhaps not less important. "It takes a great deal of life to make a little art," said Alfred de Musset. This is true in several senses. True as to the many lives tributary to the one which brings to expression an art-idea; true as to the vitality given out by teacher to pupil, and true as to the immense consumption of life force in the creation or re-creation of a work of the imagination. But as art is mostly valuable as an expression of life—its manifestations colored by the inmost, essential personality of the artist—that worker who brings to his art the most highly developed mentality, and the purest spirituality, expresses most, because he is most. Syracusans are wont to claim that the College of Fine Arts, while training the student's power of musical expression, endeavors in special measure to so develop the mental and esthetic nature, that that personality which seeks music as its means of expression may be in itself of ever greater and greater value. For, as Emerson has said, "Each individual soul is such in virtue of its being a power to translate the world into some particular language of its own."

POPULAR CRADLE SONGS.

BY E. DE SCHOULTZ-ADIEWSKY.

In a study upon the dance airs of Morbihan* I have pointed out that rhythm is, so to say, the touchstone of the temperament of a race, a people, a popular group. If rhythm, thus considered as the ethnological document par excellence, is curious for study in the dance melodies of nations, it appears to me by no means devoid of interest to examine their cradle songs from the same point of view; after having investigated the rhythms which cause them to dance, to study those which put them to sleep.

Dance melodies, cradle songs; here we have two musical manifestations of the popular genius, which arrange themselves as if at the opposite poles of the spirit. The first, intense affirmation of life; the second, a quasi negation. The one destined to stimulate all the vital faculties; the other to suspend them. The one, to excite the muscular and nervous forces of man; the other, on the contrary, intended to interrupt these functions, to reduce them to inaction. In a word, to calm the moral and the physical natures.

The first question which raises itself naturally would be this: If the people employ for their dances different rhythms according to the demands of their peculiar temperament, is the same phenomenon also manifested in the melodies invented for soothing their infants? Do they have their different manners of acting upon the sentiment of the child in the cradle, or, better, do we not find, on the contrary, among all nations a similarity of processes? Is there among the cradle songs of all countries an individual air peculiar to some one race or family? If there are a thousand manners of dancing it is not necessary to have more than one way of sleeping, and if the dance by its essence

*Melusina, *Review of Popular Mythology, Popular Literature, Traditions and Usages*, by H. Gaidow, Paris. 2. *Airs de Danse du Morbihan, de la Collection Mahe, analysées au point de view vue de l'Element Rhythmique.*"

admits, nay requires, a diversity of rhythms, the cradle song seems destined to rhythmical uniformity.

Practically, art-music, inspiring itself at the popular source from which it was born, appears already to have resolved this question in adopting for the musical form of cradle songs a type of meter: the binary division, in double measure, be it in aspect simple of 2-4 or in binary measure composed of 6-8. Nevertheless such a scientific answer could not be definitely given until after a comparative analysis of cradle songs of all peoples from which we possess representatives, and the materials for this never having been collected the solution of the question is necessarily adjourned.

The task which I am here proposing is something much more modest. It limits itself to a comparative analysis of certain melodies taken from my collection, which is far from complete. And so profiting by the occasion which is graciously offered me by "*La Revista Musicale Italiana*" I would request well-disposed readers whose eyes fall upon these pages to send me copies of such popular cradle songs as they happen to know, and I beg to assure them in advance of my thanks for the aid given in my studies.

The musical analysis which I propose to make undertakes to demonstrate that certain melodic and rhythmic elements compose the cradle songs in question, although taken from the midst of diverse ethnologies. It is a species of musical anatomy which I propose to apply. The following, according to my idea, are the principal traits of the melody, rhythm and architecture which we have to examine:

A. Principal Characteristic Traits of the Tonal Forms (Melody).

1. Tonality, major or minor, arian scale, semitic-oriental scale, Chinese (Scotch). Presence or absence of the leading tone.
2. Unimodality or polymodality of the melody (the totality unitary or mixed).
3. Melodic progression, by intervals conjoint or disjoint.
4. Melodic design, simple or ornate, with fioritures, turns, appoggiaturas, trills, altered notes, etc.
5. Melodic compass.
6. Final cadence, third or tonic pure; fall of interval of a fourth, etc.

7. Descending or ascending character of the melody, or stable character, pivoting itself, so to say, upon one single note.

B. Principal Characteristic Traits of the Rhythm.

1. Use of binary measures, ternary, pæanic (of 5 times) or hemioles (of 7 times), etc.

2. Monorhythmic or polyrhythmic, a single form of measure or mixed varieties of measure.

C. Principal Characteristic Traits in the Domain of Structure.

1. Period regular or non-regular, symmetrical or non-symmetrical.

2. Parallelism of phrases, or non-parallelism.

3. Structure simple or mixed (1 phrase, 2 phrases, 3 phrases, etc.).

4. Airs with phrases intercalated, or without such phrases.

* * *

Aside from these principal traits there are certain intimate details which merit the attention of the musical-folklorist. These are:

1. The initial measure. 2. The final measure.

In the article already cited I have pointed out that the initial measure is important in its title of the "generatrix measure," which determines, through the rhythmic motive it contains, the derived phrases and the subordinate parts of the melody. This is not all: The first measure, or better, the manner of entering into the matter, if I may say so, is characteristic of the temperament of a people; more than this it is intimately allied to the genius of its language. According as this belongs to the languages which have an accent upon the first syllable, the first measure of the cradle song will have an accent or a non-accent in a majority of cases. One can easily convince himself of this for example in the popular melodies of the Hungarians, Finns and Esthoniens.

Prosody and syntax exercise an influence in their turn upon the commencement of melodies, from the standpoint of the rhythm. Thus melodies ought to be grouped, according to their beginning, into two principal families: melodies beginning with an up beat and melodies beginning with an accent.

To which one of these two families do the popular cradle songs appertain? Will their initial measure be influenced by the genius of the language and by the particular popular tem-

perament? This is the point which the analysis ought to develop.

Similar observations ought to apply to final measures, as it is of particular importance under the relations of ethnical character, the final impression being determined by that.

In effect every one perceives the difference between a verse terminated by a masculine syllable (accented) or a feminine or non-accented. Now in music also there are final measures, male or female. Their usage is very different in the popular melodies, and influences considerably the expressive character and ethnic qualities of the music. According as masculine or feminine terminations prevail will the music have a character of energy or of sweetness.

It is then not superfluous to examine the final measure of the popular cradle song from the point of view of its metrical conformation; to establish, in a word, whether the instinct of the people asserts a preference for complete measure (feminine) or incomplete (masculine).

But above all it is at the tonal point of view that the final measure preponderates over that of beginning. It is practically indifferent, one might say, upon what tone a melody begins. It is the last note which is decisive. I do not speak of the mechanical and material function of fixing the tonality of a piece. It is above all the influence upon our sentiment which I would call to your attention. Observe a melody which finishes upon the fundamental tone, the tonic; it leaves upon you an impression of perfect, absolute repose, and it is this which I would designate by the name of perfect cadence. Observe a melody which terminates upon a third, and you will have an impression of a vague ending. Finally, a cadence upon the fifth, or upon the dominant, in place of satisfying the need of repose, suggests the need of continuation; it is the epic cadence par excellence, invented for maintaining the attention of the hearer and of keeping him in watch for the return of the tonic, and therein the satisfaction of the ear. Because, as every one knows, the tonic is the expression of repose, just as the dominant is the expression of motion. It will therefore not be without use to show what tone is preferred as final in popular cradle songs.

If I speak of utility it is not purely upon the technical and artistic side that I would speak, nor of a question of simple

musical taste. Cradle songs, and this is the principal point to which I would come, offer an especial attraction in still another order of ideas, that of the influence of melody and rhythm upon the human organism.

It is to touch the question of the day, a question actually of very high interest since modern science has taken it up and a new science even now emerges above the horizon; medicinal music, hygienic music. "Wherein," some one will ask, "should popular cradle songs be able to throw any especial light upon this question?"

In two principal ways, as it appears to me. In the first place, on account of the particular elements of rhythm and melody tonality which one has occasion to study; and, finally, because since they have been composed and exercised upon infants in the cradle, they represent a subject of experiment not yet corrupted.

The calming properties of the cradle song; behold elements which render it worthy of all attention from those who are inclined to rank music in the number of remedies, and are endeavoring to effect a rational application of it toward assuaging human sufferings. At the present time is it advisable, even necessary, to inquire carefully into the calming elements of music, and where will we find them if not in the cradle songs, taking those only which answer to their natural mission, their intention?

* * *

Here also it is necessary to return to the beginnings. I request permission to make a digression, to open a parenthesis. The new science in question, hygienic or medicinal music, is far from being a new science; on the contrary, it is very ancient. The ancient Greeks, whom we find at the bottom of every science in proportion in which we master its details, as I have before signified to the great master of Slav philology—Miklosich—the ancient Greeks, I say, knew of it and studied it. Plutarch, we know, who has written of the influence of music upon a young man excited almost to frenzy by the Phrygian tonality, but was entirely calmed by the Dorian tonality. This was an experiment in music medicinally applied.

In the one case the sounds exercised a toxic influence; in the other they calmed. Thus the property of rhythm of acting upon the physical and psychical state of man was far from

being a mystery to the Greeks. Did they not reason upon these observations? Their hymns of triumph and their elegies, their threnoides and their dythyrambs, their erotic and their martial songs, are these not all part of a treatise concerning psychology in action?

If the women of the ancient Hellenes chanted cradle songs, (and they did chant them, since the "Eia poppeia" of the Germans came to them from ancient Greece), these Greek cradle songs would have their special meter adapted to their use without doubt. One might affirm without risk of contradiction that the new musical science of using music in curative and medicinal applications had been initiated by the ancients, as also it is true that they have preceded us in attempting a musical ethnology. For the names of tonalities, the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, given to the modes proper to each of these nations, are they anything else if not musical ethnology? Here I close my parenthesis.

* * *

Now if we apply to rhythms the different influences upon our sentiments which the ancients attributed to tonalities, we would be in position to speak of a triple influence upon our feelings, according to the three principal categories of its "ethos." These three categories are:

(a) Stimulative Ethos, or "diastaltic," in the sense of elevation of spirit, dilation of heart, enlargement of all our psychique and physical faculties.

(b) A Calming Ethos, or "heschastic," which maintains the faculties at their just medium, or recalls them in regulating their functions.

(c) An Exciting Ethos, or "systaltic," which augments or diminishes in a twofold sense the faculties of the spirit, restraining the nerves, even to prostration of the forces, and tears, nervous cries, etc., or in irritating them to madness.

It would be difficult to establish a fourth category. All that would be possible would be to divide the third ethos into two grades according to the compass of its action.

As one would naturally suppose, the cradle songs appertain to the middle category of these groups, the ethos "hesichastic" or calming, their mission being to provoke or engender sleep—the state of calm par excellence. And we would expect to find in the popular cradle song all the rhythmic and metric elements

proper to produce this effect. It is in the cradle song that is condensed everything which has been learned concerning the influence of music to calm and quiet.

Before undertaking the proposed analysis and presenting the reader the melodies in my collection, there is still one question to be asked. It is this: Who invented cradle songs? That is to say, who was it who first invented cradle songs, melodies intended to put a child to sleep?

All the world will answer this question: The mother. And what is more natural? It is easy to figure the manner in which this form of composition has entered the world. Wherever there is a mother and a child there also is a cradle; perhaps her own arms, perhaps a mantle suspended at the door of the tent, or hung upon a swinging bough; a cradle oscillating upon its rockers—always and everywhere the movement is the same. And always and everywhere a little cantilena, improvised upon this simple metric basis, the motion of the cradle. Upon this foundation women since the world began have embroidered an endless novelty of charming airs, all simple in rhythm and tonality, all alike inspired by a mother's love and by an affectionate noting of the sleep-producing influence of repetition and monotony.

This musical form which has inspired so many great masters has always at its foundation the cradle. And without this elementary idea, improvised, we would never have had the Berceuse of Chopin, nor that of Weber, nor yet that of Schumann—all tender, naive, and adorable in their simplicity and charm. How many composers have made their fame by a cradle song? Think of the Hungarian violinist, Miska Hauser, to name no one but him. And who is the man composer who has never been tempted to assay this form so eminently due to the invention of woman?

Without doubt the man composers have carried this form to its perfection. But it is also just that we should remember its origin, obscure no doubt, but unmistakable, and give honor to woman, who gave origin to the form. In this light what a queer paradox appears the saying of the illustrious Russian master, that "Never has woman been able to create a true berceuse or a true love-duet," Rubinstein. It is not germane to my intention to stop to discuss this point. Enough that while crediting man with having invented and brought

to perfection many forms of music, it has at least been left to woman to distinguish herself unmistakably in at least one form—that of music, which has for its sole use to put the hearer to sleep.

ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN POPULAR CRADLE SONGS FROM
THE STANDPOINT OF MELODY, RHYTHM AND
STRUCTURE.

The first melodies which I shall offer from my collection appear to present the cradle song in its most primitive form. They are generally without words, and rank themselves, so to say, upon the first round of the ladder of organic development of melodies of this kind. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, they throw much light upon the fundamental questions of psychology, physiology and musical ethos, such as I have mentioned above.

I begin with an Italian cradle song (Ninna-nanna) sung by a nurse at Belluno.



This melody which I took down from the lips of a nurse at Belluno, is composed of only one single phrase, repeated over and over *ad infinitum*, in the compass of a sixth. Observe that the melody is made up of four repetitions of a single motive, transposed one degree lower and lower, as it descends towards the tonic. In the language of music, it is a "sequence." The nurse assured me that the child went to sleep very quickly whenever she sang this little air. The following are the principal traits of the cradle song:

MELODY.

1. Major tonality, with leading tone. (See note farther on upon this point.)
2. Unimodal tonality.
3. Melodic progression by conjunct degrees, grouping around the same note.
4. Simple melodic design with ornamental rhythm. (See asterisk.)

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5. Final cadence by comparison upon this point.)

6. Melodic design described and considered by the analyst. This is the source of the cadence.

1. Regular binary form.

2. Uniform meter.

1. Regular period for completing it. Repeated. Perhaps consisting of a series of complementary phrases.

2. In the abstract.

3. Structure.

As to pattern: an up beat.

"I sometimes



microscopic
a notation
in question
use of the

And when we speak of simplicity I know not but we ought to give the crown to this melody. The vowel served as text, and the melody itself revolves entirely upon the two tones, sol la. In three measures out of four there are no changes. It is a monotonous pivotment around the single tone C. But, taking all things together, we must regard this melody as a true berceuse, having in it all the soporific elements, and I have no doubt that it would put one to sleep with as much certainty as the most distinguished member of my collection.

But, for there is a "but," the final measure awakens our attention. Is it in this way that a cradle song ought to terminate? Is it possible that this La can be taken as tone of repose? Why does it not rather awaken than gently subside to slumber? I have been inclined to imagine that my distinguished friend must have noted a fragment of the cradle song only, without perceiving that somewhere later on there was a true close, given from time to time at pleasure of the singer. This would not be impossible.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that the notation is right, and that the cradle song is in one of the ancient minor modes, so well preserved among the Slav peoples, in which the note la is in fact the true tonic of the melody, and therefore the tone of complete repose. 'The scale of this melody is therefore Do-mi-sol-la.

Taking this view of it we might regard it as a Dorian melody transposed, in which case its true writing might be thus:



Harmonized as above its true character comes out.

* * *

I continue the series of "the infinitely little" microscopic cradle songs. The two following, nevertheless, show a notable progress both in regular period structure and in question and answer which naturally follows the poetic sense of the text.

SLAV BERCEUSE, SUNG BY JOSEPHA BOROWSKA.

a)



A - a, lu - lu, lu - lu siu, mój ma lut - ki Sla - vu - siu;



jak Sea - wu - sio nie pla - cze, jak się wy - spi, to ska - cze.

Translation: "Aalusiu, my little Slavus, if Slavs do not weep, then after having gone to sleep we will wake up merrily."

SLAV CRADLE SONG, SUNG BY THE SAME.

b) *Andantino.*



A - a Kot - ki - dwa, Sza - re, bu - re o - by - dwa;



jo - den du - ry, dru - gi ma - ly o - ba mi się po - do - ba - ly.

* Note.—The preceding slightly modified in the third phrase.

WILLARD PATTEN AND HIS ORATORIO "ISAIAH."

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

January twenty-seventh, 1897, was a gala night at the Metropolitan opera house in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the occasion being the first production of a new oratorio by a prominent musician of the city. The house was full, the audience fine-looking, an orchestra of fair proportions occupied the orchestral enclosure, upon the stage was a very good chorus of about one hundred and twenty voices, and there were four solo artists of more than ordinary excellence, two of whom had come about fifteen hundred miles in order to fill this engagement, while the other two had come from Chicago, towards five hundred miles.

And here in the enterprising city of the northwest everything was ready for the trial of the Minneapolis composer upon the charge of having composed a large musical work of real worth. Upon this point it may as well be said at once the verdict was more than favorable, for as the work progressed new beauties appeared with almost every number, and at the close the composer was called out again and again.

Mr. Willard Patten is in some sense a self-made composer. Born in Maine, near Bangor, he had his early education from local teachers; and then when his fine voice and his unusual ability in music began to attract attention, he studied now and again in Boston. He came to Minneapolis some years ago and has occupied a distinguished place as singer and teacher of the voice. Mr. Patten is one of those curious products of Maine which seem to the stranger to set at defiance the laws of heredity and environment. Born in a cold and rather repressed country, his temperament is emotional, sensitive, and very musical. To learn harmony and counterpoint in the usual manner he has found it in vain to attempt. Given exercises to write, his lack of interest and his total unhandiness is his own despair no less than that of the teacher. But

given a text to set to music, and his instincts at once direct him to the choice of harmonies which are strong, melodies which sing, and a general handling of the music in the closest degree illustrative of the spirit of the poetry. A musician born, not made.

Mr. Patten's oratorio of "Isaiah" is founded upon texts selected from the prophecies, the selection being in no true sense



MR. WILLARD PATTEN.

dramatic, but determined by the musical possibilities of the texts themselves, while the putting together has been determined mainly by the need of contrast and variety of tone color, poetic color.

The first part of the work contains practically four choruses: "Hear the Word of the Lord, Ye Rulers," "The Lord Sent a Word Unto Jacob," "Who Is This That Cometh from Eden?"

and "Oh Lord, Why Hast Thou Made Us to Err," and the final and very brilliant chorus, "The Lord Shall Cause His Glorious Voice to Be Heard." The first chorus is in A minor, the tenors opening with a melodic phrase of four measures, which the basses immediately repeat in the dominant. Then the altos take it up at the same pitch as the tenors in the beginning



MR. ARTHUR BERESFORD.

while the bass and tenors have contrapuntal accompaniment, after which the sopranos have it in the octave, with certain accessory matter in the other parts. The rhythm is march-like, and the melodic idea not very important. The effect is pleasing rather than commanding. The music does not quite answer to the text. Then, after a little digression, the male voices divided into four parts have the original subject, but now in the key of C, and presently a well-made closing passage, bringing to a fine climax, and so the end.

The second chorus is shorter and not so elaborate, although it opens in fugal style, but with the answers upon intervals unusual, the first answer, for example, being in the subdominant instead of the dominant. After the first idea, "The Lord Sent a Word Unto Jacob," there is a middle part upon the text, "And what will ye do in the day of visitation," in which all the voices move together, and quite agreeably so. Later the fugue returns, and the end is immediately reached without a complete close, the soprano remaining upon the fifth, and this



MRS. FLORENCE DUNTON-WOOD.
(Photograph by Elmer Chickering,
Boston.)

line of the staff. Evidently this chorus was not expected to do more than relieve the attention and carry along the idea gently.

The third chorus, or series of choruses (for it is not easy to determine which one should call it) consists first of an orchestral prelude, and then the question, "Who Is This That Cometh from Eden," unison at first, then parts, the whole only twelve measures. Again a single phrase of recitative ("I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save"), and the chorus now in C major to the same subject, as before, pursues the inquiry: "Wherefore art thou red in

thy apparel?" ten measures. This leads to a very strong recitative of the prophet, "I have trodden the wine press alone," and this again immediately into another chorus, or the same chorus continued: "O Lord, why hast Thou made us to err from Thy ways?" eighteen measures, very well done indeed. Again the prophet, "The day of vengeance is in my heart," after which there is an accompanied quartette, "I Will Mention the Loving Kindness of the Lord."

The final chorus of this part is very strong: "The Lord Shall

Cause His Glorious Voice to be Heard," which goes on in strong choral movement, a little in the manner of Mendelssohn in "Oh, Great Is the Depth," in "St. Paul." This leads to the very strong text, "With indignation of His anger, with thunder and earthquake, with storm and tempest and great noise"—the very obvious dramatic suggestions are utilized in the vocal parts, but perhaps not so fully realized in the orchestral accompaniment as a more experienced composer would have done. The middle piece of this chorus is of a rather



MR. FREDERICK W. CARBERRY.

ornate character, the fugal subject upon the words, "And the flame of a devouring fire," containing running divisions, or roulades, of several tones to a syllable, such as we find in Haendel. After this rather exciting episode there is a quieter passage upon the words "Turn ye unto Him," which leads to the return of the principal subject, "The Lord shall cause His glorious voice to be heard," and this, with the accessory touches of "flame" and "thunder" and "earthquake," brings the movement to an effective close.

In the second part the choral work begins with a piece in

minor mode, "The Earth Mourneth," which is treated with great care and no little effect, and later on gives place to a rather stirring sequence upon the words, "Now Will I Arise," this in turn giving place to a full choral treatment of the same text in flowing movement of six-four measure. The minor mode returns, for this middle part has been in the major key of F, and the mournful incidents occupy attention, but now in a more fugal style. There is no little variety in this chorus, and many who heard it regarded it as the best of the second part. I am not sure that I agree with this opinion, the want of structural unity, either within the individual parts or within the chorus as a whole, seeming to me to deprive it of much of the effect that a fuller treatment would have had.

The second chorus of this part is upon the words "And the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," where again we come upon the Handelian running figures and a somewhat extended carrying out of the fugal idea. At the end a very good climax is worked up, and there is good chance of effect for the voices, which upon this occasion was fully availed of.

The chorus "For in the wilderness waters shall break out," is perhaps the most musical in the entire work. Technically speaking, it is nearly a part-song in three strophes, and a very good piece of work it is, and well worth singing either in church or concert, especially if in the latter case the solo immediately preceding be taken in connection with it.

The final chorus of the work "They shall obtain joy and gladness" is upon an excellent melodic idea, and it is well worked up in the parts, and, at last, by aid of the refrain, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away," brings the work to a very satisfactory ending.

The solo numbers of the work consist of tenor, baritone, alto and soprano numbers and two quartets. Of these the part of the bass or baritone is integral, and stands in the position of narrator, to use the old German name for it. Most of it is in recitative, and it is to Mr. Patten's credit to say that this difficult part of the work has been handled extremely well, both from the standpoint of dramatic and poetic propriety, as well as from that of vocal effect. Indeed, Mr. Beresford, who took the role of the prophet, spoke to me in warmest terms of the vocal writing, not alone in his own role, but in all the parts.

He considered that both in this and in genuine melodic invention Mr. Patten had succeeded where very many composers fail.

There are some parts of the prophet's music where I am not in full sympathy with the composer. For example, to begin at the end, the last solo of the prophet is upon the text "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast go up thereon" and "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, etc." Now the first part of this turns upon the ravenous beasts, lions, etc., and many a strange orchestral quadruped emerges from the jungle as we pass along. I am not in sympathy with the managerie idea, nor do I care for so much emphasis upon the ravenous beasts. But the second part of the aria is a pure melody, affording the singer plenty of opportunity and the audience genuine delight.

To pass at once back again to the early parts of the work, the first recitative, "Bring no more vain oblations," is extremely well done, and this and the one before mentioned are the two great opportunities for the prophet. The soprano has two arias, "Cry aloud, spare not," in the first part, and "And a highway shall be there," the latter leading to the air of the prophet already mentioned. This is a very beautiful song, and might well have a large use in church. The first solo of the soprano suffers from one of those accidents which young composers are liable to encounter. It begins with the text, "Cry aloud, spare not," and the vocal part is written sufficiently high to produce an effect, but the prelude is given almost entirely by the trumpets and other brass, so that when the voice enters and the accompaniment is subdued to the demands of the voice the effect of the incisive tone of the brass in the prelude is to minify the voice very much, so that it is not until quite a bit later that the voice begins to produce its proper effect. All this will be changed by reinstrumenting the accompaniment. After a rather dramatic treatment of this text, in the course of which some effective interludes of trumpet calls relieve the voice, the song takes a turn at the words "Then shall thy light break forth into morning," which is written in a 12-8 measure in tempo perhaps a trifle too much like a waltz song. The effect naturally is charming, particularly as the female voice has some of its most effective cadences. Towards the end the original text returns, "Cry aloud," and it is carried up to quite a climax.

Equally excellent with the soprano songs are those of tenor, the first being "For the day of the Lord of Hosts" and "Strengthen ye the weak knees," the latter a very beautiful and noble song, particularly in the main subject. The middle part of this song (in the key of C) is in the key of G, and the tenor has the extremely difficult task of coming in upon D as a forenote to G, immediately after a cadence in the key of C upon the chord of C. This might easily have been avoided by allowing the tenor to begin with G, which would have been about as well and the intonation perfectly easy. This middle part, which is upon the text "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened," is not so good as the rest. The text is trying, and any attempt to place it to music inevitably brings up Handel's music to the same text, not so much because Handel reached any particularly strong moment in his setting, but rather because we are so familiar with it. Nevertheless when this is done and the singer does back to the first subject in the da capo the effect is most charming, and it seems necessary to retain this unpromising middle part for the sake of gaining an excuse for repeating the first part, which now seems of redoubled beauty.

The contralto has two songs, both also excellent. The first is to the familiar text, so often set to music, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," and the melody, good in itself, is well laid for the alto voice, and the piece is well adapted to church use. The second one is "The Lord will comfort Zion," with a middle part "Joy and gladness shall be found therein." The melodies are very vocal, the music in harmony with the text, and the whole makes a very valuable addition to the repertory of the contralto.

We have now gone in detail over the solo work excepting two quartets. That in the first part is very good; the one in the last part is upon the words "In the habitation of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes." The composer seems to have taken the latter elements somewhat too seriously and with results which are only in part successful. There are also two or three orchestral numbers, a short introduction, an introduction to the second part, and a short interlude called "Tumult" in the first part, immediately preceding the chorus "And the Lord shall cause his glorious voice to shine." On the whole, these parts are only imperfectly suc-

cessful. The thematic work is not sufficient, and the coloring is crude and in places bad. All of which has to be charged to want of opportunity of hearing them, and to inexperience and lack of technique.

From the foregoing detailed notice of the work in its parts it will be seen that Mr. Patten has performed a serious undertaking and has succeeded remarkably well for a first effort or for an effort anywhere near the first in larger forms. Many of the crudities of the work can be easily removed and other passages put in their place. "Isaiah" deserves to go upon the list of honorable undertaking by American composers, the list of which is growing now at a rapid rate.

On this occasion the role of the Prophet was taken by Mr. Arthur Beresford of Boston, the possessor of a noble voice and a broad and dignified style. The strongly conceived recitatives of his role he delivered splendidly, and much of the success of this first performance was due to his exceptional qualifications. The soprano, Mrs. Dunton-West, showed a superior voice of clear and agreeable timbre and good interpretative qualities. The contralto role was sung by Mrs. May Pheonix Cameron of Chicago, and sung with most agreeable smoothness and sympathy, but perhaps with too little dramatic intensity. The tenor, Mr. Carberry, also a Chicago artist, pleased very much indeed in all his numbers. His voice is of exceptional purity and quality, and his delivery artistic and intelligent. It is gratifying to note that his engagements in oratorio and concert are numerous and constantly increasing in importance.

I have rarely or never heard better sopranos and altos than in the choir on this occasion. The tone was clear, sweet and thoroughly musical. The altos were numerous enough and competent enough to bring out their part in fugal leads—something which often fails in Chicago performances, even in celebrated cases. The tenor was good and the bass above the average. All this comes back to the credit of Mr. Patten, for I am told that the material in the choir was of unusual excellence, many solo singers having come into it out of regard to the occasion and the composer, which is creditable to all concerned.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

Conditions are nearly or quite ripe in some of the larger cities of this country (besides Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh) for the inauguration and maintenance of sustained musical efforts of the higher class. I was struck with this idea on attending a meeting of the Ladies' Thursday Musicales in Minneapolis, Minn., not long ago. The club consists of about four hundred and eighty ladies, classified as active and associate members, and on the occasion when I was there all the members seemed to be present, to judge from the crowded chamber of the St. Mark's Guild. Now, a public of about five hundred intelligent and enthusiastic women, devoted to the art of music in its higher aspects, coming together once a fortnight for its study, forms a public not to be despised. The world has been overturned many and many a time within the past three thousand years through the active assistance of a much smaller number of women.

The musical performances of the club consist of four-hand piano readings of classical overtures and symphonies, occasional pianoforte solos, songs, and the like. The programs are arranged to follow a line of thought, and in the course of three or four years of activity a great deal of musical education is followed. Now, to me a four-hand reading of an overture is distinctly better than nothing, supposing I am a young student desiring to know what some of the celebrated pieces of music sound like. But it is not at all the same as an orchestral reading. Almost invariably in a four-hand performance the themes are not very well brought out, and the music takes on too much the character of trying to keep up with itself in the allegro passages, and to wait for itself in the slow ones. Thus a mechanical impression is made. If the players have been very well taught and are sympathetic and ambitious, they will perhaps manage to secure more of the color effects proper to the score. There are instances where the players have studied up the orchestral score for this purpose.

The great difficulty with all this club study of music ap

pears when they undertake to bring out some of the very celebrated pieces which naturally they have read most about and the enthusiasm concerning which is so contagious. Suppose it is one of the great sonatas of Beethoven, or a great work by Schumann, Chopin, or Bach. The playing members of the club are not able to perform these works with the amplitude and depth necessary for producing their true effect. Hence the listener failing to be materially moved is left in doubt whether his own musical gifts are below par, or the qualities of the alleged master-work overestimated.

It seemed to me, as I watched the performances of this meeting and noted the earnestness of the audience and its intelligence, as if they might just as well concentrate their efforts and encourage the formation and support of an orchestra to give ten or twenty concerts a year for the public generally. There is a small orchestra in Minneapolis, led by Mr. J. Danz, Jr., a violinist of excellent qualities. By adding to this the missing instruments it would be possible to form an orchestra of from thirty to thirty-two players, or perhaps even forty, able to do creditably well any of the smaller symphonies of Beethoven, the classical and modern overtures, and anything, in fact, short of the greatest of the modern works.

The cost of supporting such an orchestra could easily be raised through the co-operation of the members of this club and of other active musical forces in the community. The players would require about four hundred dollars for each concert and its rehearsals. Local expenses would augment the cost to about six hundred dollars, and this could easily be met by a subscription sale of season tickets.

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An attempt of this kind, if brought to a head, meets a very severe obstacle in public criticism, both of the connoisseur and the newspaper writer. It generally starts with the alleged connoisseur who meets a newspaper man and calls his attention to this, that or the other defect in the performance, the traveling Thomas orchestra being taken as a standard, except in the east, where the Boston orchestra takes the place. Perfection is a great thing, but I am not sure but it is as bad to desire too much of it as to desire too little. It goes without saying that a small orchestra, formed of local material in the way I have suggested, cannot consist of the same grade of

material as a great city orchestra. Some of it will be quite as good. Mr. Danz, I believe, was one of the Thomas first violins many years. Nor will the director be able to secure so thorough and complete discipline, nor will the readings be of the same artistic value as those of Mr. Thomas, perhaps. I say perhaps; they might be better, for there was a time when the young Theodore Thomas at the head of his small orchestra in Irving hall and at Central Park garden did exactly this thing—took the "shine" off the celebrated Bergmann and the great Philharmonic orchestra.

The small number of strings and the comparatively recent association of the players with each other and with the conductor will necessarily leave more or less noticeable imperfections in every performance. Some things will be very well done; some not quite so well. But everything will be very much more enjoyable and musically productive than any kind of four-hand pianoforte performances.

And so if I had the management of the affair, supposing I were an attractive and discreet lady, I would give a little supper and ask to it a number of musical people and the newspaper critics, and would talk the matter over with them quite frankly. I would not ask them to forego criticism. To do this would be to discredit the performance in advance. But I would frankly state the difficulties we were having in bringing the playing to a finer quality, and impress upon them the desirability of continuing the enterprise long enough to find out how far it could succeed. What I would ask of the writers would be encouragement in advance and a welcome of the attempt as a good attempt worthy of being made; and if something was very bad let it be pointed out more in sorrow than in anger. I think managing editors and critics would take a kindly view of such an enterprise if it was properly presented to them, and that something of this kind would be quite possible in Minneapolis as things now are. The ladies do not realize their power, bless them!

* * *

There is another form of musical sustained enterprise which would be more in place in such a city as Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and the like—I mean English opera, or opera in English the year around. Still perhaps I am a little in advance of events. Have you ever thought how it happens that in

Boston and Philadelphia they are carrying on opera in English at moderate prices the year around, and sustaining it financially? Boston is the most advanced city musically of all in America. It contains more educated men who love music; more cultivated women who love music; more women of society who compose and who have expensive private concerts before their guests. It has one of the best orchestras in the world—perhaps the best. It has some of the best string quartettes in the world—perhaps also the best (Kneisel). It has the oldest singing society in the country—the Handel and Haydn. It contains a lot of distinguished teachers of singing, a great music school, and the like. And it is in Boston where these music lovers go week after week one night to the opera to hear standard works given by American singers mostly, in their own language. They subscribe for the same seat one night in the week, through the season, or for three months. They have a very flexible system of subscription, about as flexible as that of the dry-goods store where you buy one, two, three or any number of yards any day you like.

Mr. Karleton Hackett worked out this problem for the readers of MUSIC some months ago. His arguments are unanswerable, and his plans very feasible. Boston happened to hit a plan. A theater which was not paying wanted to try something new. A manager who was not placed to his mind wanted to try the opera idea on his own plans. And so Mr. Wolff and the Castle Square owners came together, and three years of success have followed the enterprise. They have lately given "Lohengrin" very well, the papers say. Well or badly, it can hardly have been worse than one of Mapleson's Saturday night performances of this opera with the fifth lyric tenor of the company as the knight of the grail and a fat and played-out Elsa.

In my opinion opera at popular prices has more musical cultivation in it, as well as more musical delight, than any other form of music, symphony concerts not excepted. The symphony appeals to a limited public, and many of the best points pass unnoticed by the majority of hearers. They do not hear the great works often enough. But opera, with its pleasing melodies, its dramatic music, its movement and action—this is something which everyone likes, particularly if it is well done in the language of the hearer. Moreover, to

hear opera frequently, to take it in without stopping to taste it (as The Autocrat used to say of Latin) is one of the most improving exercises to the musical faculties. And there is a great deal more musical cultivation in hearing a fine stock company in standard opera every week than in hearing a great metropolitan fancy cast twice a year.

Opera in New York is at present a matter of stars. It is not a question of music. A great orchestra, some of the most expensive singers, specially "augmented" (as they call it in Europe) for the American market, combine to give casts which look extremely well upon paper and at the box office, and, in fact, are strong casts sometimes. But the whole finally amounts to a very extravagant concert of operatic stars, each seeking to get as much of popular approval as possible for himself. This might go on as long as the box people care to pay the bills. But as a means of artistic cultivation it bears no comparison with the established opera at any small German city, or even with this Castle Square company in Boston.

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Speaking of opera in our own language, I notice that Mr. Murray in this number seems to think that the Castle Square organization is the first to do standard opera in English in this country. Of course I do not need to tell any of the older readers of MUSIC that this is far from being the case. There has been a great deal of seeding and planting, not to mention plowing, before 1850, or at any rate before 1860. Indeed, I find in "One Hundred Years of Music in America" that there was opera in English in New York and Philadelphia in 1793-4, and in 1823 was given John Howard Payne's "Clari; or, the Maid of the Mill," which contained our existing classical ballad, "Home, Sweet Home." It was as long ago as 1855 that the late eminent Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, upon leasing the New York Academy of Music offered a prize of one thousand dollars for a grand opera upon a strictly American subject. In 1854 the Pyne Harrison company gave opera in English. In 1868 the Parepa-Rosa English Opera company played five or six weeks in Chicago, giving the standard repertory, and traveled through the country the remainder of the season until the death of the prima donna in Baltimore. The first tenor of this company was Mr. William Castle, whose repertory has included about eighty operas sung in English. This covered

a professional career extending to twenty or thirty years, the principal prima donnas being Parepa Rosa, Caroline Ritchings Bernard, Emma Abbott, etc. Thus English opera is far from being a new comer, but the Boston experiment is the first in which a regular stock company has been formed and maintained at the same theater for so long a period or anything approaching it. And therein appears its advance over its predecessors.

* * *

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the celebrated pianist, has made a very successful reappearance in this country, playing at New York and with the Chicago orchestra the Rubinstein lovely fourth concerto and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasia. Also in Chicago two recitals comprising two Beethoven sonatas (the "moonlight" and the appassionata) and a varied selection of pieces from Chopin and Liszt with a few by Rubinstein and other writers. In all these she showed the same qualities which formerly distinguished her playing. She has astonishing momentum (force, speed and accent), great brilliancy, very sure technique, thorough acquaintance with the works, and all the usual qualities of intelligence and popular appeal. Her playing was uneven, although highly individual. The pedalling was sometimes careless, and her enthusiasm seemed to run away with her. This was particularly the case in the Rubinstein waltz caprice in E flat, the first part of which she played beautifully; the middle piece in A flat not delicate enough, and the scnorous movement where the left hand carries the melody in octaves, too fast to be clear. Twice she played the Chopin Berceuse to the delight of most of her hearers. She was most satisfactory in the Liszt numbers, the brilliancy and virtucsity of which she particularly emphasized. The poetry of Liszt was not so apparent, although there is always an element of this kind which can be brought out by artists who care to do so.

Mme. Carreno made an astonishing effect upon her audiences, in this respect surpassing all records excepting those of Paderewsky. At Central Music hall her last recital was attended by a full house, and she was compelled to play several additional numbers after the concert was through. Meanwhile the stage and artist's room were crowded by ladies seeking to greet her personally, and the hall remained full of

people who declined to go away as long as there was a chance of hearing more.

As an artist and pianist Mme. Carreno represents a personality and an individuality rather than a well-balanced musically interpretative medium. Her playing is strong on the brilliant side. In force she vies with the strongest man—perhaps surpasses him. Hence her playing is virile in a high degree until you begin to look in it for those subtle traces of intellectual discrimination, such as characterize the playing of every great man pianist. These one rarely finds in her art. Nor on the other hand are the qualities of tenderness and sentiment very apparent. Mme. Carreno represents, therefore, a type of coming woman stronger than man, more forceful, striding over all obstacles, like a man, and not encumbered by those weaknesses of sentiment which sometimes stand between the most talented woman and public success. Just as Paderewsky appealed to his public through the womanly qualities of his art, Mme. Carreno appeals to her own by the manly qualities. Honors being easy, what more is needed than that these two distinguished representatives of the personal element in playing should be placed side by side upon a cloud high up in Olympus, where their world-numerous votaries may view them and, if possible, recall continually the eminent qualities of their art and personality?

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Chicago is enjoying this season an unexampled opulence of concerts of chamber music, and most of them of a quality previously unknown here. The Spiering Quartette continues its work under the auspices of the Clayton F. Summy company. Feb. 9 the program consisted of three numbers:

Schubert Quartette in D minor.....
“Death and the Maiden”
 Schubert Songs: “Margaret at the Spinning
 Wheel”; “Faith in Spring”; “The Counterfeit,”
 and “Hedge Roses”.....Mrs. Jenny Osborn
 Schubert Quintette: Opus 114.....
 Piano, violin, viola, cello and double bass.

It was a Schubert commemoration. The string quartette was very well played indeed; the quintette, with Mr. Arne Oldberg at the piano, went agreeably and musically, but the pianist, although musical and competent, lacked experience in this kind of work, and the reading was perhaps not authorita-

tive enough. There was a very pleasant audience and the songs were a welcome addition to the list. I was not so fortunate as to hear them, wherefore I cannot speak with particularity concerning them.

The Chicago String Quartette, under direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, has given two concerts at Steinway hall since last issue. On Feb. 9 there was this program:

Quartette in B flat, Haydn.

Trio in E flat, op. 100, Schubert.

Quartette in F major, op. 59, No. 1, Beethoven.

The playing was very smooth and musical, but in the judgment of the present writer too much suppressed. It may be true that the strings in this organization are not artists enough to be trusted to do good work unsupervised; and for this reason the conducting (or more properly "umpiring") of Mr. Thomas may be necessary. It undoubtedly facilitates a well balanced ensemble, but it certainly takes away the freedom and self-moved enthusiasm of the playing. This was noticeable in all the numbers, but particularly so in the Schubert Trio, with Mr. Leopold Godowsky at the piano. The piano part in this work is written with great freedom, as for a virtuoso, and it needs to be played accordingly. At times the piano part should dominate everything; at other times it should be subordinate. An artist like Mr. Godowsky can be depended upon to find these places himself, and to judge how far he could properly let loose. The program, although a little long, was very enjoyable and highly appreciated by the audience.

The same organization gave another program February 16:

Quartette, theme, "Mit Veraenderungen," op. 93, Rheinberger.

Quintette, piano and strings, op. 34, Brahms.

Quartette, strings, A major, opus 41, No. 3, Schumann.

The Rheinberger work consists of fifty versions or variations upon a short theme of eight measures, and as a sample of contrapuntal art it is admirable; it also contains many agreeable and beautiful moments. Necessarily it was a little monotonous, not from lack of ideas in working out, but in consequence of adhering so long to a single short formula of theme. The Brahms' work is very elaborate and beautiful, but of the kind that needs several hearings in order to fully appreciate. It is not a display piece for any of the instruments, although the

piano part is difficult and written with little regard to the convenience of the player or the satisfaction of an instinct for the well-sounding. The second movement, a sort of serenade, is one of the most delightful slow movements in existence. The third is full of spirit and motion, but the sombre gray color of the key still prevails. The work was played extremely well in all departments, and it certainly looked as if the supervision of Mr. Thomas had secured here, as well as in the next piece upon the program, a unity of ensemble altogether exceptional, especially when the short time the organization has been playing together is taken into account.

The Schumann Quartette is one which shows this composer at his best, perhaps, in this department, for it is not a province in which his methods qualified him to shine. He was never at home except at the piano, and occasionally the voice. Everywhere else he is working with an unaccustomed medium which remained to him throughout his life like a foreign tongue, in which one could indeed make himself understood and felt, but in which primarily he never thought. Could Schumann have had the home-like feeling with strings and contrapuntal mastery of Rheinberger, and have retained all his ideas and tonal fantasy—then there would have been a still greater and more masterly work. It was beautifully played, very beautifully.

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Among the other quartette parties at present working in and around Chicago are the String quartette of the Northwestern University, and that of the Chicago Musical College. The former, under the leading of Mr. Harold Knapp, is doing admirable work; as also is the latter under the leading of that veteran artist, Mr. Bernhard Listemann. No programs from these sources have recently come to hand, but report credits both with truly good work.

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Mr. Godowsky on February 11, gave the following program in recital hall:

Schumann, Symphonic Studies, opus 13.

Schubert-Liszt, Ave Maria.

Fruehlingsglaube.

Godowsky's Twilight Songs, No. 3, Book I;

Study in 6ths; Perpetual Motion.

Chopin, Berceuse.

Liszt, Concert Study in F minor;

Spanish Rhapsody.

Several points in this recital were worthy of notice aside from the highly artistic quality which pervaded it. The playing of the Schubert-Liszt songs represented everything nice which piano playing can have. Masterly in technic, all this part of the work was kept in the background, while the musical and artistic interpretation seemed the sole motive of performance. The Twilight piece of Mr. Godowsky is an extremely charming number, which although like almost everything of his rather complicated, is, nevertheless, musical in a high degree, and capable of charming effect. It is a serious composition, nocturne-like in its mood, were it not for the complication of its harmonic handling, in which foreign notes (*appoggiaturas*, passing tones, suspensions and the like) appear continually; yet it leaves behind an impression of a sweet eventide meditation. The study in sixths, one of the most difficult pieces in existence, if not the most difficult, had to be omitted on account of a lame finger; the perpetual motion was a very rapid and incessantly changing piece of rapidity.

The Chopin Berceuse was played very delicately and poetically. And in the Liszt F minor study there was gorgeous brilliancy. The long Spanish Rhapsody with its pages of tiresome rubbish intercalated between many that are musical and satisfactory, concluded the program. As a whole a singularly beautiful recital.

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Just at the point of going to press the season of grand opera in Italian, French, German, and other possible languages opened in the Auditorium, with the Schoeffel and Grau company, from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The opening night was "Carmen," with Mme. Calvè in the title role, Mrs. Clementina de Vere-Sapio as Michaela, Mr. Savignac as Don Jose, and Mr. Lassalle as the torreador. The cast was what would be regarded almost anywhere as a strong one. Mme. Calvè, of course, is a Carmen of great realism and art. In the plenitude of her powers she illustrates this role admirably and sings it sufficiently well. Mrs. Sapio gained the only absolute encore of the evening, except the inevitable one for the torreador song, and she deserved it. It was in the third act. The tenor is not sufficiently strong either vocally or dramatically for the role. He was creditable—no more. Mr. Lassalle, although not singing quite as smoothly as a few years ago, still

remains an admirable artist. Splendid looking, he is perhaps a little heavy in manner for the role. This was particularly noticeable in the torreador song, where, unless he woke up more, the bull would inevitably have "had" him. The chorus is large and the orchestra, under Mr. Mancinelli, consisted of our own Chicago orchestra players, but as yet not attuned to the flexibility of the operatic muse. The opera was beautifully mounted. The singing of the chorus was rather coarse. There was a very large and splendid-appearing house.

The second night was "The Huguenots," probably in French, with the two De Reszkes, Plancon and Ancona, in the principal male roles. On the other side, Mme. Litvinne, as Valentine, and Mrs. Sapio, as Queen. The house was very small. The male roles were beautifully sung, Mr. Jean De Reszke was in fine voice and full powers.

The third night brought the Chicago singer, Miss Engle, in "Martha," with fine support.

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Mr. Emil Liebling gave a piano recital lately in Rehearsal Hall, with a program made up of the works of Chopin. The list embraced the Ballade, opus 22, Preludes, a Nocturne, the Funeral March, several Etudes, the Impromptu in A flat, and the second Concerto, in F minor, with second piano accompaniment by Mr. Harrison M. Wild. The playing was very strong, intelligent, and capable, and the piano sounded well. The hall was full.

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An interesting feature of the concerts of the Chicago orchestra, Feb. 19 and 20, was the appearance of the singularly talented young violinist, Mr. Bronislaw Huberman, a lad of fourteen. Although so young (his youth accentuated by dressing him like a boy of ten), this violinist is a true master, playing with genuine insight and astonishing technique. His playing pleased extremely. A few days later he gave a violin recital where his qualities were equally appreciated.

W. S. B. M.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMPANINI AND CASTELMARY.

BY L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

"They reproach me for smoking too much, but is there not a strong resemblance between a cigar and a tenor? So much thought of while they last, and afterwards leaving nothing but ashes."—Mario.

This autograph I was reading the other day, written by the great tenor, Mario, when he was still the idol of the world. What is life after all but a passing show, and a mighty poor one for at least half of the time.

I could not help thinking this when I read the other day a few lines saying that the great tenor, Campanini, was dead. The obituary notice mentioned, as bearing on the subject, that Campanini had been a blacksmith before he took to singing, and that at times he showed traces of this early training in his work upon the scene. I must say that to me it matters little whether a singer had been a blacksmith before entering upon his career or had been the child of noble parents, who cursed him for adopting the stage as a career. What I want is to enjoy fine art and to get my money's worth when I go to the opera. Nevertheless I could not but regard this as rather a summary manner of dismissing after death the name of an artist who for some years had been the idol of the American public.

Italo Campanini made his reputation at La Scala, Milan, in the role of Gennaro in Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," displaying at that time all the resources of "il bel canto" that his teacher, Lamperti, had taught him. His success in Bologna and at La Scala, Milan, paved the way for his call to England, where they wanted to produce "Lohengrin" in Italian, Campanini being at the time the only Italian tenor who had done the role.

As I write only to speak of Campanini in America, I will not mention at length his success in London, where memories of

Mario, Giulini, Mongini, Fancelli, and Nicolini were still so vividly in everybody's ears; but simply as reference to his engagement with dear old Max Strakosch. (And who, by the way, mentions his name now-a-days?)

The company which Strakosch brought to America that season, '72-'73, was the best and most complete ever presented to the American public.

Think of a company with such names as these, the oldest being hardly over thirty-two years of age, all in their prime: Christine Nilsson, Maresi, Ortura Tarriani, Italo Campanini, Victor Capoul, Victor Maurel, Delpuente, Nanetti, and the bass Scolara. The opening night of that memorable season was "Lucrezia Borgia," with Capanini, Nanetti taking the part of the Duke, and Mdle. Maresi taking the role of Lucrezia. Campanini scored an immense success, and recalls after recalls brought him many times before the curtain. But it was after the first performance of "Lohengrin" that he established himself not only in the hearts of his American audience, but in the good graces of the German element in New York. I remember that last rehearsal, which lasted till one o'clock in the morning. Muzio, who as a friend and only pupil of Verdi, had been pronounced incapable of conducting Wagner's music, scored a triumph. Carl Bergmann, who was then conductor of the Philharmonic Society in New York, followed the score, and I daresay expected some Italian interpretation of the German music score, but was obliged to acknowledge at the end of the rehearsal that it was going to be a grand performance. The full cast was as follows: Elsa, Christine Nilsson; Ortrude, Annie Louise Cary; Lohengrin, Italo Campanini; Telramundo, Victor Maurel; King Henry, Nanetti; The Herald, Blum. Campanini will never be forgotten as long as any of those who heard him in the part of Lohengrin exist. His makeup, his tender interpretation of the love duet with Elsa and the farewell song were artistic throughout, and he must certainly have forgotten on the stage his previous calling. Supposing that a former occupation could stamp a man for life, he deserved all the more credit, as he exhibited refinement and genius when singing in this part that not only taxes the man as an actor but as a singer.

The same season Max Strakosch produced for the first time in America "Aida." Opera-goers of to-day may not believe it,

but "Lohengrin" and "Aida" were produced inside of six weeks, Octava Torriani creating the part of Aida and Annie Louise Cary the one of Amneris, which is identified with her name to-day. I have not heard another singer capable of surpassing her in that part. Maurel, who was twenty-nine years old at that time, displayed all the resources of that wonderfully beautiful voice, backed by his talent as an actor. Campanini, from the beginning when singing his "Celeste Aida" to the end of the opera, surpassed himself.

Those were the old days of the Academy of Music; prices had been raised to \$2.50 each. Campanini was paid three thousand dollars a month for fourteen performances, and opera was presented on the stage as well, if not better, than to-day. I remember in the bridal procession in "Lohengrin" three hundred and fifteen people taking part in it.

Further on, Campanini returned to America under the management of Col. Mapleson, creating Don Jose in "Carmen," sharing with Minnie Hauk what may have been the greatest success of his career. If Campanini lost his voice when comparatively young, it was due not entirely to him, but to the American public, which seldom knows the classification of voices, and insists on hearing its idol, I may say, all the time, and in every part.

I remember "William Tell." Prevost, the French tenor, who was not twenty-three years of age, was really immense in that part, but the house remained empty, which is not the case this year in New Orleans, where, I understand, he is singing. Campanini undertook the part and was weak in it. The success was altogether for Galassi, the baritone. But Campanini's name worked like magic: the house was crowded. Further on, after losing his voice, he lost his money in an unhappy operatic venture in New York, bringing a good company and depending on Verdi's "Othello" for a drawing card. But the public is fickle, and notwithstanding the efforts of his sister-in-law, Signora Tetrizzini, a magnificent dramatic soprano, he had to close his season, cancelling his date in Chicago. Poor Campanini remained in America concertizing, his name more than his voice helping him to support himself, as his income was used to pay his debts, which I understand was done to the last cent. And it must have been a consolation to the once great tenor to know that he was leaving a comfortable income to

his family and that his name, in a business way, stands as good as it does in the history of Italian opera.

While writing, I hear of the sudden death of Castelmarty. Dear old friend "Castel," as we used to call him in the profession, was one out of a hundred that one meets in a lifetime.



SIGNOR CASTELMARY.

besides being an excellent artist in every way. For those who knew him, Castel was always Monsieur le Comte de Castau, which was his real name. I remember him in Milan singing at La Scala, and how successful he was!

And how considerate of the needs of others! I remember a curious case of this kind. During an en-

gagement at St. Louis the opera one night was "Gli Ughonotti," in which Castel was Marcel and I was St. Bris. As we were dressing, Castel, remembering my youth and comparative inexperience, asked in his deep voice: "Come over here and let me see how you look?" So I came over and stood under inspection. Most of the makeup satisfied his critical eye, but the chain around my neck attracted his attention. It was a makeshift, a suitable chain for St. Bris not happening to be at that time among my belongings. "It will do, will it not?" I asked. "Better take this," he answered, and rummaging in his trunk of properties, he brought out the proper chain, which he pressed upon me, and which, by the way, I still treasure. This was the style of man dear Castel was.

His first visit to America was made after the Franco-German war. His season in New Orleans then gained him such reputation that while on his way to Europe via New York, Maretzek engaged him for two performances in Boston, Castelmarty appearing as Mephisto in "Faust." The impression made then was such as to be remembered when he appeared again in America in '78. I often wondered if here in Chicago any one when they saw his name on the bill ever thought of his appearing here eighteen years ago. The first night of the season was "Faust." It may be interesting to know the cast at that time. Faust, Lazzarini; Marguerite, Bianca Lablanche (sister of Fanny Davenport); Siebel, Anna de Baloca; Valentine, L. G. Gottschalk; conductor, S. Beherns. The Auditorium not existing then, Hooley's was the theater.

Castelmarty, though having been rather ill-treated by Dame Fortune in the last part of his life, never allowed anyone in any way to suspect the change that had taken place. He had the great quality as a man never to forget friends. Last year was the last time I saw him, and little I thought that I never would shake again that good, loyal, friendly hand. I am glad that he died surrounded by friends as he did; comrades in art who knew him for years and were able to appreciate him at his just value.

The portrait here given is from a photograph given me many years ago.

JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PART II.

The butler announced me.

She greeted me tenderly and then it was that I noticed that she was also dressed in mourning.

"This is very good of you," said I, appreciatively.

"Our interests are the same now, John," she said, half questioningly, looking at me with serious eyes.

"It's a thing few girls would have done." She ignored my remark and asked:

"Tell me, dear, how you heard of his death."

"A telegram, Ruth. It came at midnight and said bluntly enough, 'Your father died to-day. Come, if agreeable to you,' and was signed by our lawyer, Simon Mackenzie, a brusque old fellow."

"What a horrid, uncouth creature!"

"Well, I went by the Baltimore & Ohio to Washington, and the rest of the way by water.

"A maiden great-aunt and the lawyer were the only people in the house, and naturally we were poor company for each other. The day after I arrived we buried him. Nearly the whole county came to the ceremony, which made it impressive."

"Is there a cemetery there?" she asked, with sympathy, taking my hand.

"No, dear. All of the Barringtons for many generations have been buried in one part of the Manor Park, under a great oak tree, near the old rose garden."

"And then you came right back to me?" wistfully.

"I certainly came as quickly as I decently could. The train got in at ten this morning. I got these for you and drove right here," and I handed her a box. When she opened it she saw the thousands of dollars' worth of gems which I had

purchased. (I had plenty of credit with Tiffany.) She was very much touched and pleased. She did not gush nor exclaim over them, but instead looked at them and at me in such a way that her looks alone made me satisfied with my purchase.

"I have to go and hear the will read now, Ruth. Afterwards I will come back, that is, if Converse is not going to lunch here."

"Are you in a hurry, dear?"

"I have ten minutes to spare."

"Well, then I will have time for a few serious words about something which is very important indeed."

"What is it?"

"You love me, John."

"Rather," said I.

"Then you would not let me lose my good health if you could prevent it?"

"I rather fancy not."

"Well, then, you must know that March weather does not agree with me at all. Papa says he is too poor to take me away. Won't you do it, John?" looking very pleadingly at me. My heart beat pleasantly hard and there followed something of a silence.

"My!" she exclaimed when she could, "I suppose that means a big yes?"

"But how is it to be done?" said I with serious stupidity. "It surely would not be proper for us to go away alone?"

"No, sir, it would not. We will have Mr. Bishop Potter to say the, 'Do you take this man to be your wedded husband,' at 11 a. m., one week from today, at this residence, and on this very spot. Do you agree?" and she stamped her little foot and looked at me saucily.

"I rather think I do," said I, admiringly.

"Very well, then. Go away and hear the will read. Wire me whether we are left one million or two or three. Afterward engage staterooms on the White Star Line. Now I must run and start the machinery going that can get me ready on time," and with a little dance step she ran away from me up the stairs.

And so all too blithely I went off to the reading of the will at the lawyer's office

CHAPTER SECOND.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY MR. HENRY EARLINGTON.

I have been requested to write an account of the circumstances, concerning which I have positive knowledge, of the Blaming Conspiracy, and also to tell something about my part in assisting Mr. Barrington's intellectual development. And I do so the more heartily because of my love for Mr. Barrington, and for the reason that I have heard stories in regard to the affair which were not expressions of the truth, and which were prejudicial to his best interests.

I suppose that I cannot begin at a better place in this account than to say a few words of Mr. Barrington's father.

I first met Mr. Barrington, senior, when we were both very young men. It was at the period of my life when I had just successfully won the popular favor of the reading public. He was not a trained thinker, and was, perhaps, for this reason, enthusiastic about my work.

As a natural result of his admiration we became friends, and saw a great deal of one another. Even after the death of my wife, when sorrow and a broader philosophy had sobered my ambition away from the pleasant things in life; even when I had settled down to the serious kind of work I now know that I was best fitted for; even then, I say, he continued to express a preference for my society which, to the lonely, prematurely old man I soon became, was most gratifying. He was in all respects a cultured man, though perhaps a thought too pedantic. Indeed, when I come to think of the matter seriously, I know that it was my erudition—to him pedantry—on one subject which made my society agreeable to him. In his opinions he was a very positive man, and would often refuse to accept correction on a subject of which he knew little, but which had long been my own. But one forgave him his conceit when one remembered his very gentle and tactful manner of disagreement.

I heard of his death with a great deal of quiet regret, but save for some anxious thoughts regarding the future of his son, who, in my opinion, had been unwisely trained, I had almost forgotten it, when it was suddenly recalled to my mind by a letter which proved to be a notification that Mr. Barrington-

ton had appointed me one of the executors of his will. I was further requested to be present at the reading of that document at the law office of Mr. Simon Mackenzie, on the following day. I was extremely disturbed and annoyed by this epistle, and I sat and cogitated upon it until the clock pointed to ten, and I had missed my morning walk in the country lanes with my niece, which was one of the incidents of my day. The more I reflected upon the probable amount of my friend's estate, the more determined I became not to undertake the responsibility. Outside of my working hours my time was very pleasantly full of the things I liked to do; and I could not, I felt, agree to give up, for musty business duties, my morning walk with Nancy and the dogs, my twilight talks with my invalid sister Jane, nor the long evenings before the fire with Neighbor Sherwood as my antagonist at chess. And I clung as persistently to all of the other less important pleasures of an old man. However, I decided, as I have said, to at least hear the will read; so on the next day I went up to town.

The lawyer's office was in the dingiest, most tumbled-down street of business New York. After climbing several weary stairs I came to a number of doors, all bearing the lawyer's sign, but all directing me to some other mysterious door where I should find entrance. After some trouble I found this door, and walked in, only to be confronted by a high partition and another set of doors, all of which bore the legend:

NO ADMITTANCE.

In my perplexity I was determining to disobey one of these signs, when a little wire window on a level with my face spoke to me, and then mysteriously took my card, and finally admitted me. I was ushered through a series of little rooms, each with its array of books from ceiling to floor, and its desk and its pale young man, until at last I reached an end room that was larger than the others, and had a great library and a larger desk. A slight, dry, hard-looking man came forward to meet me, with a nervous, quick kind of walk. He shook hands in a perfunctory manner, and said in a blunt kind of voice:

"Glad to see you. Sit down." I did so, choosing a seat near the door, from which I could observe with ease the other

people in the room. These were two smooth-shaven men with pink cheeks, who I believed to be scholars, from their conversation, which they delivered for the benefit of all in the room in sonorous voices. A tall, bearded man sat near them and occasionally broke in upon their conversation in a high nasal tone. He was most aggressive and persistent and the others seemed a little afraid of him, and a singular old lady, in a most remarkable gray cloak, who sat by herself in the corner. The room was lighted by two windows, but as the light of day seemed ashamed to enter such a place, it was full of dim shadows.

After a time the door opened, and a well-dressed, fine-looking young fellow entered. I knew him at once, by his head and face and figure to be my old friend's son, though I observed that his expression was less alert than his father's. The lawyer at once introduced the scholars as Mr. Blaming and Mr. Ritter, and the bearded gentleman as Mr. Proudsby. I was then presented, the lawyer saying:

"These four gentlemen are, with myself, the executors of your father's estate."

Young Mr. Barrington looked at us in a rather dismayed way. The old lady in the gray cloak then came forward and introduced herself as:

"Cousin Julia White." The young man very diplomatically kissed her, at which she tapped his cheek and looked at him archly; but observing that Mr. Blaming was smiling in a superior sort of way, she gave him a bad bow and said icily to Mr. Barrington:

"I came here, young man, to see what sort of men your father selected to settle his estate."

"Well, cousin, do you approve of them?" asked the young man, in a slow, pleasant voice, with an amused glance at us. The lady pursed up her lips, raised her eyebrows, rolled her head from side to side, opened her mouth twice and sat down, as did we all, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

The lawyer, who had all this time been bustling about dictating letters and giving instructions to his clerks to do all sorts of disagreeable things to all sorts of persons, now sat down at his desk. A great box entitled "Estate of John Barrington," was placed in front of him. He unlocked it and took out a paper and then locked it up again. He wore a par-

ticularly grim and disagreeable expression, and looked twice at Mr. Barrington, smiling dryly at him.

"Please move your chairs nearer. I cannot be expected to raise my voice."

He now spread out the paper on his knee and put on his glasses and then looked at us over them as though he had just put them there to be in his way. Then he said:

"This letter was originally intended to be read by the executors of the will alone, but I deem it wise that all should hear it."

He cleared his throat and began. I cannot now remember the exact words of this remarkable letter, but as I made some notes at the time, I can relate pretty nearly what it contained. It began:

To the Executors of my Estate:—

In selecting you for the task of carrying out my last will and testament, I have had in mind your proved integrity in the first place, and your scholarly attainments and judgment in the second.

I address this letter to you in order that I may tell with less formality than the nature of a will requires some of the reasons which led me to make so unusual a will.

It is also necessary that I express my regret that I was obliged to create its provisions regarding my son. But I cannot alter them for the better now.

My son, John Barrington, Jr., has been a torment to me ever since the death of his sainted mother. During his earlier years I believed him to be extremely stupid, and so was not astonished when he failed in all his studies. But eventually I discovered that the secret of the matter lay in his indolent disposition, rather than in a lack of natural abilities. No punishment or incentive have up to this time been successful in moving him from his slothful mental inaction. He was a failure at college, but on his return from that institution I found that his habit of reading had so far improved him that he had gained a good style in writing; and that his work at composition was imaginatively interesting. I therefore suggested to him that he take up the study of literature, and I furnished him with a handsome income and sent him to New

York for that purpose. This step was unwise, as he has, I believe, fallen into evil courses, and has attempted to make no progress whatever in his studies. In the event of my sudden death he would, under ordinary circumstances, inherit an estate valued at four millions of dollars, and would be the recipient of an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. He would be too indolent to manage his estate himself, and would unquestionably, in time, become the associate of vicious men, and in the end be a ruined man, morally and financially. I would prefer to have my estate go out of the direct family line than run the risk of such a catastrophe. At the same time, I am unwilling not to give my son a chance to redeem himself. I therefore have decided upon a plan which will at once make a new man of him and make him worthy the responsibility of owning a great property, and my plan is:

1st. I have willed and bequeathed to my son the sum of \$10,000, with which the executors will pay his debts.

2nd. In order that I may force him to be up at reasonable hours in the morning, my will provides that if he present himself at the Seaboard National Bank before ten o'clock a. m. daily, the sum of ten dollars will be paid to him. If, however, he is one minute after that hour it is not to be paid him.

3rd. My executors shall pay to him the entire residue of my estate when he has written a novel of one hundred thousand words, which is in their opinion the full expression of his present abilities and powers, and which shall be written as carefully and as correctly as he can do it. The executors are given in my will full power to reject or accept the results he submits to them. In the event of his never honestly attempting to write this novel, my will provides that the ten dollars a day shall be continued until his death.

My belief and hope are that with the incentive of a fortune as a prize for his task, he will struggle to succeed; that he will learn to love the work for which I believe him to be so well fitted; and that it will make an active, intelligent and useful man of him.

I expect my executors to judge fairly and honestly, and to remember in their decision that I am not particular about the novel save as a means to an end; as a task to be accomplished; and they must consider in their decision the amount of effort he has expended on the result he submits to them.

And their interpretation of the terms of my will must be, that if the effect of the work my son does leads to the end I desire, they shall then accept the best result he can obtain, and pay to him the residue of my estate. I have provided in my will that each of my executors shall receive the sum of \$5,000 as a token of my respect, and that the same amount be paid to them yearly for their care of my estate.

Earnestly assuring them of my firm confidence in their decision, I bid them do their work so that my son may be well satisfied.

John Barrington.

When the lawyer ceased reading there was a profound stillness in the room, while all present fixed their eyes upon Mr. Barrington's face. It was very pale, but otherwise he appeared unmoved.

"You will now read the will, Mr. Mackenzie," he said, with a good deal of hauteur.

"Oh! will I?" said the lawyer. He then unlocked the tin box again, and placed in it the paper he had just read, taking out a document that proved to be the will.

I was pleased to observe how carefully it was phrased, and how far the manner in which it was expressed went to prevent any dishonest decision by the executors; for I considered that Mr. Barrington had shown very little judgment in the selection of the men who had so great a power over his son's fate. They were narrow, selfish men, and in the case of the lawyer malicious as well, and my experience has led me to expect very little honesty from men who possess these qualities largely developed. I therefore decided that it would be my duty to serve. To resign was now out of the question.

When the lawyer had finished reading the will, which was interesting save as it mentioned the facts already given in the letter, the old lady came forward and, standing before us, said:

"I want you all to know that this young man here is not friendless; that I intend to watch over his interests, and that if from dishonesty or from stupidity you wander one inch away from the line of your duty to him, you will have to explain your reasons for the same to Mr. Rufus Choate in a court of law."

She then bowed to us and immediately withdrew.

Mr. Barrington said rather stiffly to the lawyer:

"I can see your hand in this will, Mr. Mackenzie, and I give you notice that your connection with the Barrington estate ends when I come into possession of it." The old lawyer chuckled.

"You must catch your hare before you can eat him," he said, without looking up.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Why did you not telegraph to me?" she asked brightly, taking my hand and making me sit beside her on the sofa.

"I thought it would be better to tell you," I replied, and my voice sounded harshly.

"Tell me what?" she exclaimed, in a quick, hard voice.

"That my father has left me only half enough to pay my debts with; and that my income, for the Lord knows how long, will be only three thousand dollars a year."

She became deadly pale, and lay breathlessly back on the sofa. A look of despair settled on her face, followed by one of determination. Just at this moment her mother entered the room.

She at once rose and went to her. Laying her head on that lady's ample bosom, she burst into tears.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she exclaimed, "John has come to tell me that he does not love me any longer and that we are to break our engagement!"

"Ruth! Ruth!" I said, in astonishment.

"Take your ring," she cried, snatching it from her finger and extending it towards me.

As I looked at her all the passionate feeling I had been experiencing went from me, and drawing myself up haughtily I said:

"Will you be so good as to keep this ring and the other trinkets I have given you as an expression of my thorough appreciation of your character?"

"How sweet of you, John!" she said tenderly, and I bowed humbly and left the room. Somehow I found my way out of the house and into the street.

(To be Continued.)

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

(Copyright, 1897.)

SIXTH EVENING—ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Of a composer so varied in his capacities, so original, so influential upon the later course of development in his art, and so interesting in every way, it is not possible from a single program—no matter how carefully selected the works may be, to gain a complete idea. The most that can be done is to give a glimpse of the man, to bring out a few of his moods, and to observe the more salient features of his style. The following list of selections has been influenced by the same idea as that underlying all the previous programs of this series, namely: A preference for selections of moderate difficulty, both for performer and hearer; and a representation of what might be called the more elementary characteristics of his art.

PROGRAM.

KINDERSCEENEN. Opus 15.

From Strange Lands and People.
A Curious Story.
Playing Tag.
Happy Enough.
Traumerei.

ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG. Opus 68.

The Jolly Farmer.
A Little Romance.

PAPILLONS. Opus 2.

Polonaise in D major.

SONGS.

The Hat of Green.
The Wanderer's Song.

FOREST SCENES. Opus 82.

Entrance to the Forest.
The Wayside Inn.
Prophetic Birds.
Farewell to the Forest.

SONGS.

Moonlight.
He the Noblest.

Night-Piece in F. Opus 23. No. 4.

Novelette in F. Opus 21. No. 1.

SONGS.

Thou Ring Upon My Finger.
The Spring Night.

PHANTASY PIECES. Opus 12.

In the Evening.
Soaring.
Why?
Whims.
End of the Song.

The foregoing selections, as will be noticed, are all for piano and voice; I have thought it better to confine them to these easily accessible sources than to attempt to cover more ground. In a later program more difficult piano selections will be given. All the instrumental selections in this list are in the volume of Selections from the Works of Robert Schumann, edited by the present writer and published by the publishers of MUSIC. All the songs are in the collection of Schumann songs published by Boosey and Company.

I have written so many times upon the works and characteristics of Schumann that it would perhaps suffice to refer the student to a few of those places, such as A Popular History of Music, pages 464 to 477. Also in the first volume of How to Understand Music there is something to the point, and at various other places in the course of the work, as will be found by looking up the references to Schumann's music given in the Index. At the beginning of the collection of Schumann pieces, above mentioned, is an essay upon Schumann and his works which will be found suggestive. One of the best single articles I have seen is Mr. Robert Hadow's essay upon Schumann and the Romantic Movement in Germany, which occupies pages 149 to 231 in the first volume of his Studies in Modern Music. In spite of these I shall add a few observations in the present pages, since it is a peculiarity of the works of any great writer that they grow upon the appreciation, and while their shortcomings and limitations of whatever kind become more apparent as the student grows in years and clearness of thought, the beauties and originalities also press more and more upon our notice, and perhaps, in the case of creative artists of the first order, come out into even greater luxuriance than we at first realized. Such at least I find in my own case since my first introduction to the works of Schumann, which practically began with my acquaintance with Dr. Mason at South Bend, Indiana, in the summer of 1870. Before that I had heard but very few of the Schumann works and these had not been well done; and so had failed of making an impression. I was much surprised when Dr. Mason told me that one could not properly understand Beethoven without knowing Schumann. And it was like opening a new world when I began with the Novelette in E, the Fantasy Pieces, Opus 12, and the Romance in F sharp. Opus 28.

The most distinguishing quality of the Schumann music, and the one which perhaps demarks it from other music most strikingly is its hearty quality, its spontaneity, its headlong driving speed. Another quality almost or quite equally notable, is its conciseness. Schumann is above all the poet of the short, the clear, the well-defined. In parallel line with this is his habit of employing fanciful designations for his short pieces, generally poetical titles suggesting a mood or a scene. Examples of this latter peculiarity occur in the present program. The titles were perhaps always put on after the piece had been composed. It is not known with certainty whether Schumann had the idea of the title in his mind in composing the piece. In most cases it serves merely as a suggestion to the player of a proper standpoint for conceiving the work.

Another peculiarity of Schumann's writing is the close unity of each little piece or movement. He develops his period or his two periods out of a single motive or a motive and a counter theme, and the leading idea is repeated several times. When the first idea gives place to a second idea, this proves to be something totally unlike the idea which it follows, making with it a strong contrast. In the clearness of his moods and their contrast is one source of the vigor of impression which the Schumann music has made and is making upon the musical world.

The first number in the present program contains five pieces from the set called "Scenes from Childhood," written in 1837, when the composer was in the very thick of his somewhat diversified course of true love, and had advanced seven years along the pathway of a composer.

Following the "Traumerei" are two popular selections from the Album for the Young, written some ten years later, the Jolly Peasant, and the Little Romance. This program number closes with the Polonaise in D, from the "Papillons," written in 1832. It is a very brilliant and original piece, full of delightful pianoforte effect.

In the second series of instrumental numbers are included four of the beautiful cycle, "Forest Scenes." Each of these is like a little sonnet, brief, picturesque, and individual. In the first we have the vague and shadowy effect of the entrance into the forest, the shimmering leaves, the sunlight and shade, and whatever fanciful explanation one likes of the imaginative tone-sonnet of the author. In the "Wayside Inn" the thematic style of Schumann is well illustrated, and the variety of effect possible to be obtained from a very small amount of musical material. The reference to the title is not very apparent, since the speed of the piece and its quick and forcible character deprive it of the reposeful "stimmung" one would anticipate from the title assigned. I do not know the true explanation of the "Prophetic Bird." It is a most lovely little bit, and is now so well known in the concert room as not to need further discussion.

The "Farewell to the Forest" is one of the most delightful "songs

without words" in the whole Schumann category. Its melody is musical and new, and the changing rhythms, the occasional coming out of a middle voice and the general effect of the whole are alike interesting and absorbing.

In the next instrumental number we come upon another mood of Schumann, or rather upon two of them. The Night piece is of a lyric quality, enjoyable by everyone. Nearly all young players object to the speed which Schumann has marked, and many play it about twice as slowly; this, however, is not warranted, since in the nature of the case Schumann must have known what he intended, and when we have made an allowance for the undue slowness of his metronome at given tempi we are still not warranted in making this slower than 80 for quarters. To take it still more slowly is to change the character of all the latter part of the piece. If well played it is sufficiently reposeful in the form in which we now have it. In the second part there is some delightful imitative work between the motive in the treble and its answer in the tenor.

With the Novelette in F, Opus 21, we come into the domain of what we might call the higher Schumann, for in these works and those which follow upon this list, greater demands are made upon the player, and the music itself is deeper, stronger, more original and therein more satisfactory. The Novelette consists of two main parts. First comes a march-like movement, in which certain very strong chords with occasional triplet octaves in the bass impart a singularly driving and forceful character to the music. After the double bar, at the beginning of the fifth measure, a new motive appears, which sets in operation a series of sequences, and this period ends in D flat.

The next period begins in the same manner, but the modulation is differently conducted, and the period now ends in the key of A. Now comes in what he calls the Trio, a lovely lyric melody in the key of F. This is developed to quite a length, after which the main theme of the Novelette returns, and the period ends in the key of F. Now ensues a curious sort of intermezzo, in the key of D flat, where one voice starts out with a little melodic subject and another takes it up and imitates it and this in turn is followed by another, quite in the manner of fugue, only that here the motive itself is very short and the imitations follow so fast one after another that only the beginning of each is to be made out. For the rest, it is a question of mystery. When he has carried this as far as he cares, the first subject returns; and after this again the Trio, but now in the key of A major. At the end of this again the original subject, and so finally to the end. The most notable features of this Novelette are its vigor, the different forms in which the subjects return and the persistence of the two main ideas, the march and the lyric trio, which form the substance of it. The mystical and fugue-like interlude is merely an interlude. It perhaps represents one of those moments when the mind is too full for clear utterance—a condition more celebrated in fiction than desirable in reality.

The Phantasy Pieces, Opus 12, are among the most happy of the smaller works of this composer. Their general character is sufficiently indicated by their titles. "In the Evening" represents one of those mystical moods suitable to twilight; "Soaring" has also been translated "Excelsior," which perhaps more truly represents its spirit. "Why?" is a question, just like the word. Nevertheless, this has become the greatest favorite of all the smaller Schumann pieces. "Whims" also is well named, since in this quickly moving little piece one mood follows another irrepressibly. Among them are some which are highly poetical. Last of all, "The End of the Song," a very vigorous and strongly marked movement, which appeals to every one.

The Schumann songs are so remarkable as to demand separate treatment. Those upon the present list are so placed because they represent in a general way the more noticeable moods of Schumann in this form of art. They can be sung high or low, as the singer's voice requires, but they are more satisfactory if sung by a soprano voice, I think.

The first upon the list is the merry and arch little "Hat of Green," which with folk-tone sweetness and simplicity brings out a situation as old as the world and as new as the morning. The musical treatment is very clever and interesting.

The "Wanderer's Song" is a characteristic German song, representing the song of the young student as he sets out upon his student career as traveler, for seeing strange lands; or the emigrant who leaves his land to find a better home, but never one so well loved as his own native country. It is full of heart and courage until the middle part where the intermezzo in the key of E major tells of softer feelings of longing and homesickness.

"Moonlight" again represents the peculiarly mystical and dreamy side of the Schumann nature, and there are few songs in the whole world so sweet and so beautiful as this; but it needs a pure, clear and very true soprano voice controlled with musical feeling. Thus interpreted it is indeed a dream.

The next two songs upon the list are out of the famous cycle called "Woman's Love and Life"—the poems of no great depth, but the subjects of lasting and universal application and interest. "He the Noblest" gives a very spirited and sensitive musical setting to the woman's opinion of the loved one. Words and music bring to expression one of the most ideal moments of woman's life. The next, "Thou Ring Upon My Finger," tells its own story, but here again the music is well worth while for its own sake. It is interesting as an instrumental piece without the aid of the voice. Few as musical songs have been written. The last upon the list, "Spring Night," while out of another cycle, the so-called "Liederkreis," is nevertheless quite off the same piece as the preceding.

All need to be sung with abandon, and above all with sentiment, poetry, and flexible rhythm, yet always with abounding musical life. To sing such songs well is to be an artist.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

PRIZES TO AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

The Executive Committee of the Music Teachers' National Association Offers the sum of Five Hundred Dollars to be Divided in Prizes as Follows.

Class One—\$75 for the best Cantata, sacred or secular, for mixed voices, with accompaniment of piano, organ or orchestra. Time of performance not to exceed twenty-five minutes.

Class Two—Unaccompanied Part Song, for male or mixed voices; time of performance not to exceed eight minutes. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Class Three—\$50 for the best String Quartette, time of performance not to exceed twenty minutes.

SOLO COMPOSITIONS.

Class Four—Organ Composition, time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Class Five—Pianoforte Composition, time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Class Six—Violin Composition, with piano accompaniment; time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Class Seven—For the best Song (words to be selected by the Composer), with piano accompaniment, obligato for stringed instruments ad libitum; time of performance not to exceed five minutes. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Compositions will not be considered unless the competitor has qualified as a member of the Music Teachers' National Association. Competitors should apply for membership at once.

To secure absolute impartiality, the competitor must choose a motto or fictitious name, which must be affixed to the composition. This same motto or name must be written on a sealed envelope, within which must be enclosed the name and address of the competitor. These envelopes will not be opened until the prizes shall have been awarded.

A special concert will be given for the performance of the Prize Compositions.

Condition First—The successful competitor in solo compositions shall perform his own work, or provide a competent substitute.

Condition Second—In Orchestral and Choral works the successful competitor must furnish the required number of parts for a suitable performance of his work.

Condition Third—The compositions must be in the hands of the committee not later than June 1st.

Condition Fourth—Postage must be enclosed to insure the return of manuscripts.

The judges reserve the right to withhold the award if the compositions fall below the required standard of merit.

The following is a list of the gentlemen who have consented to act as judges: Mr. Wm. C. MacFarlane, Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, Mr. Homer N. Bartlett, Dr. Gerrit Smith, Mr. Wm. C. Carl, Mr. Dudley Buck, Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley, Mr. Gustav Dannruether, Mr. Chas. B. Hawley, Mr. J. Hyatt Brewer, Mr. C. Whitney Coombs, Mr. Edgar S. Kelly.

President—H. W. Greene.

Secretary—H. S. Perkins.

Treasurer—F. A. Parker.

Executive Committee—R. H. Woodman, Chairman; Frank H. Tubbs, Louis Arthur Russell.

Program Committee—Dr. H. G. Hanchett, Chairman; Dr. Gerrit Smith, Dr. John C. Griggs.

OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.

By John V. Hood.

Philadelphia has a musical past. It is luminous with traditions and recollections of the personality and the work of great and glorious artists, many of whom are now only a memory. But of late years, as in many other cities, a utilitarian spirit seems to have crept in to the exclusion of the artistic, and the thought of art for art's sake does not touch the people as it once did. It is true that the city has excellent music teachers and music schools, but their environment clogs their best efforts, their equipment is limited, and they are not surrounded by an atmosphere that is favorable to the full and free development of music culture. Then, too, while there are coteries of music lovers, these separate organizations do not form a homogeneous whole; they do not meet on broad and common ground, and the result is that music here has become a thing of shreds and patches and without completeness and harmony. Ten years ago, when Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company came to the city, there was a spasmodic revival of interest in the presentation of opera, and some were sanguine enough to believe that the flower of music culture, which had once bloomed with so much radiance, would, like the aloe, blossom once more in its old age. But this optimistic view of the situation had not a fulfillment, and the city settled back once more to its *laissez faire* attitude. Since that time there were occasional visits of companies, controlled by impresarios such as Mapleson and Strakosch, and later still, annual visits of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company. And yet of none of these can it be said that it stirred the hearts of the people.

The music was the means to an end, that of the display of fashion, only this and nothing more.

For several years Gastav Hinrichs had a summer season of opera at one of the local theaters. It may be said that in many ways the venture was deserving of praise. The prices of admission were low; there were artists who, although comparatively unknown to the musical world, were excellent within their limitations, and while the orchestra and chorus were composed of local material, they both did satisfactory work. It may also be recorded that Mr. Hinrichs first introduced in this country and during these summer seasons, "Cavalliera Rusticana," "Il Pagliaci" and "Friend Fritz"; that it is only in this city that Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," a work far superior to Massenet's opera of that name, has been heard, and that Ponchielli's "Glaconda," which was presented a number of times by Mr. Hinrichs, has not yet been heard in New York.

In the autumn of 1895, a number of wealthy persons conceived the idea of the establishment of a permanent opera company here with Mr. Hinrichs as director. A guarantee fund of twenty thousand dollars was readily obtained, and he went to Europe and secured artists and a chorus. Among the former were Mme. Emma Nevada; Miss Minnie Tracey, an American girl; Jules Gogny and Adolphe Prevost, tenors; M. De Backer, baritone; M. Malzac, basso; as also Signor Del Puente, who has for a number of years lived in Philadelphia. The season, which lasted fourteen weeks, while not altogether a financial success, was promising; and from an artistic standpoint it had many features of merit. But the guarantors and the director were not in harmony; he attempted too much, his ambition was to be impressario, musical director and business manager, a combination which is almost sure to exhaust itself by its own weight, and the result was that at the end of the season the guarantors decided that the next attempt to establish a season of opera would be carried out on different lines.

For two or three years preceding this, Mr. Walter Damrosch had brought his German company to the city, on each occasion giving from three to six performances of several of the Wagner music-dramas. Alvary, Fischer, Klafsky, Galski and Termina were among his artists, and the strength and delicacy of his symphony orchestra were acknowledged. Negotiations were opened with him, a seven-weeks' season was decided upon and a subscription sale secured, which guaranteed him at least the half of the season's expenses. Mr. Damrosch's company had been formed with particular reference to the presentation of Wagner's works, although there was also a condition exacted by the subscribers that there should be an occasional production of an opera of the French or Italian school. This necessitated the engagement for these occasions of one or two of the artists from the New York Metropolitan company. The season is now ended, and during its continuance he gave all of the Wagnerian works with the exception of "Rienzi" and "Parsifal." The former is obsolete, and the latter, as is well known, cannot be pro-

duced in its entirety in this country. With the exception of Emil Fischer and Johanna Gadski his singers were new to America. There was Ernst Krauss, a young tenor, full of fire and vigor, romantic and expressive, and Frau Mahor-Ravenstein, who was heard twice, once as Brunhilde in "Die Walkure," and the other time as Ortrud in "Lohengrin." She did not fulfill the expectations that had been formed of her and has gone back to Germany, alleging ill-health as the cause. The Wagner series of music-dramas, illustrating the Niebelungen legend, were given at the close of the season; and, to strengthen their presentation, Frau Lilli Lehmann and Paul Kalisch were specially engaged.

It must be said frankly that the promises made by Mr. Damrosch before the season opened were not fulfilled in their entirety. The performances of the Wagner works lacked the adequate strength and dignity. The promise was that while there were no singers with a world-wide reputation or who had become popular idols, the ensembles would be of the most complete character. This was not the experience. The chorus was most rugged and uneven, the stock scenery of the Academy, which was probably fresh when the Prince of Wales visited the theater, was again brought forward and there was not save in the tetralogy a new border or scene to give life or color to the surroundings. But it was when French or Italian opera was presented that these defects were painfully evident. The production of "Il Trovatore" would have shamed a company of country amateurs; when Calvé and Eames sang it was clear that there had been no attempt at rehearsal, and the climax was reached when Melba appeared on night in a musical melange made up of the first act of "Traviata," the mad scene from "Lucia," the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and the fifth act of "Faust," and this potpourri, this concert in costume was dignified by the name of grand opera!

It can be admitted that Mr. Damrosch is a close student of Wagner and that his symphony orchestra seeks, with much intelligence, to give the proper meaning to the emotions that are illustrated polyphonically. But Mr. Damrosch lacks emotional temperament, nor has he sufficient control of his players. Neither is his orchestra well balanced. The weakness in the first strings, not in quality but quantity, is often in evidence; were they as masterful as are the violas and cellos, the nuances would have more shading bestowed upon them, while in the climaxes the brasses dominate to an extent that mars and blurs the color effects.

Outside of the subscribers to the season there has been a woeful indifference to Mr. Damrosch's work shown by the general public. And yet is it to be expected that there could be any other result with a tariff of prices that was practically prohibitive? Three dollars for a seat to hear a German tenor pouring out his woes as Manrico, the depth of his grief or some other equally irrelevant cause forcing him to persistently sing off key! And then we must be told that the lack of attendance was due to the fact that the people have

no liking for what is good in music. Some day a change will come over the spirit of the operatic manager's dream; the star system will be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness and the people will have an opportunity of showing what they do like. The experience that Philadelphia has had this season is not likely to suggest a similar attempt next year, and if the question should be asked, who is to blame? it would be easy to give the answer.

OPERA IN BOSTON.

The Castle Square company has surpassed all its previous records by their production of "Lohengrin" in English, handsomely staged and well sung. How satisfactory it was can be judged from the fact that it was given to crowded houses every night for three weeks, more than fifty thousand hearers having attended these performances. Surely, this marks a distinct advance in American operatic progress. The cast naturally embraced the full strength of the company, the principals being as follows:

Elsa, Miss Lane and Miss Diard.

Lohengrin, Mr. Ling and Mr. Pache.

Frederic, Mr. Murray.

Ortrud, Miss Ladd.

The King, Mr. Clarke.

Throughout the interpretation Miss Lane's Elsa was a most enjoyable piece of work, truly sung, earnestly conceived, well managed, and lovely. Few more beautiful moments are to be heard upon any stage than her dream scene, "Oft when the hours are lonely," and the great duet in the third act. Her husband, Mr. Murray, made a splendid Telramond, but the wear of the role naturally told upon him, and during the third week of the run there was an alternate, Mr. Winfred Goff, who bids fair to become a favorite with the patrons of the company. Miss Ladd, in the role of Ortrud, had a role which is distinctly ungrateful, but it served to illustrate her wide compass and superior quality of voice.

The Boston press was generally complimentary to this production, which also contained certain novelties, the stage settings being patterned after those of the first production under Liszt at Weimar. The concerted music and the chorus also came in for commendation.

An interregnum of three weeks filled with lighter works, such as "Lucia," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Mignon," and "Il Trovatore," will be followed by a production of "Tannhauser" in English, upon which even greater pains are being expended.

During the first week of the "Lohengrin" production the Damrosch company was in town and they gave "Lohengrin," but not with superior success. In fact this company fared rather hardly at the hands of the critics all through. After demanding of Mr. Damrosch

that he furnish some prima donna of world-wide fame, when confronted by the lately superb Lehmann they discovered that she was no longer so young as she had been, and that her art, as one critic rather viciously put it, was principally occupied in endeavoring to conceal the ravages of time in her voice.

Whatever may be concluded upon this point, at least it deserves to be put upon record that the Castle Square Company has accomplished a distinctly creditable work, not alone in undertaking an opera so difficult and heavy to produce as "Lohengrin," but still more in overcoming all these difficulties so thoroughly that crowded houses followed the three weeks all through. This marks a distinct growth in popular musical taste. The company deserves to be congratulated by all art-lovers.

W. H. M.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND.

Sousa's band gave four concerts in Chicago, at the Auditorium, February 1st, 2d, and 3d. The programs were filled with the specialties for which Mr. Sousa is famous. The inevitable encores followed almost every number. Leading to various sweetmeats of an unacknowledged kind, such as a distinguished conductor hates to put upon the program. A round of Sousa marches was given in every program, and no listener knowing what he desired needed feel that he had been slighted. At the third concert Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who happened just then to be playing Sousa's "El Capitan" at the Columbia, came over and sang "the typical tune from Zanzibar," recited "Casey at the Bat," and made one or two other hits. He began quite seriously by singing Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," accompanied by the band. Mr. Hopper was originally a fine serious singer. Many years upon the stage and the habitual use of comedy qualities in the voice have impaired its value for work like that in the great Schumann song; nevertheless he showed his art, and no doubt surprised almost every one of his hearers by his feeling no less than by the good qualities of his singing.

A few nights previously occurred a souvenir night at "El Capitan," and when the opera was out the curtain was again rung up and there was the full Sousa band, which played several numbers, and there was some speechmaking, a little presentation to Mr. Hopper, and so on.

All of which is to be taken as an outward sign of the inward work which a kind financial providence is doing for that most popular of American conductors, Mr. John Philip Sousa. Between his band concerts, which run about eight a week, his royalties from a large business in "El Capitan," and the royalties from the John Church Company on his rapidly selling works, he is to-day probably the best remunerated musician upon the continent, not excepting Mr. John de Reszke. All which is very suitable and deserved.

violinist, who played Vieuxtemps' Fifth Concerto and two smaller pieces.

At the fourteenth the memory of Schubert was celebrated, the pieces being the symphony in C, and eight selected songs. The remainder of the program consisted of the Coriolanus overture by Beethoven and a quartette for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, with orchestral accompaniment, by Mozart.

Another festival concert was that of the Lisztverein for celebrating the death of Schubert. The concert consisted of songs, piano pieces and a trio, the pianist being Sophie Menter and the singer Frau Schumann-Heink, of Hamburg. C. D. H.

SCHUBERT CELEBRATION IN DES MOINES.

On the evening of February twenty-second there was a Schubert celebration by the Riedelsberger Quartette, in Des Moines, Iowa, as one gathers from a casual allusion in a newspaper cutting sent to this office. From the advance announcements and the program of the evening the name of the city was omitted. When the celebrated New Zealander disinters one of these programs from some forgotten corner stone, where will be the proper historical celebrity for all such fine doings, if no localities or geographical names are to be discovered?

The selections consisted of the variations from the string quartette, "Death and the Maiden," a Serenade for cello solo, and the Trout Quintette. In connection with the two instrumental movements based upon themes previously used in songs, the songs themselves were sung immediately before playing the instrumental counterpart. There was an address upon Schubert, by Mr. J. W. Rehmann, a fugue for violin solo, from one of Bach's violin sonatas, and a string quartette, by Bazzini. A large audience was in attendance, and the playing and singing are both praised.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB REMEMBERS SCHUBERT.

The Chicago Twentieth Century Club celebrated Schubert with an address by Mr. Phillip Hale, the accomplished and well-informed musical editor of the Boston Journal, and some instrumental and vocal numbers. Mr. Hale's address began with one of his characteristic image-breaking introductions, in which, after "checking" one fraction of varnish after another, the listener is left asking himself whether after all it was worth while to celebrate a man so uninteresting; then he turned to more agreeable aspects of the case and eventually left upon his hearers a sympathetic and suitable idea of the greatest melodist known to the art of music.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Hale spoke plainly of Schubert's tendency to diffuseness, and instanced the Fantasia for piano and violin as a shining specimen of these objectionable qualities. Apparently he had not read the program, for by a curious irony of

fate this interminable and horribly uninteresting work was played by Messrs. Boegner and Carl Wolfshon. The disinterested visitor could but experience sympathy for the club-members, at having their appetite for culture toyed with in so coy and inconclusive a manner.

Quite other in point and application was the song-singing of Mr. Frangcon Davies, who sang six Schubert songs delightfully. His selections were: "Ihr Bild," "Fruehlingsglaube," "Der Leiermann," "Der Doppelganger," "Du bist die Ruh," and "Die Jung Nonne"—all in English, despite the program.

The Twentieth Century Club is a private society, meeting at the houses of members, addressed by distinguished artists, authors, and men of affairs, and played and sung to by artists of distinction.

NEW WORKS BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

At the late concert of the Cecilia Society, of Boston, a ballad for female voices, "The Rose of Avon Town," was sung, the composer playing the accompaniments. Of the ballad the Advertiser says, "Nothing but praise can be said regarding the composition or its performance—both were interesting and artistic."

The Courier says: "It is an entirely charming, compact little composition, nicely balanced between the idyllic and the pastoral, flowing easily without awkward check anywhere." The Transcript and other papers were equally appreciative. In addition to accompanying her ballad, Mrs. Beach obligingly substituted as solo pianist, playing Beethoven's Variations, Opus 34, and three Chopin pieces: Mazurka, Opus 50, No. 1, Prelude in A flat, and Valse in E minor. The variations were found very interesting.

Mrs. Beach's "Gaelic" symphony was played at the fifth rehearsal and concert of the Buffalo Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. Lund. The work made a most pleasing impression, and quite bore out the favorable anticipations formed for it when it was first played in Boston.

LECTURE BY MR. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Mr. William Armstrong, musical editor of the Chicago Tribune, has been giving several repetitions of a very interesting lecture, entitled "Unpublished Interviews With Great Musicians." The matters relate mostly to the more famous of recent pianists and singers, and a number of little grotesqueries come out in the course of the narration. Behind it all there is a pleasant sense of the humorous, and a good wit; and above this and through it a belief in the art of music and in the sincerity of some of its prominent exponents, which is gratifying to see. It was delivered before the pupils of the Chicago Musical College recently, and in Indianapolis and other cities. Previous to the lecture at the Musical College, Mr. Listemann played splendidly some Variations, Opus 5, by Alnaes, a composer not generally known.

A CHARMING SINGER.

At the meeting of the Minneapolis Ladies' Thursday Musicale, January 29th, in addition to a pleasing program of various sorts, there was some delightful singing by Miss Margaret Hubbard, lately returned to Minneapolis from her studies abroad. Her numbers, sung in French, were "La Habanera," from Bizet's "Carmen," and the Letter Scene from Massenet's "Werther." In addition to these



MISS MARGARET HUBBARD.

there were one or two recalls, and other pieces the names of which are not at present accessible. Miss Hubbard has a very fine dramatic contralto voice, or low dramatic soprano, and her style is admirable. She is a very enjoyable song-singer of wholly exceptional qualifications. In the natural course of things her proper sphere would be light romantic opera, of the French type of opera comique; wanting this field, for which her social relations disincline her, she intends to do concert and drawing-room singing, in which field her refined yet sparkling style should make her a great success. Her

standing with the five hundred ladies of the club was entirely in evidence upon the present occasion. A singer could not have been more popular.

RECEPTION OF THE CHICAGO MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

The Chicago Manuscript Society has given several programs to its members, and on February 12th it gave a very fine reception to Mme. Teresa Carreno, at the Wellington hotel. From nine to eleven the rooms were thronged with leading musicians, in respect to the distinguished guest of the evening. Curiously enough not a single American composer was offered up on the shrine of the goddess, and she on her own part was equally abstemious, not so much as mentioning the subject of music during all the active conversations of the circle which surrounded her. While this was unique and probably creditable as evincing a self-control not universal, I am not sure that I find it commendable. A great opportunity was lost. Mme. Carreno probably knows as little about American compositions (except her own) as anyone who could be mentioned, and what could have been a better opportunity for enlightening her? However, this is a case of conscience which we may leave to those whom it concerns. Socially the reception was a distinguished success, the credit of which should be placed to the committee in charge and to the president, Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAGNER'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

"A few friends of mine wish to study your Ten Evenings with Great Composers, and are using, in addition to the matter in MUSIC, parts of Vol. I. of How to Understand Music. We would like to know further where we can find something about Wagner's personal history. E. V. C."

I am in the habit of recommending as the best book of reference for subjects like the foregoing, "Great Composers and Their Works," a subscription book published by a Boston house. It is in three volumes when bound and you will find there about twenty pages relating to Wagner. This is one of the best short sketches I know of. In the three volumes of Liszt-Wagner and other letters of Wagner much interesting information comes to light. I believe there is something about Wagner in the second volume of Hadow's Studies in Modern Music, but am not sure, as I have never seen it. The first volume has Berlioz, Schumann and Brahms, I believe.

MASON'S TECHNIQS BY MAIL.

"I understand that you are teaching the Mason system of piano work. I take the liberty of writing you to see if by any means I could learn more about it. Do you give instruction by mail, or could you suggest any good authority on the subject? G. E. B."

Any teacher of ordinary intelligence can make out the essential parts of the Mason system by her own study, if careful, with the following exception: The novelties in the Mason system consist of certain harmonic changes mechanically produced upon the chord of the diminished seventh, out of which arpeggio forms are derived in very productive combinations, and practically without limit as to number. There are also several unusual forms for scale practice, such as those in canon and various combinations of contrary motion. All these anyone can understand perfectly from the separate volumes as published by Presser, or perhaps even better from the single volume (Mason's Pianoforte Technics) published by Ditson Company.

These materials of practice are supposed to be diversified by means of different systems of counting and accentuation, whereby many repetitions are secured and the pupil is educated in rhythm. All this is perhaps even better explained in the older volume than in the later four of Presser. The latter are so concentrated that

the average teacher finds it difficult to realize the vast amount of practice material which this system unfolds to her.

Besides these two elements, the value of which is quite as much mental as it is keyboard, and which are indeed indispensable to the earnest student (since no other technical combination offers similar advantages), Mason's system includes very peculiar combinations designed to influence the method of producing tone, and to make the touch deep, strong, light, facile and varied, as demanded by modern first-class piano playing. This part of the system is covered by the "Two Finger Exercises" and the "School of Octaves and Bravoura." (Vols. I. and IV., Presser edition.) All this material is in the older work except one topic, namely, the Arm touches. All the other varieties of touch and the exercises for obtaining them are in the old book quite as clearly as in the newer. The arm touches alone are in the Presser work exclusively.

This part of the Mason system differs so much from current systems of technical exercises that many students find themselves unable to understand it, and in the effort to be quite correct end by being stiff and angular; whereas the system is intended to produce precisely opposite conditions, namely, lightness, flexibility, and ease of playing, and consequently grace. This part of the work can be made out by the individual student who will carefully follow the directions in the books and will not stop with some one form, but will apply all four typical forms of the two-finger exercise, since they are especially designed to offset each other and correct the faults engendered by any one form of emphatic practice.

Since the Mason's *Technics* was published Del Sartean philosophy has made great progress in this country, whereby we understand some things better now. One of these subjects is that of "devitalization," or extreme looseness and limpness. This has to be gained and be made subject to control of the student. The later works, "*Touch and Technic*," explain this better than the older one.

Since the goodness or badness of playing depends entirely upon the manner in which it is done, and upon this point testimony of the player is absolutely valueless, nothing can be concluded certainly from any kind of report which a student can make with regard to his own playing. The teacher must see and hear for himself. Hence the mail is not effective.

My advice to any teacher is to get one or both of these books and apply in her own practice the arpeggios first, then the scales, and begin with the two-finger exercises at the same time, first trying to master the four typical forms: Clinging touch, arm touches, hand and finger elastic touch, and the light and fast forms. These cover the whole ground, and in my opinion the arm touches are among the most important of all, although Dr. Mason is leaving these among the "Advanced forms" in the new edition of Volume I. of *Touch and Technic*, now in course of publication. Everything will clear itself up when applied in teaching, provided the student takes variety enough, and remembers that whatever force may be applied

for emphatic effects, everything has to be instantly loose and limp in the whole playing apparatus, the very moment that the force has been delivered. W. S. B. M.

THE VIOLIN OR OTHER INSTRUMENT IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

"Will you please give your opinion on the following point: Would you advise a teacher of music to take some instrument as a violin to develop the lesson in a school room, when there is no instrument in the department? A violin was used in our department last year, but this year it is not used, and it seems to me as if the pupils were not understanding their melody so well or singing with so good tone-quality. E. F."

There is no doubt but the use of an instrument for certain purposes in teaching school singing promotes accuracy, provided it is wisely used. To "lead the singing" by playing everything upon an instrument at the same time that the class is trying to sing, is not good. It conduces to a sort of leaning upon the instrument, a following along with it, which is the opposite of an independent carrying of the melody on the part of the children. What is wanted before every act of singing, whether a single tone, phrase or entire melody, is to get the entire thought in the child's mind, and to have the singing come as the expression of this thought, thus conceived in advance. Hence the first thing to aim at is this musical conception. In single tones, or phrases, to follow the example of the teacher, whether by voice or upon an instrument. When the class belongs to the lower grades and the teacher is a man, the child cannot exactly imitate the tone, since the child's voice is an octave higher. It is an advance for the child to suppose that in following the tone with the man he is singing precisely the same tones. He is singing other tones an octave higher, parallel with those of the man. Hence I think it an advantage to employ an instrument, violin, organ or piano (if in tune), to assist in giving the melodic idea in advance of singing; but the child's attempts ought not to be accompanied by an instrument playing the melody at the same pitch. As soon as the child has succeeded in imitating the melodic idea, then an accompaniment of chords will be very advantageous, and there would be no harm in supporting the melody with chords when the child is making his first attempts to sing it.

In the history of the development of the art of music the violin has played an important part, our entire art of legato melody having been learned from this instrument.

DEVELOPMENT OF MELODY.

"I have charge of a program the subject of which is The Development of Melody. Can you suggest any melodies or compositions that would illustrate the subject? I will begin with a Gregorian chant

and attempt to follow the development down to modern times. Can you tell me whether there are any folk-songs in existence written before the time of Palestrina, and what melodies would you consider representative of American development? F. C."

The subject proposed is rather a large one. Melody seems to have come in by way of folk-songs, which probably were developed out of the reaction of dance forms with poetic conception—i. e., the poet put his verses into couplets following the melodic forms already devised for dancing, the symmetrical structure of which was necessitated by the allowance of time for completely turning the body around and for varying the step to the same music. Hence came in subdivisions of beats and the general development of ideas of symmetry. When poetry became thus symmetrical, nothing was more natural than the invention of folk-melody. Along in the time of the troubadours the movements were rather slow and formal, and the melodies of those times sound to us very much like psalm tunes; but presently quicker movements came into use.

Art melody grew up in opera, having been incited by the legato of the violin. There are many collections of folk-songs made by various government commissions. On page 271 of *MUSIC* for January, 1897, will be found a short list of such works.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TROIS PIECES D'ORGUE.

Par Giovanni Tebaldini. Leipsic: J. Rieter-Biedermann.

Each 2 Marks.

Chorale Prelude.

Intermezzo.

Marche Grave.

The composer of the three pieces above mentioned is one of the most serious of the younger Italian musicians, at present kapellmeister at the Cathedral of Padua. Educated first in the Milan conservatory, he afterwards graduated at the church music school at Regensburg and was placed at St. Marc's in Venice for the purpose of restoring the pure music of the Palestrinian school. The writer of the present lines had the pleasure of attending a singing class for the choir, which Mr. Tebaldini conducted at the venerable church of St. Giacomo by the Rialto, the oldest church edifice in Venice, now appertaining to the parish of St. Marc's. At that time (1890) he said that it would be six months longer before the singers would be sufficiently advanced to appear in pure church music, and about two years before they would reach anything of Palestrina. Mr. Tebaldini is a sound musician, and his influence towards raising the standard of Italian church music has been and is very important.

The three organ pieces herewith given are not, as one might suppose, belligerently contrapuntal, but good sound organ music, quasi melodious, effective, and not difficult—as would naturally be the case in Italy where the standard of strict organ playing is still low, and according to modern standards upheld by one or two organists only. The prelude is founded upon the choral Gregorian theme of the Kyrle of the "Mass of the Angels." It is dedicated to M. Francis Plante.

The Intermezzo is lighter, and is dedicated to Mr. F. J. Breitenbach, organist of the Cathedral of Lucerne. The "Marche Grave," dedicated to the celebrated Italian master of organ, M. Enrico Bossi, is upon the Gregorian theme of the Vexilla. This piece took the prize at the Tribune of St. Gervais, Paris, 1896. Worth knowing.

EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF HANS VON BUELOW.

Edited by His Widow. Selected and Translated into English by Constance Bache. With two portraits. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1897.

The selection of Hans von Buelow's early letters just brought out by Messrs D. Appleton and Company, throws considerable light

upon the simple nature and early life of the late celebrated pianist and conductor. Most of our biographies hitherto have taken Buelow from the time when he first began to attract attention as an artist through Liszt's generous encouragement and assistance, and content themselves with the brilliant features and sometimes eccentric incidents of his later career. The present finely executed and portly volume (p. 266) begins with some of the letters of the dutiful and well brought up little German boy, belonging to a family of note in official Prussian circles, and traces his struggles to break away from the office holding traditions of the family in order to enter the career of musical artist, to which he found himself irresistibly drawn. The musical influences active in this early life were those which retained their force upon him all through his career, namely, Richard Wagner and Liszt. Wagner, in his relation to the boy Buelow, shows himself in a light much more commendable than those in which we usually regard him. During his first years immediately following his exile from Germany, Wagner conducted the small theater at Zurich, where they produced about three operas a week. Wagner's relation to this place seems to have been one of unusual authority, due to his prestige as rising composer and his having been for seven years conductor of the celebrated court theater at Dresden. Without giving himself up to the routine of the position he seems to have had authority of a supervisory character, of such scope as to enable him to nominate two young men, Hans von Buelow and Carl Ritter, as joint conductors—both very young (Buelow not yet twenty) and both inexperienced. Buelow appears to have succeeded respectably, and in the position he held later, at St. Gall, he distinguished himself by the effectiveness of his drill and the intelligence of his work. Wagner in this case acted as encourager and provided for the two boys, and in this light appears quite different from the Wagner always wanting Liszt to do something for him.

The book is a very interesting chapter of musical history and at another time it will be considered at greater length.

(From the Oliver Ditson Company.)

REQUIEM.—Charles Gounod. Octavo, 89 Pages.

From a note on the title page of the foregoing it appears that this Requiem was the work upon which Mr. Gounod was last engaged. In fact, his death occurred while he was seated at the piano playing this Requiem at St. Cloud, October 15th, 1895.

It consists of the usual movements of a Requiem Mass, the treatment being rather simple for the voices but affording a great many opportunities for fine choral effect. Much of the graphical part of the poetical coloring is left for the instruments. Available for church use or for musical societies.

NOTTINGHAM HUNT.—Fred. Field Bullard.

A hearty song for baritone. It hardly seems worth while writing songs in the year 1896 about King Charles and the cavaliers. This, however, is a question of taste which every composer and singer will settle for himself.

GOOD-NIGHT! BELOVED.—Charles A. Chase.

A rather pleasing song of moderate difficulty.

SINCE LAST WE MET.—Harriet Burdett Wills.

Pleasing.

MORNING LOVE SONG.—John Franklin Botume.

A somewhat sprightly melody, rather effective for soprano or tenor. The words would indicate a tenor.

TO-NIGHT.—John Francis Gilder.

Song for low soprano or baritone, the accompaniment rather more elaborate than those just noticed. Capable of being sung with good effect.

SERENADE TO THE STARS. For Piano.—Benjamin Godard.

In the French style; rather elusive. Pleasing if very well done. A very good study for crisp touches. Fourth grade.

VILLAGE FETE.—Benjamin Godard.

Still more Frenchy than the preceding. Abounding in double notes with the right hand, thirds mainly. Very fanciful in its changes of subject. Useful practice. Advanced fourth grade.

CAPRICE ESPANOL.—Homer N. Bartlett.

Quite brilliant. Quasi popular in style. Fifth grade.

MEDICI GAVOTTE.—Harry Pabst.

Very simple gavotte. Good deal of staccato. Light, pleasing; third grade.

MEDITATION.—Charles H. Mayer.

A meditation, or song without words, in which the melody fails to arrive. The impression it gives is somewhat vague.

LITTLE WITCHES DANCE.—C. Krogmann.

Available for teaching. Third grade.

GRIEG'S "PEER GYNT" SUITE.

"Would you kindly take the trouble to answer a question or two concerning the composer Grieg? Where can I get hold of a sketch or biography of him? What does the title "Peer Gynt Suite" signify? Is Anitra a real person? Was not a sketch of Grieg published in one of our American periodicals within the past year? T. F. R."

The handiest sketch of Grieg is that in the J. B. Millet "Famous Composers and Their Works," which I have so often referred to. You will find something concerning him in Grove's dictionary, and in Riemann. There was an article upon Grieg by Dr. William Mason in the Century magazine, a year or two ago. It was the number which had a portrait of Grieg as frontispiece. With reference to the "Peer Gynt" suite, I think the easiest answer will be to reproduce the notes which I made last year for the symphony program:

"Peer Gynt" is a ne'er-do-weel invented by Heinrich Ibsen, years and years ago, and embodied in his elaborate and mystical poem of the same title. In the course of his many explorations of the world in avoidance of all responsibility, many adventures and mishaps befall him. It is little of these that come into Grieg's music—which is quite as well, for there is little of musical worth in the character of the title rôle.

"Morning" is simply an idyl of sunrise upon the mountains, where in the pure air and the stillness the beams of day strike upon unaccustomed vision like a grand voluntary of praise. The scale of the music is practically that of five tones. The form of the melodic ideas is Norwegian; but the noble and sweet spirit of the music is peculiar to no country or people. Beneath all beats the common heart of humanity; and through it all human hearts look up to Nature's God.

Aase (they say it is pronounced O-ah-seh, accent the second syllable) was the mother of Peer Gynt. Left alone by her vagrant and ne'er-do-weel son, she dies in poverty in her little cabin far up the mountain side. It is this dreariness of unloved death which perhaps Grieg would recall to us in the title.

Anitra was a fascinating minx of the desert, encountered by Peer Gynt one time when masquerading as the Prophet. Becoming infatuated with the fascinating enchanter, she takes advantage of the pleasure her dancing gives him to beguile from him all his jewels and at length his steed, and the Prophet pursues his ignoble way on foot. In the music nothing of this comes, excepting only the fairy and spiritual grace of the beautiful maiden of the desert. Her dance is at least well named, and one can pardon Peer Gynt for his failure in judgment. She might have deceived a better man.

In an earlier part of the book Peer Gynt follows a fascinating Norwegian maiden up the mountain side, only to find her the daughter of the Dovre king, a sort of homely blending of witch, fairy, mermaid and everything of the sort—a perverted fairy conception. In the hall of the Mountain King he finds gnomes and various forms of joke and prank, to whose tender mercies he is turned over. The music brings us the prankiness of these queer folks, and the underground and uncanny atmosphere of their habitat. It is quite a similar crowd to that which poor Rip Van Winkle so unfortunately "met-up" with nearer our own homes; but it formed no part of Grieg's purpose to carry the analogy too far.

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MUSIC



APRIL, 1897.

THE BOY HANS VON BUELOW AS SEEN IN HIS LETTERS.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

The volume of early correspondence of the late distinguished pianist and conductor, Hans von Buelow, presents an interesting personality, and glimpses of the intimate life of a generation of great musicians whose names by this time are names and little more. Hans von Buelow was born in Dresden, January 8, 1830, in a house diagonally across the street from that in which the poet Koerner was born. Buelow's father was a literary man and scholar of intelligence and ready sympathy. The mother, Franciska von Bülow, had pronounced musical tastes, and was in fact a fair amateur pianist, but she belonged to a family of noted men of affairs, bureau people. It would seem from the early letters that the boy had been accustomed to a certain ease in money affairs, and both father and mother had distinguished connections in Leipsic, Berlin, and elsewhere.

The musical side of Franciska Buelow's nature, which in part her son inherited from her, did not carry with it the usual amenities of a musical temperament. She was passionate, a very strict devotee, strongly ecclesiastical in disposition; at first in the established church, later she went over to Catholicism, but only at the ripe age of eighty-four—she was a mother not likely to make an agreeable home for such a boy as her son Hans. Moreover, between father and mother there were disillusionings and uncongenialities of temperament, which by the time the boy was ten years of age had resulted in the then rare experience of divorce, having no other ground than the now familiar one of "incompatibility of temper." In spite of these unfavorable elements in his environment, Hans von Bülow

retained a lovely cheerfulness of disposition, a very quick and ready mental responsiveness, and a faculty for making and retaining friends of the very best sort.

The musical gifts of the boy asserted themselves at an early age. When scarcely nine years old, his teacher of piano then being the violinist Henselt, he was accustomed to amuse himself by reading music when confined to his bed a few days with a light illness; he went to churches where fine music was to be heard, and upon returning home was able to play by ear the melodies which had particularly pleased him. Nevertheless, nothing was further from the intentions of his parents than that music should form to him anything more than a pleasant pastime and a part of that large culture which to the elder Von Buelow was signified by the much abused word "education." His mother thought that "great musical talent would beautify his life, would keep him away from many useless, foolish things, and would always ensure him an agreeable position in society."

In the musical world at that time two great virtuosi occupied the foremost position. They were the violinist, Paganini, and the pianist, Liszt. When Liszt was in Dresden, as early as 1842 to 1844, Franciska von Buelow made his acquaintance, and they were accustomed to meet in society. When Liszt came to the house he met the gifted boy, Hans, and it is related that on one occasion when visiting at a neighbor's of the Buelow's, Liszt declined to play unless they brought the little Hans, who accordingly was sent for, aroused from his early slumbers (for it was in the evening) and brought to see this friend who to him was so much all through life.

The first letter of the series in the volume just printed in English ("Early Correspondence of Hans von Buelow, translated by Constance Bache—D. Appleton & Company) was written to his mother from Leipsic, May 23, 1841—the boy being then just past eleven. After conventional beginnings he goes on:

"I am now quite settled; I have two lessons a week from Herr Hasse, who corrects my work and gives me fresh work to do; I also have French lessons every day from Fraulein Hackstaedt. I have lots of amusement at the rider's booth and in the panorama, and I have been to a Bellini opera. The best first—'I Capuletti ed i Montechi.' Oh, when I heard

that this heavenly opera was going to be given I was quite beside myself for joy, for I could already flatter myself with hope, as aunt had promised to send me to a Bellini opera. Demoiselle Kreutzer (daughter of the Kapellmeister) was starring it here from the Cologne theater and played Juliet, and she will also play in 'Robert the Devil,' and perhaps later in her father's opera, 'Nachtlager'—so she says. She pleases me very much; her voice and appearance are beautiful, only she makes such faces when she sings. Romeo, Madame Schmidtgen, I did not like. The three men I liked. But the choruses were very badly sung; I had expected them to be much better."

A few days later, when it was proposed to send him away to a summer resort for his health, he vigorously protests that there is plenty of air at Leipsic, and adds:

"It is of the utmost use to me to hear Madame Schumann, and this more than anything else will urge me on to more practice. I am keeping my diary, but I don't know in the least how to 'meditate a little and write it down,' as you recommend. I am practicing now Bach Fugues, Poeme d'Amour, Mayer's Studies, Beethoven's D minor and C sharp sonatas, and keeping up other pieces, such as Hummel's A minor concerto and Septet."

On the 9th of May, 1845, the boy of fifteen writes: "I practice steadily two hours a day and have got up again what I had lost by neglect. I am playing Chopin, Henselt, Bach and Hummel, and have begun to study the fantasia 'Oberon's Magic Horn.' I have already had two lessons from Herr Hauptmann. I like him very much. Yesterday I went twice to see Herr Plaidy, but he was not at home."

About two weeks later he writes again, having arisen at half-past four on account of a family birthday festival and a railway excursion, which, however, does not begin until eleven o'clock:

"With regard to my piano playing you may set your mind at rest. 'Je travaille comme un negre' (I work like a negro) I can truly say. Every morning I play shake exercises, scales simple and chromatic of all kinds, exercises for throwing the hands; for these I use a study of Moscheles, one of Steibelt, and a two part fugue of Bach, which I play in octaves (it was Otto Goldschmidt who recommended me to do this), and

Toccatas of Czerny which Herr Plaidy gave me, and Moscheles' and Chopin's Studies; so that I do not find any others of Bertini, Cramer or Clementi necessary; I have enough to do with the Chopin studies. I finished Field's A major concerto yesterday; I have only studied the first movement. Mr. Plaidy thinks the others are not worth much—and at my next lesson I shall begin Mendelssohn's D minor concerto. Besides these I am studying by myself Bach's Fugues, Klengel's Canons, Oberon's Zauberhorn, Hummel's Fantasia, Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, and am keeping up my old pieces, such as Chopin's Tarantella and Nocturnes, Henselt's Variations and Spring Song, and Hummel's B minor concerto. I played Beethoven's C major sonata to Mr. Hauptmann, whose lessons are of great interest and pleasure to me. He praised my conception of it and gave me a few hints and some advice now and then, which it would take too long to tell you about. Then I played him a fugue of Bach's in which he found fault with Czerny's edition, which gives it staccato, as I played it, but Hauptmann thinks that it would better suit the character of this fugue (C minor) to play it legato. I have played duets with Goldschmidt, and he is invited again next Sunday with Joachim."

In the year 1846 Eduard von Buelow removed from Dresden to Stuttgart, where Hans made the acquaintance of Joachim Raff, Molique, the celebrated violinist; Benedict, the conductor from London, and other notables. Meanwhile the boy had been composing, and before he was as yet seventeen some of his compositions had been sent to Kapellmeister Richard Wagner, at Dresden, who, after keeping them a while, returned them with commendations, and at length with the encouragement to "Go on trying and let me soon see something more." Wagner also said to Ritter, who had brought the Buelow pieces to him, "An undeniable talent."

Just before reaching the age of eighteen Hans von Buelow entered at the University of Leipsic. Here he began a course of serious studies in philosophy, letters and literature, of which a letter to his mother, dated June 24, 1848, gives a good account. He says:

"The lectures I am attending are Psychology and Logic from Weisse, every day from seven to eight (very clever lectures, sometimes rather obscure, but he dictates a great deal

so that one can think it over at home). And it is very nice that he gives his lecture so early, because then one is obliged to get up early. Four times a week Wachsmuth reads *Universal History* from eight to nine, which is rather interesting and useful. W. is no very great man, but he knows how to make his lectures very interesting, especially by quoting the sources of his information. Twice a week Haupt reads, from ten to eleven, Tacitus' *'Germania,'* which is of much interest both grammatically and historically. He is also in my opinion the best speaker, as he always speaks in an equal tone and never interrupts himself." Other particulars he gives of yet other distinguished lectures, the time of which aggregates twenty hours a week. Meanwhile his piano practice goes on regularly with a repertory of distinguished and advanced pieces.

While in Leipsic he lived with a family of relatives, the head of which was a banker of eminence, the son a professor in the university, in short people of refinement, distinguished position and intense conservatism. But the air of Saxony was full of revolution and freedom of thought. Thus presently the young man found his position unbearable, and Hans broke with them, and during the interim paid a visit to Weimar. There he renewed his acquaintance with Liszt.

"After some futile attempts, I met Liszt at one o'clock (Wednesday). He had to go to the Grand-Ducal dinner, but we had an hour's talk together upon various subjects—Raff, Wagner, who Liszt hopes is in Paris. (Wagner had fled from Dresden to Switzerland and after the absurd outbreak of 1848, and not to Paris as Liszt here hoped.) In the afternoon he appointed me to meet him at the Altenburg, the abode of the Princess Wittgenstein, where Liszt is also accustomed to spend the whole day." Here he met a pupil of Liszt, Winterberger, and himself played for the master. He was particularly interested in hearing Liszt's interpretation of the Beethoven concerto in E flat. He goes on:

"On Thursday he dined with me at the Russicher Hof, where I also am stopping. He came with the most notable artists and singers, who all adore him, and whom he treats with unspeakable kindness. He is a quite perfect man. Today I was at Stoer's, the leading violinist, who has also done something as composer—there was no end of his praise. Liszt's playing, and his whole personality, have completely inspired

me; all the brilliant gifts of former days he still possesses in fullest measure, but a more manly repose, and all-round solidity, complete his truly exalted character."

"Early yesterday I was with him at the rehearsal of 'Fidelio.' I was perfectly carried away by his conducting—admirable, astounding! In the evening he played trios at the Altenburg. We were again with him from seven to eleven. Tomorrow he is going to have my Quartette played. He has placed his room, piano, musical library, at my disposal every morning—naturally I have often availed myself of his permission."

A few days later the quartette was played to Liszt, who being detained away from the first performance had the advantage of a repetition when the players had more perfectly learned their parts. Then in turn "Liszt gave us an immense pleasure that same day by his performance of the 'Tannhäuser' overture, which he has paraphrased in the most wonderful manner, and with the greatest assiduity (he made three different arrangements of it); he has managed to give the effects in such a wonderful manner upon the piano as no other pianist I am sure will ever be able to do. In all probability he will publish this arrangement, as well as the transcription of Wolfram's song. The latter is not particularly difficult; and the former does not look so very awful on paper, yet the playing of it was such a strain upon him that he was obliged to stop for a moment once near the end; and he very seldom plays it because it exhausts him too much, so he said to me afterwards, 'You can write in your diary that I have played the 'Tannhäuser' overture to you.'"

The young Buelow had now reached the age of twenty, and his inclinations were stronger than ever to music, which up to this time had been regarded as a pleasant diversion in the life of a student, but by no means suitable for a life work. He visited his father, who, remarried congenially, was now leading the life of a retiring scholar at Oetlishausen. Shortly he disappeared; he had gone to see Richard Wagner at Zurich. Then began a struggle to secure the approval of his parents, particularly of his mother, to his undertaking the life of a musician. He unfolds his ideas at length and with great earnestness, but moderation, in long letters to his father and mother. He induces Wagner and Liszt both to write to the

mother. Meanwhile Wagner opened a way for the boy to be independent insofar as earning a livelihood was concerned. Wagner was then acting as honorary conductor of the theater at Zurich. Here he had influence enough to appoint the young Bulow to the post of assistant conductor, which he was to share with another protege, Carl Ritter. Ritter undertook first of all to write an opera, so the first chance fell to Bulow. Here he had no small difficulty, but also a distinguished momentary success as conductor. He writes concerning the duties of his post in terms awakening a lively picture of its demands:

"I am now tremendously busy in rehearsals, early in the morning and in the afternoon regularly, from three to four hours each time. I have already conducted four times in public: twice it was the farce, 'Einmal hundert tausend Thaler,' and of operas the 'Daughter of the Regiment' and the 'Czaar und Zimmermann.' It is not such an easy task as it appears; it requires a thorough extensive study, almost to the point of learning the operas by heart, and that is a great strain and also takes a great deal out of one."

He also began to appear as pianist, rightly concluding that fame in this direction would tend to make his authority as conductor more sure. So he writes of playing two fantasias by Kullak and Liszt, upon "Norma" and "Sonnambula." Should he gain the opportunity of playing at a second concert he intends to play a Beethoven sonata and the Liszt "Tannhäuser" overture. His career as conductor was a little checkered. He writes with considerable feeling at the emptiness and insignificance of the last opera he had conducted. It was Auber's "Fra Diavolo." Later a break occurred between the husband of one of the singers and the conductors, which necessitated the resignation of Bulow, whereupon he heard of a place at St. Gall, where he assumed the duties of conductor for some months. His life here was laborious in the extreme. The orchestral players, sixty in number, were most of them amateurs, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and the like—men of position who played for the love of it and also for the sake of having an orchestra of suitable numbers. With these gentlemen, who had been accustomed to refrain from rehearsals and even from practice, the young conductor had rather a difficult time. He mentions the case of one who was an amateur upon

that most treacherous of instruments, the bassoon, whom it was constantly necessary to watch and signal "not yet," "not yet," until in the end the conductor got so anxious that when the moment of entrance came he still automatically said "not yet"—whereupon the music was perhaps even better assured than if he had permitted the desired entrance. In one of his conversations, years later, Bulow attempted to locate here the story of the good time-keeper who played the tympani, and upon finding a long rest was accustomed to go out to a neighboring beer saloon, returning, however, in time to effect his entrance at the close of the rest, having counted his measures all the time he was swallowing his beer. Of his daily life perhaps the following letter to his father gives as good an idea as any extract that could be made. The date is St. Gall, January, 1851:

"Your advice to me to freeze in the cold, I am following with a peculiar expansion in the frosty feeling. Thus I never have any fire, as the iron stove makes it so unbearably hot for an hour that I am obliged to throw open the windows, and then that brings back the original temperature. Besides, it would be a luxury, as I only get up at seven, and from nine, and occasionally ten o'clock, I have rehearsals—chorus rehearsals, which would drive one to distraction if the ladies were not so amiable and the gentlemen so good-humored. For we have no separate chorus singers, but all the personnel of the play and of the opera is obliged to take part in the choruses. In this noble occupation we go on until midday, when we dine; then we go to the Loewe, drink our coffee, have a look at the 'Augsburger' and the 'Siecle,' regale ourselves with 'Charavari,' which just now has some capital caricatures about German affairs, and meet our friends. In the afternoon I am again schoolmaster and have my ears martyred from half-past two to half-past four. In the evening there is either orchestral rehearsal or theater, and the day is ended before one is aware of it. If it is then very cold, I get into bed and study scores, which have the advantage over books that one does not go to sleep over them. I have now thoroughly studied the 'Freyschuetz,' i. e. the score, so that I am learning it by heart. For next Friday, I hope, with the help of God Almighty, the 'Freyschuetz' will be given. I hope it will go pretty well; I shall have three orchestral rehearsals."

About this time the thoughtful Liszt wrote a lovely letter to the father of Hans, advising that the boy come to him at Weimar and study piano, saying that in three years' time he would become independent as a virtuoso and be able to maintain himself with honor, independent of subordinate positions, leaving him free to wait without anxiety the honorable positions which certainly would later seek talent such as he had already shown. It is a beautiful letter and well worth quoting entire, but unfortunately space forbids.

The father of Hans came to St. Gall to hear the "Frey-schuetz," a performance which seems to have gotten itself assisted after the pious wish of the young conductor, and in a letter to Ernest von Buelow the pleased father recounts the admiration he had heard everywhere expressed in the little Swiss town for his son's mastership as conductor and pianist. A couple of weeks later he played the "Tannhauser" overture in a concert at Zurich, where Richard Wagner conducted the "Sinfonia eroica."

In May, 1851, the proud father writes to Ernest von Buelow:

"Hans has been with us for the last four weeks, well and bright, for a rest after his veritable musical campaign in St. Gall. His labors there have ended with honor. He has gone through a schooling such as no other young musician of his age would easily do, and is now in a position to conduct any orchestra. He is just now composing a string quartet, and intends after that to compose a symphony to Aeschylus' 'Oresteia,' which he is studying in the original for that purpose. In a fortnight he goes to Munich, and thence to Liszt at Weimar, with whom he is to live."

(To be Concluded.)

JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

III.

(The author continues the narrative.)

It was a small room, furnished in the style known as oriental, which means that it was dimly lighted and confusingly full of draped silk effects. It had several large divans filled with soft cushions, each with its canopy half hiding it from observation at any other part of the room.

Miss Loveton said in a tone which expressed hesitation as to the propriety of what she intended to say:

"If you don't very much mind, Mr. Blaming, we will sit in here to-night. For, you see, if we do not the hall or the stairs will be our only refuge," she smiled up at him as she stooped to pass the bamboo curtain and the silk damask portiere which he held back for her.

"You see," she went on, when they were comfortably seated side by side among the pillows on one of the divans, "Mamma is in the dining room instructing a new maid in her duties, and papa is in the drawing-room talking stock with his broker, and in the sitting-room upstairs Cousin Julia is trying to rejuvenate an old flame. We simply had to come in here!"

"Certainly, certainly, pray don't apologize," said Mr. Blaming in his quick way, with the air of one who has conferred a favor.

"By the way," he went on, "I had the pleasure of discomfiting an enemy of yours to-day."

"Of mine?" wonderingly.

"Yes, Mr. Barrington came in to see me. (You possibly know the provisions of his father's will.) He is not succeeding with his work, and I am of the opinion that he never will. He had the temerity to ask if I and my associate executors would assist him with his work; would, in short, give him advice. Fortunately, Mr. Earlington, the dissenting member of the Board, was absent. I therefore acted very positively in the matter.

"I told him that he could not expect to form a proper and suitable style in one year. (I flatter myself that I quite floored him when I told him that my own style required twenty years of practice to bring it to its present state of perfection.) He said he had supposed that it would be part of our duty to assist him by our literary advice. I replied that I, for one, wished to have nothing whatever to do with a man who owed his tailor, and who had an unpaid bill of \$3,000 for jewelry. I quite crushed him by this last piece of information; but like all irresponsible men he quickly recovered and made one or two personal remarks about me which are not necessary to repeat. When I reported the matter to the Board they quite applauded my conduct—were very complimentary, in fact."

"But will not Mr. Earlington oppose your action?"

"We shall tell him nothing about it. Nothing whatever," said Mr. Blaming, pursing his lips, and then audibly opening them.

"Did you say the jewelry bill was for \$3,000?" asked Miss Loveton, turning a brilliant diamond which adorned her third finger.

"You know we paid \$10,000 of Mr. Barrington's debts, of which \$4,000 went toward the jewelry bill I have spoken of, which was originally \$7,000. I cannot imagine how he could have used so much jewelry. I am told that it is considered extremely vulgar for a man to wear any in the present day."

Miss Loveton looked at the rings upon her fingers with a new kind of appreciation.

"Miss Loveton, I should like to ask you, if the question be permitted, about your engagement with Mr. Barrington. It is rumored that he was responsible for the rupture, but I have persistently denied this whenever I have heard it."

"Mr. Blaming," very seriously, "I suppose I should have told you something about this before. Believe me, that many times during the last few months, since you have been so good as to call upon me, I had it on my tongue to speak to you. But I was afraid that you might not understand me as I wanted to be understood. You see, it is—that is, it is—Oh, I cannot tell you!" and she let her eyes fall to the ground and shivered slightly, clasping her hands in her lap.

"Miss Loveton, I would too greatly esteem any confidence of yours to misunderstand it." (Very insinuatingly.)

"Thank you," said Miss Loveton softly, looking up at him from under her long lashes and (unintentionally) placing her hand on his.

"Oh," said Mr. Blaming, "let it remain, let it remain; it does not annoy me;" and he took amorous possession of it.

"Oh, please don't," she said quickly, with some confusion of manner; and then followed two or three moments of embarrassed silence, while he noticed with pleasure that her bosom was heaving. He believed with agitation. After a moment she said:

"Something warned me against him at the first, but he was so persistent and I saw so much of him that I finally forgot this feeling. And when he proposed to me for the fifth time I was so sorry for the poor fellow that I accepted him. You see, I am foolish enough to believe that a woman, if she be a true woman, should be willing to assume some of the hardships and sacrifice of life."

"Very noble, very noble," interrupted Mr. Blaming, possessing himself again of her hand.

"After we were engaged he shocked my feelings—though perhaps I am over sensitive—" reflectively, "many times, but I thought that he had never known the influence of a woman and that I could reform him. And how did he repay me! The moment his father died and he supposed himself wealthy, he came here and taking from me the poor little engagement ring he had given, brutally broke the engagement. I was completely prostrated, not that I cared a bit for the man. It was his ingratitude and heartlessness which I felt, and then he made matters worse by spreading the report that I had received valuable jewels from him which I refused to part with. He even declared that family heirlooms were presents from him. You can imagine how I felt."

"Miss Loveton," said Mr. Blaming, deeply moved, "is not the ay—ah—friendship of a man of my age of more satisfaction to you than that of a young fool like Barrington?"

"Can you ask?" she said gently, pressing his hand as she withdrew hers.

"He shall suffer for the way he has treated you. I can promise that. I had intended (now that I have come into my fortune) to resign my executorship, but I shall retain it! If that young man gets that estate twenty years hence he may con-

gratulate himself." Mr. Blaming made a gesture which showed his firmness of purpose.

"I really do not wish him any harm." (Resignedly.)

"You need not be disturbed; it is my private opinion that he has not the brains to succeed."

"You do not think hardly of me for my intimacy with him?"

"Miss Loveton, you were victimized, you could not do wrong," and again he possessed himself of that soft white hand which was luring him to his fate. Ah! Mr. Blaming, before it is too late draw back. Do you think that your fifty years of bachelorhood makes you proof against those blue eyes and that dainty figure, and the deep richness of her voice, which seems to delight you, you know not why? But the thought did not come to him; an impulse, a sensation he had not had for thirty years overcame him, a look of determination settled upon his face and he raised her hand to his lips and industriously covered it with kisses.

She rose hurriedly and walked slowly away from him, her head lowered as if in shame at his action. When she turned she was at the end of the room. Mr. Blaming sat forward on the couch, so frightened, so agitated, that he was not his own master. At last she came out of the gloom and he saw that her lips were compressed, her head lowered and her cheeks pink with her blushes. It is her modesty, declared this deluded scholar, and in some remote part of his heart a feeling of respect for that kind of woman rose and joined hands with the amorous tendency of his mind and urged by both he went quickly forward and met her.

"Have you no respect for me?" she asked, with a sob in her voice and a gesture of despair.

Shamefaced Mr. Blaming hesitated and then—then he seized her hand and falling on one knee said earnestly, even passionately:

"Miss Loveton, you are an angel; I do respect you. I love you, will you be my wife? I know my age is against me. I am wealthy. I will lay every desire at your feet. Do not look so cold; oh! Ruth, say yes to my suit."

"Mr. Blaming," she said, her voice shaking, he thought, with agitation, "I must not, I cannot answer you now. Please,

please let me go; I will write to you; it was so unexpected—I am so—so unworthy,” and she hurried from the room.

II.

“What are you laughing at so, Ruth?”

“Oh, at Mr. Blaming. He is so ridiculous. He has proposed, papa.”

“My beloved——”

“No, dear, do not do that. You and I understand each other. I am to be congratulated on getting the better of a selfish old creature, but do you (she was scornful) expect to congratulate me on a marriage with such a man!”

“Oh no, dear; certainly not. Did you regularly accept him, Ruth?” (anxiously.)

“No,” indifferently, “I shall write and accept him in a week.”

“Is that wise, my dear?”

“Papa,” she said, and rising, stamped her foot; her face flushed, she clenched her hands so they started white with the pressure, and again and again the little foot came down. Then she went to her room and cried softly, how long I do not know.

“I am heartily glad she did not say it,” said Mr. Loveton, with a sigh of resigned goodness as he turned to his work at the desk.

After a while he said dejectedly, “She may be happy with him; who can tell? I’m afraid young Barrington made an impression!—Hum!—I’m very much afraid he did!”

CHAPTER V.

The servant announced Mr. Barrington. I went forward to meet him. We shook hands and I noticed that he felt embarrassed and constrained.

“Will you sit down here by the fire?”

“Thank you, sir. I—that is, well, I supposed I ought to be pleased at your having asked me to come here; but I should like to know first why you did so.”

“That is reasonable and I will explain. You called upon the executors on a day when I was not in town——”

“I could not know that.”

"Certainly not; you asked them to advise with you about your work and they replied that they were all agreed in wishing to have nothing to do with you. I learned of this only two days ago. My associates did not see fit to inform me of their decision as expressed to you, because they know I would not agree to it. Judge Brown told me of a talk he had with you and in that way I learned about the matter, and I at once sent for you."

"I am heartily sorry I misunderstood you, sir."

"Say no more about it. I want to have a long talk with you, and if you are a smoker help yourself from the table at your elbow."

As he lighted his cigar I studied his face intently and compared it with my memory of him as he had been a year before. It was clear that he had suffered from the serious lines that had come in his face. His was rather a slow reflective temperament, and this, I judged, had been his salvation in this crisis of his life. A more active man would have plunged into dissipation, a man of a less capacity for mental suffering and feeling would have found in it the relief he sought.

"This is a good cigar," he said.

"It's a pleasure to me, Mr. Barrington, to see you sitting there where your father so often sat. Do you know that you hold your cigar in the same way he did; and I declare, by the light of the fire I might almost swear you were he."

"I would be glad to be more like him," he replied reflectively.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, for I found the conversation difficult, "what impression your father's letter to his executors had upon your mind?"

He looked at me in an embarrassed way and then began at once. Something of the kind interest I felt in him must have been reflected on my face, for he spoke with trust and so freely as to prove his confidence in me.

"Why, at the first, that is, at the very first, I did not think at all. You see, my engagement with Miss Loveton was broken off that same afternoon, and that rather overshadowed everything else for a long time. Then I began to write one day, and I liked what I wrote so well that it seemed only a question of a month's industry to finish the book. I used Barrington Manor as the place where my little drama was to be

played; and the people I knew there supplied me with my characters. I rather think I was my own hero"—he looked quickly at me to see if I was laughing, and reassured continued: "After I had written the story completely through I reread it and I then saw how utterly illogical and out of harmony the parts of it were. The style was dreadful. Indeed, I often could not imagine what I had intended certain passages to express. I found that I had not wasted many words, but that I had written a great many unnecessary paragraphs and chapters. The task seemed hopeless to me after this, and for a month I did nothing more to it. The having to go to the bank every day to get the ten dollars seemed to destroy any hope of success I might otherwise have felt. The cashier has a nasty sarcastic way of smiling when he hands the money to me, and he is so ostentatiously careful about the time that it is extremely disagreeable. You see I have never been in the habit of being sociable with strangers and I suppose my manner accounted for his ridicule and dislike.

"I read a great deal during the next two months, and after finishing Carlyle's French Revolution I began to feel a new confidence in myself, and re-wrote my book twice during the following month. But the more I worked upon it the more utterly hopeless was the mess that resulted. During the last six months I have finished it or nearly so. That is, it is written clearly and anyone could understand it, though of course it is all wrong. My great trouble is that I like some parts of it so much and others are so unsatisfactory, and I cannot make the latter any more satisfactory no matter how hard I try. Then you see I have been at times so profoundly discouraged. But after all my father thought he was acting for the best. He really believed that I was indolent, and all that he said I was in that letter."

"And you are not."

"No, I do not think that I am. It is simply impossible for me to arouse in myself any interest in the things which do not naturally please me and this has always been so. I am perfectly willing to work at anything—I mean I do not wish to be idle. But it is a question as to how far I can force myself. I like to write, but only on certain subjects and at certain times. The descriptive parts of the book wearied me so much that I could not write them. The love scenes were abso-

lutely impossible. I had to leave all that kind of thing out of the story."

"Was your affair with Miss Loveton a serious disappointment to you?"

"For certain reasons, yes. I suppose it was infatuation, not love, that held me to her, even when she acted as she did, and even when I heard the false reports she spread about the affair; I could not control my desire to see her, nor prevent my legs from carrying me in the direction of her house, and yet it would have been a positive pain and annoyance to have met her."

"In what way was she so fascinating?"

"It is hard to explain, but if you can imagine a most perfectly beautiful woman, of the dainty type, with a wonderful white and pink coloring, and the softest brown hair and the daintiest of figures; with many little ways of speech and action which had every one its own charm; with a voice that could express the finest shade of meaning and emotion of a rather unusual mind—you will understand——"

"That young Mr. Barrington is not cured of his passion for this paragon of perfection."

"No, there you are wrong. She was not perfection; if she had been I would not have cared for her. Physically she was perhaps, but in manner and conversation it was rather what you would call her faults that charmed me. She had the faculty of flattering without words every part of you that sought for sympathy or praise."

"When the final history of the sex is written we will know that it is the woman of manner rather than the beautiful woman who will have made the greatest number of conquests."

"But when you add beauty and grace and daintiness——"

"I am an old man, John," said I, "but I can understand and feel for you. You are worn out with the struggle which you have had during the past year. If I am not mistaken you have lost at times your feeling of self-respect when you have regretted your father's disappointment about you and you have felt bitterly that others should know about it. You have felt a desire for sympathy which nothing could satisfy but your old sweetheart, and lastly you have worked hard and without success and have doubtless been troubled by your creditors. My boy, your cup has been very full."

"I think that it has been the loss of the respect for myself that has been the hardest to bear."

"And it is that which has developed you the most."

We sat for a little time looking at the blazing logs and thinking of what had been said.

"John," I said at last, "in writing your book over and over, did you follow always the same line of plot and subject? Did you, that is, rewrite the incidents or was it nearly all new matter each time?"

"That was my chief difficulty," he replied. "I had so many and such different views of the same situation on paper that I found it hard to select the one to use, and hard to combine what I thought good in all. It was this that interfered the most with my success."

I smiled at his lack of knowledge.

"It is this of which you complain that alone makes me feel confident of your success."

He seized my hand.

"Is that really so?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said I.

"Thank God for that," said he, and fell to thinking; of whom it was not hard to guess.

"John," I said, after a little silence, "you would not go back to her if you succeeded and got your money?" A look I had often seen on his father's face flushed across his.

"Mr. Earlington, my father was right in the main—never mind the small mistakes he made—I'm not the man to go back to her or to the old idle ways he hated. That is all in the past, sir."

He looked a noble fellow as he said it. The indolent expression had gone out of his face and in its place was a look that showed me for the first time the possibilities of manliness which had been latent in him until this moment. What he did and said was but an impulse, but it was the beginning of the change. As I look back now, long years after, I can see that the same feeling was thrilling him then as afterwards did when he so gloriously rescued Captain Blake from the very grasp of death, periling his own life to do so, and it was still the same instinct of noble manliness which made him treat with a woman's tenderness one whose future lay in his hands. I am glad to be able to write this and to feel that I

am telling the truth; for I am an old man, and in the talks of others I so constantly hear of hopeless failure that to know that we cannot judge a man by one phase of his life is very precious to me and gives me some hope for others about whom I would otherwise feel discouraged. But after all this is a private matter and I ought not to have intruded it here.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TUNE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

From out a windless realm it flows,
Fragrant and sweet as balm of rose;
Upon its breast soft sunlight glowed,
And still it glides where the jasmine blows,

An old, sweet tune of other days!
Full of the tints of the autumn time;
Scents of russets and August haze
Gathered and fell like thoughts in rhyme.

May never again that once-loved tune
Fall in my heart as a stream that flows!
Let it run as it will, like a vine in June,
Fragrant and sweet as a summer rose.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

The name of Mr. David Bispham is well known to the readers of Music as that of a lyric artist of American birth, whose attainments, distinction of style, and lovely qualities of voice alike entitle him to the high reputation he has enjoyed abroad for several years. During his presence in Chicago in connection with the Metropolitan Opera Company, a representative of Music took occasion to call upon him—in fact to interview him, after the proper journalistic sort. Mr. Bispham is an interesting talker, with views concerning his art at once intelligent and earnest. This earnestness is one of the secrets of his success. Another element is found in his many-sided study of music. Upon this point he well says: "Whether it is opera or oratorio, I hold that a singer, if he is going to do anything at all, ought to apply himself to the whole business of his art; that he is likely to be a better opera singer from the repose which is necessary in oratorio; and a better oratorio and song singer from the dramatic necessities of his operatic work. Each reacts upon the other."

Just before the interview Mr. Bispham had been singing a most interesting selection of songs in the concert given by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, the first pieces upon the list being "Four Serious Songs," by Brahms, op. 121, the texts of these pieces being from Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus and Corinthians, and the subject a meditation upon the vanity of life, the inevitability and at the same time the possible sweetness of death, and in the last song a most beautiful setting of St. Paul's words concerning Faith, Hope and Charity. The music is grave, noble, serious, as befits the subject; but the question arose, why a text of this character should have been set to music. This opened the interview. In reply Mr. Bispham said:

"We cannot say what a great composer shall do. It happens, which you may not know, that Brahms is in very poor health and he wrote these songs, they are his latest works, under the feeling of seriousness that comes over a man when he realizes

that he may not recover from his disease. Brahms never will recover and he said to his most intimate friend, 'I have written these songs for my last birthday.' Of course the whole world hopes he may live beyond the 7th of next May—he was born May 7, 1833—but at any rate he was under the impression a year ago that this was the last work he would ever do. You know they are 'serious' (ernste) songs and you have no idea



MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

how many people have written to me letters thanking me for putting before them what they were pleased to call a 'great sermon.' I produced these songs in London, where I gave them their first hearing, last autumn at my farewell concert just before I came to America. I also sang them in New York at my first recital there. I want to make them widely known, because they are so earnest and fine and such noble works! It

isn't everybody that cares about Brahms, but here he is at the height of his own individuality and for that reason people may even care less for these songs than for some of his others."

"What do you do in oratorio? What are your principal roles, or do you sing everything?" asked the scribe.

"I sing all that comes to me," answered the singer. "Of course Elijah, so dramatic and fine, is a favorite with all baritones; but I like St. Paul almost equally well. I don't think the Messiah suits me particularly. I sing it of course, but not with the satisfaction that I take in other oratorio parts, and I feel that there are singers who can do it with greater authority than I."

"Where did I study? The Quaker college, Haverford, near Philadelphia, is my Alma Mater, but as a child I had a German nurse and that perhaps is why my pronunciation of that language is especially commended. Vocal art I studied in Italy, but I was connected, as an amateur, with all the musical clubs and choral societies in Philadelphia; I have been away from there, however, most of the time for about twelve years."

"Falstaff I was actually the first to sing in English, at a series of lectures given by the celebrated composer, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, upon Verdi and his work, at the Royal Institution in London. Subsequently I played the part more than twenty times in England. During this season the rest of the company, with one or two exceptions, were the original exponents of their parts from Milan. By the way, it is supposed that in Verdi's later years Boito, who has been with him almost constantly, has impressed upon the old master something of his own individuality in music; for, if you will observe, a great deal of the instrumentation of 'Mefistofele' bears a close resemblance to that of 'Othello' and 'Falstaff.' Of course the whole art of instrumentation has shaped itself in the same direction in these later days, but these two men having been so much together for the past ten or fifteen years, have from their musical intercourse, and elaboration of their work together, naturally fallen into the same lines of thought. Certainly Boito has had innumerable consultations with Verdi, as he has been his librettist in the two operas mentioned, and it is even said, but I do not give this as a fact—only as hearsay—that Boito has, at Verdi's suggestion, actually scored a great deal of his work for him. And why not indeed? Wag-

ner's pupils did the same; Michaelangelo's and many another artist's co-laborers and pupils did the same. At any rate 'Falstaff' is, to my mind, the greatest example of operatic writing since Wagner. Taking into account the fact that Boito's text has been admirably rendered into quasi-Shakespearean English by William Beatty Kingston of London, and seeing that in our company we have so many English speaking people, it seems a pity that this eminently English work should not receive a hearing in the vernacular. I hope this may come some day."

At this point Mr. Bispham's attention was invited to some questions regarding the possibility and desirability of establishing stock companies for opera in English, after the manner of the Castle Square Company in Boston.

"Well," he answered, "though I think that good is always being done by the cultivation of public taste in the direction of any high and noble art, if you have so many opera companies there is less and less money in it for each one; and besides, another trouble is that when the public has to pay more to hear the same thing by better singers the additional price staggers them, and they do not consider that every great and first-class work contains something which even a clever singing of the notes does not always give. In other words, the inner meaning of a composer's work would be brought out by artists of a higher grade and given forth with greater authority. This the public does not always understand and the members of the smaller companies would not, as a rule, remain where they are were they fully prepared to sing with Mr. Grau's forces. He or some one else would have discovered them."

Mr. Bispham bore testimony in no measured terms of the excellence of the Castle Square Company, Mr. Hinrich's company in Philadelphia, the work of both of which he was inclined to place upon the same high level as that of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, in which company, by the way, most of the principal singers are and have been for some time past, Americans."

"Your real position with regard to that first question then," said the scribe, "is that there would be danger of vulgarizing the opera by inadequate performance. In other words, I ask whether it would have any influence on public taste and your

fear in regard to that is that the performance might not be up to the proper standard."

"That is what I fear," he answered. "I do not care how cheap a thing is, so it is well done; so it is done with reverence for the composer's intentions."

Here the practical question was suggested, whether such a company, well managed, could be supported in cities of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

"It depends entirely," he answered, "upon the nature of the three hundred and fifty thousand people. If it is a mining population, an Irish population, an American population, or something else, it would differ in each case. The great thing is to induce people to go to the opera. Upon my word, it is like the wedding feast in the Bible. A beautiful thing is provided for people who would rather go to a ball, or a wedding, or something else, and the promoters of the feast have actually to look to the by-roads and ditches to find their guests.

"As to the staff of singers required, I do not know exactly, but you could easily get at that from the staff required by the opera houses in the smaller towns of Germany. The members of these companies are paid but little; they give excellent ensemble performances, however, and occasionally from some of these smaller theaters comes forth a person who is at once engaged for Berlin, or Vienna, or Bayreuth. As an example of this I would say, what you may not know, that Klafsky was a member of the chorus in one of the German opera houses, and on the occasion of the illness of a well-known singer she was called upon to sing 'Brünhilde.' Henceforth no more chorus for Klafsky.

"If there were in America a number of companies such as the one of which we are speaking, they would serve as excellent schools for young artists, but the trouble is that nearly all young artists want to begin at the top, and they have nowhere to go without coming down. If they were willing to go into the chorus we would have an intelligent chorus which would do splendid work; and that of the Carl Rosa Company is largely made up of such young ladies and gentlemen. There are some chorus singers in that organization who were studying with Lamperti when I was with him.

"Another point in regard to these smaller opera houses throughout Germany is that one hears there any number of

fine operas which are not at all known in this country or in England. I complain of the Anglo-Saxon public because of its unhealthy desire to see a celebrity, particularly if she is a woman, and its lack of desire to hear any music except that which is very well known. Eventually even that is tired of and the result is an exceptional cast and an empty house. If we should give such an opera as 'The Vampire,' by Marschner, people would not come to hear it. Yet there are plenty of beautiful things which we might well do even in this company, if the public would care to listen. They say, 'We never heard of this before. We want to go and see Calvé in "Faust."' Mr. Grau said to me the other day, 'Those people who complain that they hear "Carmen" or "Faust" so often, should come to me. I could show them at once our point of view. We have to make money and those are the operas they want!' For this reason it is almost impossible to produce novelties.

"With regard to the repertoire of a company such as that of which you speak, I should certainly increase it to far beyond the limits usual in these days of grand opera. I would go again to Germany for points, for there in fact they do pick out the best of what is going on in the world and they give you that. They exist for that reason. The operatic managers are quickly brought to account if they do not keep up to the times. And in this connection I would say that we might do a much larger number of operas if our people were only willing to work harder. One of the great troubles of the managers nowadays is to induce the prima donna to sing a part which is not quite as favorable to her as some other role. Without mentioning names, when one lady was asked to sing a certain part she flatly refuses, because, forsooth, she 'does not like Mozart!' That happened the other day in New York. There is, however, a part in a Mozart opera which this very lady is most anxious to sing, because it gives her an excellent opportunity to show her quality. But some one else in the company referred to refused to do another role in that same opera, the result being confusion to the manager. But I have my ideas upon those subjects and they are taken from Germany. I consider that I do nothing beneath my dignity to sing 'Masetto' a few days after I may have sung 'Wotan.'

"How many roles have I undertaken? I have actually sung about twenty-five different parts. I have been on the stage

just five years last November, having made my debut as the Duc de Longueville in 'The Basoche,' by Messager, at the Royal English Opera, London."

"How long does it take to learn a part like Telramond in Lohengrin?" asked the scribe.

"Well, some people are slower studies than others, and in the old-fashioned Italian operas a part was supposed to be committed to memory in a fortnight, but Wagner is a cat of another color.

"American compositions: I think, if you want to know where American art has got ahead of the modern world, it is in architecture. In music I find that the young gentlemen who go abroad and study do their best work there and come back and settle down and teach, seldom doing anything afterwards worth speaking of. So that, although you might expect from American composers works full of fancy, there is something or other, when it comes to composition, that is disappointing in many instances. I find in all composers, English, American, French or German, that there is a great desire to put their hands upon paper. The result is an infinity of little songs, a page or two long, and the music shops are filled with albums of songs by this, and songs by that. Why, in the name of goodness, do not these intelligent gentlemen postpone rushing into print until they have boiled down their ideas and combined them into a composition of greater length and more serious aim? Would that some American composer might write a great opera! But the musicians are born, not made, and we must wait in patience."

LOCAL ENGLISH OPERA.

BY FREDERIC W. ROOT.

In reply to your queries concerning the establishment of opera in this country, I would say, first, I believe that genuine musical inspiration is likely to be found in opera more often than in pretentious instrumental composition wherein composers experiment among musical possibilities. The one style, by reason of text action, etc., is held to definite dramatic ideas, while the other is not necessarily confined within any limits.

This remark gives the ground for my opinion that public taste would be materially forwarded by the establishment of opera. At present people hear much more of orchestral and piano music than of opera.

I am inclined to believe that, after a time, judiciously managed opera companies in the larger cities would be sustained, excepting in occasional off seasons. But some one would have to lose money in getting them started. Abroad the government or municipality loses this money; here individual capitalists would have to immolate themselves upon the altars of this cult.

With regard to the expense, all I can say is that grand opera with an orchestra of eighty and chorus of one hundred would be entirely out of the possibilities. Perhaps in time there would be support for companies about the size of the Bostonians, who have two or three capable of singing the leading parts in each of the five departments of soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass. Both because opera of this kind would be given in small theaters, and because of expense the chorus would have to be quite small, about twenty, I should think. The orchestra likewise would be as small as could possibly do the work and make a fair showing. For some operas it would have to be augmented.

There is an advantage in a small orchestra beyond the matter of expense. We do not turn out enough of the class of singer that can cope with a Wagnerian orchestra. Those

who remember the American opera, which was given some years ago in connection with the Thomas orchestra, will appreciate this point. This answers your fourth question.

In the matter of meeting the public taste, I am a pessimist. The Bostonians are a well organized and established company, doing practical work. They would gladly give the lighter standard operas; but the public forces them to something as near burlesque as they will consent to go. They could make more money by running "Robin Hood" perpetually. But they insist upon bringing out at least one new work every year. Then there is the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, full of musical gems for soloists and chorus, not to say orchestra, all easy and available and spiced with consummate literary work in the humorous vein. But as we never hear these works more than once the supposition is that they are too good for the public. The desirable repertoire therefore would for a time fall into popular classification as "chestnuts" or "nonsense" or "slow." It would be discouraging to bill a week of opera with "Martha," "Fra Diavolo," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Marriage of Figaro," "Czar and Zimmerman," "Mignon," and some American work only to find the place deserted because De Wolf Hopper or Francis Wilson was in town that week.

If such enterprises could be successfully carried on, it would give the greatest stimulus to American composers.

It would be a desirable consummation if this plan were to result in driving all-absorbing stars into the concert or one-night-opera business, so that public attention might be turned from personality to the vastly more important consideration of music.

The financial guarantee must be within reasonable bounds unlimited. Somebody should be found who, from ambition, public spirit or love of art would stand behind each company as did Mr. Higginson with the Boston orchestra or Mrs. Thurber with the impractically-conceived American opera, until the public learns to take care of the matter itself. Possibly a number of wealthy guarantors would combine; but there is not the same element of performance in that plan.

A serious element of uncertainty in this plan to promote opera is in the businesslike habit of our people who are often more inclined to scramble for dollars than to worship art. It

would take a strong hand at the helm to prevent a wreck upon the rocks of individual business interests. Could such guidance be found?

MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG.

BY A. TREGINA.

Through the forest balmy zephyrs blowing,
Flutter here and there new life bestowing;
Warmth and sunshine through the budding trees
Scatter early blossoms for the bees.

Song of birds with wafted fragrance blending,
Joy upon the waking earth descending,
Mirth and music pulsing everywhere
Through field and stream and tree, through sky and air.

* * * * *

Through the echoing years a song is ringing;
It steals into our sense, compelling, clinging,—
A voice from Springtimes past. Perennial strain!
Wake Springtime ever in the heart again!

What knowest thou of Winter's sad lamenting?
Of early waywardness and late repenting?
So glad, so free, so young, so innocent!
From Heaven for earth's rejuvenation sent!

A SUGGESTION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

BY EDWIN HALL PIERCE.

When our best American composers feel moved to write for orchestra, they almost invariably use instrumentation which demands an orchestra of the largest size and most complete equipments. This is very well, and we would not have them refrain from so doing, but as at present there are only some half dozen such orchestras in this country, why should they not occasionally address themselves to a larger clientèle, by writing a few good things for small orchestra. Scattered throughout the smaller cities are hundreds of small orchestras of from ten to twenty-five or thirty players. Though some of these organizations are very inferior in quality, many of them are really excellent, as far as they go, and are composed of players who would keenly appreciate something from the pen of Paine, Foote, MacDowell, Chadwick, Nevin, or any one of our foremost American composers, in a shape practicable for their use. There is no good reason why these smaller orchestras should have to depend for their repertoire on the works of roof-garden composers, or the poor arrangements made by publishing-house hacks. Let no one say that fine effects are impossible with such humble resources. One of Mozart's most inspired symphonies—the G minor—is scored for one flute, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons, and the usual stringed instruments—in all only eleven or twelve parts. Now it would be difficult or impossible to arrange this symphony effectively for the usual American small orchestra, without entirely re-writing, as cornets would be but a sorry substitute for French horns, and one trombone a shockingly inadequate representation of two bassoons, but there is no good reason why a modern composer, who is master of his art, should not also produce something worthy for an orchestra of equally modest dimensions; for instance, one flute, two clarionets, two cornets, one trombone, first and second violins, viola, violoncello, and bass; a very usual combination now. There is nothing divinely inspired or unchangeable

about the classical use of oboes, bassoons and horns. The composers simply made use of the instrumentation available in their country and generation. Let us imitate them by acting in accordance with the demands of our own age. For instance, French horn players are rather scarce, but good cornet players are plenty. Now the cornet is by no means an adequate substitute for the horn (though I regret to say, it is sometimes employed in place of the trumpet), yet in certain points it is superior to either of these instruments, and is capable of fine effects of its own, which a modern composer should learn to appreciate. Bassoon players, likewise, are almost unobtainable outside of the largest cities, but there are hundreds of trombone players to be had, whose technique far exceeds anything that was demanded of that instrument in the first half of this century. The same comparison might be made between the oboe and clarinet, with scarcely less truth. As the instrumentation of these small orchestras is a somewhat variable quantity (this being the only discouraging feature, in fact), I would recommend the use of a system of "cued-in" parts, such as is found in Carl Fischer's orchestra publications and others of the sort; also that the composer remember that in spite of the small number of instruments, he is writing orchestral music, not chamber music, and should work in broad masses, avoiding too great refinement of detail and consequent complexity.

May these suggestions not prove altogether fruitless. The artist who neglects the material near his hand and fails to supply the real need of the public, loses his most precious privilege and opportunity.

University of Illinois, Musical Department.

SOME NEW YORK MUSICIANS.

BY SOLOMON HENRY THINKER.

Music as an art depends for its support upon the wish of the music lovers of the community. It may occasionally dic-



DR. GERRIT SMITH.

tate to a nation and overcome settled prejudice, but it can succeed in this only at the expense of time and with the powerful aid of a genius. We are all ready enough to be iconoclasts when a sufficiently great mind has supplied the force that destroys the first popular idol. After that the frenzy of the

"new school" tears down without judgment the favorites of the old régime. Otherwise, music must please us in our own way or we prefer not to hear it.

I have spoken of the musician's dependence upon the popular will, and so I suppose it is self evident that he understands the various grades of difference between the musicians of New York. We must understand the society which creates these differences and makes them necessary. In doing this we must remember that nearly all of the music lovers here are largely interested in fads and constantly on the lookout for novelty. While this latter statement applies more certainly to one particular class than to all, it is still too characteristic of the American people not to apply in part to all. It is no uncommon thing here for a musician to suddenly jump into popularity, to be feted and lauded for a season or two and then as quickly disappear again.

There was a time when, save for the fashionable people, the opera was patronized more by foreigners than by the real Americans. But of late years this has changed and I suppose there are more Americans intelligently interested in music than so-called foreigners.

This change has caused another of direct advantage to American music, which is the desire of this new element to employ American teachers for themselves or their children. A few years ago the prominent teachers were Italians, Frenchmen or Germans; now the leaders bear familiar New England names and often hail from the most unlikely of western states. Every year an unknown American, fresh from years of careful study with foreign masters, rents his studio and begins his life work. In a few years he will perhaps have ranged himself with the two hundred or more leading people in his field.

But I fear New York's gain has been the country's loss. The men who fail here, I speak particularly of the foreign teacher, disappear into the smaller cities and there I suppose carry on the system of robbing simple young people with that powerful persuader, a loaded theory. For it may be laid down as a certainty that a sophistry will go farther with musical people of a certain age than the veriest truism. If anyone doubts this let them read the writings of a certain famous teacher and be satisfied that I am right.

A great reason for the American teacher's success lies in

the fact that he is one of ourselves and we can judge with tolerable certainty of the truth of his claims and his ability to do all he declares he can.

There are two classes of people who employ performers in the upper classes of New York society. These are, first, those who know and care nothing about music save as a means



MISS MARGUERITE HALL.

for display and the entertainment of guests; and second, the educated hostess who delights in good music and who has an equally discriminating circle of friends. This second class is in large numbers, and many performers who are almost unknown in the west, and are unusually accomplished musicians, are occupied in playing or singing to these select society gatherings because that society demands such service and pays in

money and in a pleasant hospitality for the loss of that greater glory, a national reputation. A great many singers of this class, recognizing their loss, are gradually doing more and more work in other cities and in public places.

No one, for example, who has heard Miss Marguerite Hall's voice can fail to regret that the country at large has been deprived of its pleasure giving qualities for so long a time. She has now, I am informed, decided upon a broader artistic life and the western public will be sure to hear her more often in the future. In personality and presence she belongs to that type of American woman of whom Mrs. Cleveland is so conspicuous a type, graceful in bearing, sympathetic and artistic in temperament, she considers her vocation as an art and lends all her mental power and discriminating taste to its complete development.

I doubt if she could be got to sing a German song with the traditions of which she was not familiar. And yet, with all this, one feels her in her place in the drawing-room to which her culture, manner and presence are so well suited. She has a rich, clear and carefully educated voice, admirably adapted to express tenderness and subdued pathos. It is in songs of this nature that she is at her best—though I must not be understood to mean that she lacks in dramatic power. Her natural feeling is always supplemented and guided by her fine art, and it has rare finish and delicacy. She is an artist by instinct as well as by education and all her work is marked by unimpeachable intelligence, polish and grace.

Two other singers who have held a firm place in the affections of the society in New York, but who will in future be heard more generally in public, are Miss Marguerite Lemon and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon. Miss Lemon has been lately engaged as the soprano for Mr. Joseffy's southern tour, soon to be undertaken. She is a very beautiful girl of an unusually charming stage presence. Although not yet twenty-two years old, she has held a place for some time in one of the great choirs here. Her voice is of great range (having a compass of three octaves), it is very flexible and of a rich and sympathetic quality; her upper notes are pure and full while her middle and lower register is of great volume and beauty. It is hardly doubtful that her future will be a great one if she fully develops and uses her naturally perfect voice.

Mr. Gordon has had a most eventful career, having spent his earlier years in the British navy. He developed and trained his voice as chance opportunity permitted, until the time when he was able to leave the sea and give several years to its cultivation.

He is a man of emotional power and possesses a rare ability to express the finest shades of sentiment by his delicate and



MISS MARGUERITE LEMON.

beautiful voice. It has been rather a hindrance than a help to his artistic training that he has been extensively employed by such people as the Vanderbilts, who early recognized and made use of his talents. This kind of experience does not give a young man the broad education that the concert stage imparts, and Mr. Gordon is wise to plan for himself a more extended field of work for the future.

It would be fatuous to claim for so young a man the mental development of a great artist, but it may be said with truth that Mr. Gordon can be depended upon to please any audience, and that if his development keeps pace with the possibilities of his voice, he will eventually make a great artistic success.

A singer who has been rather compelled than eager to sing in society, and who has wisely maintained his concert reputa-



MR. MACKENZIE GORDON.

tion, is Mr. Heinrich Meyn. He came from Boston two years ago and since that time has been heard in many parts of the country. He is a gentleman and an artist, a man of large development who has studied his art as an art rather than as an income producer. He cares, as very few singers do, for the traditionary rendition of the works he sings. He possesses a rare power of restraint and if there is any one singer now on the stage for whom I can honestly predict a

great future it is for Mr. Meyn. It is natural for a writer to compare a musical artist with the writers of reputation of his acquaintance and to watch with interest how the same qualities of mind produce a similar quality of results in the different mediums of expression. For example, if Miss Hall were a writer she would be known for grace, ease and certainty of touch in style, strengthened by a fine quality of reserve and a due regard for the subtle technique of the litterateur's art.

Mr. Meyn's expression I would compare with Mr. Howell's, but I must grant him a broader emotional power, a greater grasp, and a more definite personality. But he possesses all



STUDIO OF MR. HEINRICH MEYN.

Mr. Howell's finish and completeness; all his delicacy and a good deal of the same kind of humor.

Miss Lemon and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon rely like Steven Crane or Mr. Davis on their natural talent and their great power in emotional expression. When age has added a fuller tone to their experience their style would be, I think, quite as free and full, but more finely shaded, possessing more of reserve.

In talking about my friends I have wandered away from my direct subject. The society which demands the service of the singers I have mentioned and of many other voices as

well, sometimes wishes to be taught to emulate the professional and to learn to sing in their own drawing-rooms. Added to these are the same class from other places who flock to this city—the musical hub of the nation—for that kind of instruction. Some teachers who are fully competent to teach any voice are by reason of a happy manner and a tactful regard for the feelings of others, or because they possess the innate breeding which this class of pupils demand, besieged by them



MR. FRANCIS FISCHER POWERS.

until their work comes to be almost entirely among these society pupils.

I know that many people look down upon these so-called society teachers, but for my part, I cannot help thinking of Ruskin's work in England and agreeing with him in that any effort which cultivates, which makes life more broad and beautiful and satisfying is a worthy effort, aye! and even a noble one!

More prominent than any other in this line of musical

effort is Mr. Francis Fischer Powers. He has gained in a few years a conspicuous success as his one hundred and twenty lessons a week amply testify. He is a man of fine presence and gracious manners, a successful host and model entertainer. He surrounds himself with those luxurious details of comfort which brighten the pleasure of living and make life more graceful and comfortable and generally charming. His musicales are one of the social events of importance here as well as artistic and delightful.



MRS. GERRIT SMITH.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith has a large class of society pupils, but her real work is of a more substantial character. For some time she has supplemented Dr. Holbrook Curtis' work in the treatment of vocal defects. By her intimate knowledge of the vocal chords she has by various exercises been able to cure the most obstinate cases which any other teacher would give up as hopeless. Her studio is to my mind one of the most attractive in the city. It is not alone pleasing to the eye in all respects, it is a music room and has the atmosphere a studio should have. Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess and a woman

of fine intelligence, and has, I think, gained a reputation in her work which few can equal.

To all parts of the west and south and north the lines of attraction from New York are stretching and each year a larger number of pupils come here to study music in all its forms; to supply this taste with teachers requires every year a larger number and this has in its turn drawn to this city the best talent of the country.

One of the most prominent among these is Mr. George Sweet, the teacher of Mr. George W. Ferguson, Mrs. Blood-



STUDIO OF MR. ALBERT GERARD THIERS.

good and other excellent voices. Mr. Sauvage is another vocal teacher of great reputation and results. Mr. Albert Gerard Thiers is another vocal teacher of renown, but he gives some part of his time to concert work. His work is largely as a teacher of teachers. He is a man of large experience and full development, a thorough musician and a successful teacher. He is a thinker and his theories are based upon solid experience and observation. He has had the largest experience of any musician that I know of in New York. An experience that began here and went about by the way of Africa and

finally brought him around the globe to his successful career here.

It will be of interest to some of my readers to know that Mr. Tom Karl, the well known tenor, who some time ago retired from the stage, has settled down here at last. He has a stately house near Central Park and there lives as a retired artist should, a life of ease surrounded by an artistic and cultured circle of friends. He gives a part of his time to teaching



STUDIO OF MR. WALTER J. HALL.

the voice, but also sings a good deal at social functions. Col. Mapleson told me that he wondered that he did not return to the stage, for his voice, now thoroughly rested, is as sweet and pleasant in quality as it ever was.

Mr. Walter J. Hall is a man who has given up his entire time to teaching. His musical experience is a very unusual one. It began with a thorough mastery of the piano under the great masters of Europe—one of whom was Liszt—and when he had finished with that instrument he began the study of

the voice, which he now teaches. Several of his pupils fill prominent positions here. He is one of those who believe in the pupil's self development aside from the technical part of the voice. He holds that in the effort and in the intelligence of the pupil lies half the battle and that a teacher of singing



MR. WM. G. CARL.

should not say, "I am a pupil of this great teacher or that," but rather, "So and so are my pupils."

It is an odd thing in a way that the organists of this city should have had the strongest influence on the musical growth of the profession. But in all the societies it is the organist who fills the chair and steers the society ship through the perils of artistic errors.

Dr. Gerrit Smith is the most notable organist in New York,

for, while he is at the head of many artistic societies, his real work, the introducing of great foreign masterpieces and the training of pupils and organ openings occupy the larger part of his time. He is a man of sincere and genial manners and is thoroughly sympathetic and approachable. His playing is characterized principally by its style and feeling. His touch is unusually satisfying. The work he has done for the Manuscript society has been the greatest help the American composer has ever received. It has given his work a hearing and thus he has been better able to judge it and learn how to improve.

Mr. Wm. G. Carl is almost more familiar to my western readers than to New Yorkers, for while his work and ability are recognized here, he is almost constantly on tours, opening new organs and playing throughout the country. I believe he is the first organist to have any success in this kind of work and his has certainly been conspicuous. He is a master of registration and a musician of temperament and understanding.

(Continued in May Number.)

JOSEPH ALLEY'S ENHARMONIC ORGAN.

BY S. HUNTINGTON HOOKER.

There appeared in "Music" of April to July, 1895, several articles by James Paul White, in regard to a most interesting instrument invented and made by himself, an enharmonic organ. In those articles reference was made to another American worker in the same field, the character and extent of whose labors were doubtless but imperfectly known to Mr. White.

There is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, in the Physical Laboratory of Prof. Charles R. Cross, an enharmonic organ owned by Mr. Frank Alley of Newburyport, Mass., the completion of which, many years ago, crowned with happiness a life which is almost a story, as facts in it have recently been collected.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, Boston, April 6, 1871, Prof. Edward C. Pickering, then Instructor in Physics, and so in Acoustics, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now the widely known head of the Department of Astronomy at Harvard University, described the enharmonic organ invented by Joseph Alley, of Newburyport, Mass. Of that inventor this article is a brief sketch.

Joseph Alley was born at Kennebunk, Me., March 4, 1804. He lived as a boy in the family of Judge Bourne of that place. His strongest characteristic from early age was love of truth and belief in its being equally loved by every one else. Singularly, that craving for truth entered into and colored the mechanical and musical genius which was to shape his life work.

Before he reached his teens a carpenter observed the little fellow's interest in his own ineffectual attempts to cut a tenon and mortise, and said: "Joe, do you think you could do it?" "Yes, I know I can," he answered, with a quiet firmness which attended all he said and did in his long life of effort to reach the definite aim his ear and conscience set before him. Then, without previous experience with tools, he found no difficulty in making the wood parts fit perfectly.

A few years later an incident occurred which, in a marked degree, shaped his future course of life. A son of Judge Bourne, just home from college, had been experimenting with what proved afterwards to be an organ pipe. The experimenter was low-spirited and chagrined at his inability to make it give forth sounds. As Joe, in common with most boys, had manufactured whistles from the branches of willow trees, he frankly told the young man how, in his opinion, it could be done. The suggestion was successfully followed; and so was given to the young mind an impetus which led to the de-



MR. JOSEPH ALLEY'S ENHARMONIC ORGAN.

velopment in a few years of a rising organ-builder. Turning his attention to reed and pipe organs, he at once acquired an enviable name as a conscientious and thorough workman. His scrupulous regard for honest work gave him a strong faith in the integrity and honesty of purpose of men in general. He had not reached nineteen years of age when he sold a reed organ to a person in Portsmouth, N. H., who, after the organ was safely delivered at his house, informed young Alley that he would send the purchase money to Kennebunk. Upon his return home several friends told him that the purchaser had

failed, and that he would lose his money. He good-naturedly replied that they need have no anxiety as "the man said he would pay." They smiled at his credulity, but the sequel proved that he was correct. The purchaser was so pleased with the young man's innocence and faith in his word, that the money was paid in full as soon as possible.

With this faith in others he aimed at excellence in every mechanical part of his work. But soon his sensitive ear began to ask for the same truth and excellence in its own part of his loved work. The tempered intonation disturbed him, and from that time his whole heart and mind were set upon finding some means by which the enharmonic scale could be played. Long years after, when asked by the writer of this to tune her piano, his conscience would not allow him to begin the work until he had honestly told her that "he could not put it in tune, truly. That what he should do would be to put it out of tune, but systematically so." That led to explanations which made the noble old man and his beautiful work so great and lasting an interest that this opportunity to make them both better known to the cultivated readers of "Music" is a genuine pleasure.



MR. JOSEPH ALLEY.

An old gentleman in New York who, in 1889, wrote to a contemporary in Newburyport: "I passed my seventy-seventh birthday last Tuesday," in the same letter of mutually interesting reminiscences of that beautiful old town, writes:

"I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Alley, and he was a very remarkable man. * * * I did not know him till he came to Newburyport, about 1830. I think he made there some repairs upon the 'old organ,' which was remarkable for the good style of its case, with its motto, 'Praise Him with Organs,' and for the fact that it was one of only six or seven organs then in the churches of all New England. Before Mr. Alley came there, Mr. Wm. Balch had for a long time presided at the organ. He became very much interested in Mr. Alley. He furnished the young man with funds to build several fine

organs. Mr. Alley was exceedingly particular in his work, which was excellent. Being then my uncle's clerk, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Alley, and much interested in his work and his conversation. Further on he was furnished by Mr. Balch with funds to construct twelve pianos. They were too well made for those times and it was not a successful business adventure."

The writer of the letter tells of another gentleman furnishing Mr. Alley with funds to build some fine organs.

"At one of my frequent visits he had just finished an organ which was said to be almost perfect. I said to him, 'Mr. Alley, it must afford you great satisfaction to have completed such an instrument as that.' Turning to me with a very earnest expression on his face he exclaimed: 'Satisfaction? I have no satisfaction in it.' I was surprised and asked him, 'Why not?' 'Because it is imperfect.' 'Can you not make it perfect?' 'No! everybody says it is not possible to make an organ that can be played in perfect tune. I don't believe it, but I don't know how to do it.' * * * He wanted to get rid of the discordant effect of what is called temperament, which has long been resorted to, in such instruments, but which only compromises discordant vibrations. He went into a long, careful and interesting explanation of the difficulty, and illustrated on the beautiful organ before me. I became intensely interested. He said, 'Everybody says it cannot be done, but I don't believe it. The human voice gives all the notes in perfect concord, when it has not been tortured by temperament, but these instruments cannot yet be made so as not to be discordant with a correct (natural) human voice. The violin can be played correctly and in perfect concordance with such a voice, and with the written music. The most correct singers, when they have never been accompanied by any but such stringed instruments, find it difficult to conform to the tempered notes of the organ and piano. The singer has to learn to make discords in order to accommodate, or disguise, the imperfection of those instruments. I feel sure that I could overcome the difficulty if I understood the principles and laws of sound.' This was about 1842. My brother, Henry Hudson, was then in Cambridge College. I said: 'Mr. Alley, my brother is at Cambridge and greatly interested in the study of this subject of music, and in all that is known and recorded in relation to that science. He has written me

letter after letter on the subject.' 'Where is he? Where is he? I must see him. I must see him. Right away.' 'But you cannot see him right away.' 'When will he be here? I must see him.' 'He cannot come here till vacation. You can see him then.' 'But you can write to him?'"

The writer tells of the long and earnest correspondence and conferences between the two enthusiasts. Thorough investigations and vast number of figures showed that, "there were interminable fractions in the relative vibrations, and they could not be made to chords. That theoretically, philosophically and therefore, practically, it was an impossibility. Later Henry told me that all his labor was wasted, for it had all been done before. He found it all in the College Library. Alley would not give it up. Like Calcutta experimenters he turned his attention again to the mechanical phase of the subject."

It is evident that the mathematical study of the matter did not appeal to Mr. Alley's musical ear, which dealt far more in intuitions.

No one seems able to tell how the two men who were to put their heads together for real accomplishment of the thing sought, first came together. Joseph Alley and Henry W. Poole were in Newburyport and Danvers, respectively—towns not far apart. For years the former had been at work with his longing for just intonation unsatisfied but persistent. Mr. Poole must have known of that and have sympathized with it. For his writings show the same longing, which could materialize only in the hands of one who added to the craving the mechanical ability to carry it into execution. The result of their combined effort was the building of an organ which they called enharmonic, and which attracted the attention of music lovers and scientists on both sides of the ocean. Of it Mr. Poole says, in an "Essay on Perfect Intonation and the Enharmonic Organ," published in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, vol. IX, page 29, second series, 1850.

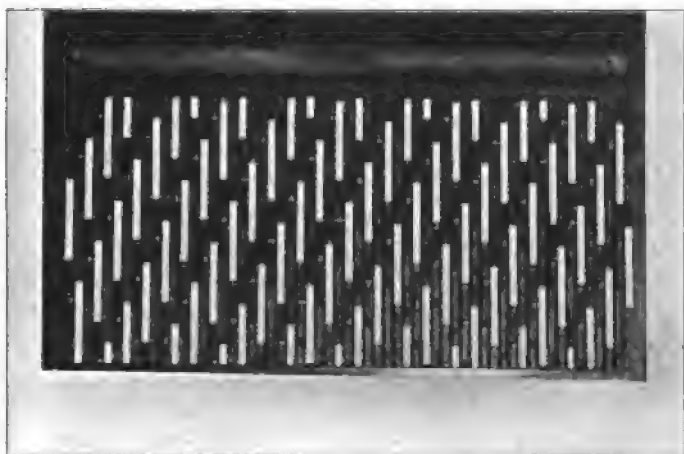
"This instrument, the enharmonic organ, invented and built by Joseph Alley of Newburyport, Mass., and the writer of this paper, is now set up in Boston, and will be exhibited, with pleasure, to all who may take an interest in the progress of musical science. It plays perfectly within the limits of five sharps and five flats, both inclusive. The theory of the instrument renders it perfectly practicable to construct one of

any size, or compass of modulation; but it is very rare that we meet, in church music, with a more remote modulation than is provided for in this instrument. The key-board and the method of fingering, are the same as on the common tempered organ, and the only addition to the player's duties, is the management of certain pedals which must occasionally be pressed, when the music modulates into a different key. The object of these pedals is to enable one finger-key to open either of two or more valves. These pedals are equal in number to the scales or signatures in which the organ is designed to play—each pedal belongs to a certain signature, and they are arranged in their natural order, as, for instance, 5 flat, 4 flat, etc., and 1 sharp, 2 sharp, etc. By pressing any one of these pedals, the action is brought into such a position that finger-keys will act on those valves (and no others) which are required in the scale to which the pedal belongs. The act of putting down any pedal will always draw up any other which may be down at the time, and will detach from the finger-keys every valve not wanted in the scale required."

The essay gives illustrations so simple and clear that any reader with small knowledge of harmony can enjoy it, and feel aided toward a deeper knowledge of what true harmony can mean.

It has been thought by some of Mr. Alley's friends that it was Mr. Poole's fault that his own name was more widely known in the connection than was Mr. Alley's. Others among them who knew the shy, unobtrusive, almost vexingly shrinking genius better, know that it was his own fault. A Boston man would have sent him, with the Alley & Poole organ, to the London Exhibition of 1850, but he would not be sent. Yet he preserved, most carefully pasted on cardboard that no harm should come to it from frequent reading, a letter from an English M. P., who requested him to bring to a later exhibition at the Crystal Palace the little instrument now at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He loved recognition, but he enjoyed it best all by himself with a few close friends. He had accomplished his wish. He hugged that fact and its result to his almost silent heart, and, as his son, Mr. Frank Alley of Newburyport, says, "worshiped it" in private. Mr. Poole could hardly say more than he does in the essay already quoted from:

"The writer may here be allowed to speak of, and place before the scientific world, the merits of his associate, who has been connected with him in making the investigations which have resulted in this theory of perfect intonation, and its development in the organ, and to whom equally with himself, should be awarded whatever merit their labors may deserve. Mr. Alley is, with one exception, the oldest organ builder in New England, and, as is well known, has produced instruments of the common scale, of the first-class of excellence. In his acquaintance with, and judgment upon, organ mechanism generally, we, in our united efforts, have possessed



KEYBOARD OF MR. ALLEY'S ORGAN.

a great advantage over Mr. Liston and others, who, learned and ingenious as they were, yet failed in the selection of the mechanism by which their theories were to be realized in their instruments."

The only shortcoming in his words is, for those who know all of Mr. Alley's previous study and work—into the participation in which Mr. Poole stepped and reaped such benefit—that the latter did not put his coadjutor far before himself. But such unselfish consideration would have been more than human in one who called himself an inventor.

Mr. Alley could not be satisfied until he should succeed in finding how to make a key-board which could be used on a reed instrument, and bring the delicious true intonation within

the reach of more of the musical world than could afford the room and the money for an organ of so many pipes. Here he and Mr. Poole seem to have separated in their work, for in 1867 Mr. Poole is writing most interestingly of what can be done, while the beautiful little instrument now under Prof. Cross' care was completed by Mr. Alley's deft fingers, aided by an ear which sought music for itself and intuitively grasped and simplified, for his purpose, the principles of the enharmonic organ. His ear and conscience had not allowed him, after once finding that organs could be made perfect in tonation, to make any more of them with the tempered scale. Therefore he gave up that more pecuniarily profitable work, and satisfied himself with what he could earn in voicing pipes for other makers, and incidentally to tuning pianos. This latter service he disliked, as he considered it putting the instrument out of tune, and, with his scrupulous regard for right methods and honest dealing, felt it his duty to so inform the owners. That part of his life reminds one of that of Palissy the potter. But in it he carried out his dream of perfecting an instrument having a sufficient number of keys to allow all the results, produced by pedal changes in the Enharmonic organ, to be obtained on the key-board alone. In 1860 he felt that he had reached the high reward he had sought. While financial affairs went ill with him, he worked and studied away in his little shop (not more than twenty-five by twelve feet in size), on Congress street, Newburyport. And in that humble little place he for years after received many an educated musician and scientific inquirer, and, in his quiet way, revealed in their interest and sympathy. Prof. Pickering went down to see him in 1870, and his interest in the instrument was such as to lead him to ask that it should be brought to Boston, where it could be exhibited at the meeting of the Society of Arts, the exhibition to be accompanied by his own description of it. Mr. Edwin H. Higley, then studying music in Boston, prepared himself to perform on it sacred music, illustrating the difference between the pure tones and those we hear on the piano, organ, and other tempered instruments. Through some misunderstanding, in preparation for the exhibition, there was not a tempered reed organ there with which it could be compared. Mr. Alley was present to enjoy the triumph when the two should be heard—the same tune played by the same players

on each—and he was sure that just intonation was to vindicate its superiority, to every musical person who should have so good an opportunity to compare it with the equal temperament. His disappointment at the failure to have the most important part of the plan carried out was so great that he immediately took his dear, and (he seemed to feel) somewhat slighted, instrument back to its sanctum. There he could guard it from merely curious eyes, and could know that those who would come many miles to see and hear it were appreciating it as it deserved. He had then almost reached his three score years and ten. His instrument represented the thoughts, hopes and desires of his life, and no friend could respond so unvaryingly and cheerfully to his every wish. His white hair, keen, thoughtful eye, and firm lips, did not in the least conflict with an expression of almost childlike trust in, and love for, the sympathy of any visitor who sought him and it. His slender, nervous hands had done all the hard mechanical work so deftly, it had seemed not even to wear upon or tire them. The narrow, black and white and yellow and red keys could never have been invented by one who could only use upon them thick, clumsy fingers.

He used to confide some of his past anxieties, when feeling his way towards his aim, to sympathizing visitors. One of the most interesting of such stories was this: as he worked on, placing his reeds in relation to each other where harmony required, he found the key-board grew so wide, from front to back, that no hand could stretch the distance between some keys belonging to the same letter of the scale. He thought:

"How can it ever be played? Yet that reed must go there. I must put each where the harmony demands and then study out some way to bring them within reach of each other. But when they were all in, and the keys over them, lo! I had nothing to study. Harmony had arranged it all! Then I knew it was right because it was not I who had done it. The keys which belong to any chord were under the fingers, as the hand, with the thumb on its own note, rested naturally over them. And modulations into other keys still brought the whole hand forward or backward."

To one who has not seen the key-board the words mean little, but by one sitting at it to play they are easily understood. The octaves require exactly the stretch of the tempered ones.

As Mr. Alley left no written explanation only an apparent one can be given. There are four sounds to each of the twelve tones given in the octave on tempered instruments. The photograph shows five keys, but the fifth is in sound the duplicate of that at the other end of the row, for convenience in modulating. The white key is the tonic of its own scale and the second, fourth and fifth of three others. The long black key is in pitch a comma below the white one, and furnishes the true third, sixth and seventh of three more scales. Of the short keys, one gives a dominant seventh and "perfect seventh," requiring a sound one comma and three-quarters below that of the white key, and the other gives the leading note of a minor scale, two commas below the white key. For example: The white key on which there is no dot is C. The long black key in the same row is the true third, sixth and leading tone in the scales of A flat, E flat and D flat major. One short key is for the dominant seventh of G major and the "perfect seventh" in D major. The other short key gives the leading note of C sharp minor scale. The dots on the white keys ascending diagonally by fifths toward the back of the key-board indicate the number of sharps in the signatures of the scales whose tonics they are. The dots on those ascending by fourths, and diagonally toward the front, give the number of flats in their signatures. The keys are so made that they can be distinguished from each other by touch as well as by sight. They are so balanced that a touch on any part of their surface produces always the same effect, and the fingering is the same in all keys.

Mr. Higley, who played the instrument at Prof. Pickering's lecture, has since examined several which aim at, or approximate to, just intonation. One by Mr. R. H. M. Bosanquet (of which the key-board only is exhibited), in South Kensington Museum. This is tuned on the Mesotonic or Mean-tone system.

General Perronet Thompson's is also at South Kensington Museum. That has forty sounds to the octave and follows a somewhat similar scheme to that used by Mr. Alley, but it has three key-boards, with the intricacies arising from there being so many.

Another invention is by a Japanese, Dr. Tanaka, operated by electricity and employing a system of pedals for transpos-

ing, somewhat like the church organ made by Poole & Alley, and described in this article. Dr. Tanaka's was on exhibition in Berlin.

Mr. James Paul White's has been more perfectly described by himself than any one else can do it.

It is hoped that Mr. Higley will give a more satisfactory description of Mr. Alley's work in an article embracing accounts of them all.

Among Mr. Alley's papers is found a copy of Perronet Thompson's most interesting treatise on "Just Intonation," with "From the Author," written on its title page, in that author's own writing evidently. It shows that, quiet and retiring as Mr. Alley was, he had the respect of that well known English student, writer and inventor in his own field.

S. HUNTINGTON HOOKER.

MODERN CHROMATIC HARMONY.

BY HOMER A. NORRIS.

The purpose of this article is to give suggestions for music analysis. We have in mind not only those who are studying music with professional purpose, but also that larger class of students who, although not before the public either as creators or interpreters, are yet interested in all that pertains to the structure of music. This latter class forms, perhaps, the most important factor in the development of music in America. Wealth, leisure, and talent also is to be found here. Its means give art pecuniary support, and its leisure, opportunity to enjoy the product of the artist. It makes organizations like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Damrosch Company possible, thus placing within reach of the average music student the works of master musicians. That this larger class may better understand the subject, we give a brief resumé of the development of music.

The beginnings of melody may not be discovered. In its crudest form it may have been as elemental as speech. In the eleventh century someone tried the experiment of having two melodies sung at the same time. The result, possibly to his own astonishment, was endurable; then three, then four, and afterwards many more melodies were combined and the product was called counterpoint. The tunes ran counter or against each other, and notes were called points. This polyphonic style reached its greatest perfection in about 1600 and the hero of the period was Palestrina. He died in 1592. Before him all music was regarded horizontally, each melody went its independent way without very much regard to the other parts. What is now known as harmony, wherein music is regarded perpendicularly, and where the simultaneous sounds are referable to a fundamental or "root," above which chords are built up in a series of intervals of thirds, was unknown.

Palestrina clearly recognized harmonic principles, and in many places passages may be found based on what we now

call chords. This was the beginning, and harmony was conceived.

Up to this time all music was composed on the basis of concords, allied, however, to certain "artifices of composition," of which the suspension was the most important. A concord is a combination of sounds which requires nothing to precede or follow it to make it satisfying to the ear. These suspensions, however, produced very much the effect of modern dissonant chords. A discord is a combination of sounds which requires something to follow it to make it satisfying to the ear.

The next epoch-maker was Monteverde, who died in 1643. He introduced the dominant seventh chord without preparation—not as a suspension. In the older system, called the "ecclesiastical," chords on each degree of the scale were of equal importance, and there was an utter absence of what we call "key." With the introduction of the dominant seventh chord, the two poles of our present system—the Tonic, and Dominant—were approached, and our authentic cadence, wherein the key is absolutely defined, was suggested.

This vagueness of what we call "tonality," is the supreme difference between the mediaeval and the modern musical system. The unprepared dominant seventh chord is the bridge over which music passed from the Ancient to the Modern, and is the never-failing test by which the Strict may be distinguished from the Free. With Monteverde harmony was born.

The beginnings of the new order were as bad as were those of counterpoint. The quality of the first attempts were vastly inferior to the fine results of the polyphonic school. It was not till he came who was strong enough to combine both schools, re-establishing polyphony on a harmonic basis, that modern music regained the art-standard set by Palestrina.

This man was Bach. He was born in 1685 and died in 1750. From Monteverde to Bach, there had been a gradual accretion of harmonic material; modulation, the most important factor of modern music after tonality, had been established.

Bach adapted harmony to the principles of polyphony; while he made harmony the basis of his work, each part moved as freely as did those of Palestrina. This is best described as contrapuntal harmony.

By the complicated use of passing-notes, suspensions, retardations and chromatic alterations of chords, Bach laid the foundations of all that has been done in harmony since his time.

When a musician of today uses the term "modern harmony," he usually has in mind, not all dissonances which date from the introduction of the dominant seventh chord, but rather nineteenth century dissonances, which, gradually developing through other chromatic writers, found their most luxurious flowering in Wagner.

Let us note some of the means Wagner employed to gain the wondrously beautiful harmonic effects in the later music-dramas. We do not assume that he had a system; we do not claim he had any theory whatever regarding the matter. It may be granted that all those ecstatic, ravishing harmonies were but the spontaneous outpouring of transcendent, clair-voyant genius.

Nevertheless, when genius has produced something new and worthy, something which may be generally applied, theory may formulate the new into rational and practical "rules," and present it as a distinct advance, useful, perhaps necessary, to the modern student.

In this way only have we gained the theory we now have; theory succeeds practice. Everything great in our art is either the result of intellectual research, or the spontaneous expression of musical instinct. In either case the new, if it live, may ultimately be included in our theory, but this verification comes later. Artistic instinct expresses itself finally; scientific demonstration follows, treats it philosophically and shows how the new may be made general.

To those who undervalue the work of the theorist, claiming that he in his research misses the real essence of music, that he dampens and discourages inspiration, is an intention-seeker and at the best deals only with the anatomy of music, we reply: Name the great composer, who, at the most impressionable time of his life, was not under the influence of the theorist.

The theorist may or may not be a great composer, but his professional purpose is worthy—that of showing to unfolding genius, and to the lay-student, the methods of master musicians, what they chose and what they avoided.

To those who so reverence Wagner that it seems to them sacrilege to deduce theory from that which speaks to them with the authority of revelation, and whose fine taste is offended if we seem to suggest that some, at least, of his effects were the result of research, rather than of what is called "inspiration," we point to the following from Praeger's "Wagner as I knew him:

"I am desirous there should be no misunderstanding regarding Wagner's method of composing. * * * Wagner composed at the piano. * * * With him composition was a work of much excitement and much labor. He did not shake the notes from his pen as pepper from a castor. He (Wagner) said: 'A composer must pass through a kind of parturition.' He labored excessively. He went to the piano with his idea * * * and made the piano his sketch book wherein he worked and reworked his subject till it assumed the shape he had in his mind."

In analyzing methods employed by Wagner we are doing what he did with the compositions of those who had preceded him, and especially with the works of Weber and Beethoven. We are showing the student how modern chromatic harmony may be safely and sanely used.

In the first place we should say that Wagner did for harmony what others before him had done for melody; chromatics are so introduced as to broaden our sense of the content of key without shocking our sense of tonality.

To any musician the following melodies, notwithstanding the accidentals, are very definitely in C.



The second example contains nothing more than the chromatic scale of C. Its general effect is as different from the



following chromatic harmony (which contains the same chromatic scale descending), as is chromatic harmony, in artistic value, from chromatic melody.



Not long since the harmony-pupil would have been taught that a passage like that which follows modulates to the keys represented by the letters below:



In the light of more modern theory the student would be taught that the entire phrase is in C, that there is no modulation and that the chromatics are introduced to add color and warmth.

If any appeal is made for change of key, it is made to the eye, not to the ear. One reason why the older systems of harmony-teaching so often failed to produce musical results, is seen in the fact that the appeal was made to the eye rather than to the ear. The pupil was taught to see forbidden progressions rather than to hear them; he was not awakened to the necessity of thinking music.

Modern musical theory has so broadened our perception of key-content that passages like the one just discussed are now accepted as non-modulatory, an intimate relation between all keys has been established. What was once said of Schubert, that "he made the keys of C, and F sharp, sound like twin sisters," no longer appeals to us as extraordinary.

The example given is comparatively simple. From it we can pass to those more complex and show how chromatic harmony which might remain in one tonality, may serve as a bridge over which to pass to keys supposed in old-time theory to be most remote, and by modulations enthralling and ecstatic, yet simple as seductive.

We do not wish to be understood as endorsing Wagner's methods as the most desirable. That is another matter and has to do with the art of music—which is quite another thing from the theory of music.

We are discussing from the point of view of the theorist, a musician of our time who has produced new art creations.

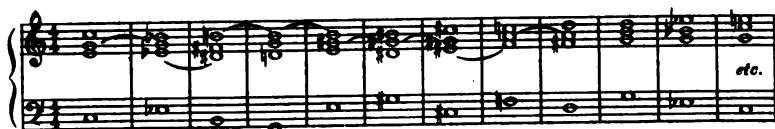
At this, one of the wise ones who lives in libraries, comparing and contradicting, noting visual parallelisms without distinguishing either the esthetic purpose or aural effect, will declare that there is nothing new in Wagner, nothing there not found in Bach.

Granted, perhaps, but this only proves Wagner's genius the greater, because with his "nothing new" he has produced the illusion of a new art world.

One of the methods of employing chromatic harmony may be formulated thus: Any major triad, or dominant seventh chord may be succeeded by any other major triad, or dominant seventh chord, provided there be a note in common; and, furthermore, the second chord may be resolved in another octave, or in any position whatever, i. e. "irregularly."

If this formula be applied to triads only, the results, unless familiar, will be surprising, and so thoroughly modern that the hearer will almost unconsciously exclaim "Wagnerian."

It may not be necessary to explain that many of these chromatic harmonies are chained by what is known in theory as enharmonic modulation, i. e. a flat, in one chord, may be tied over to a sharp in the succeeding chord, or vice versa, the two accidentals representing the same sound.



Applied to dominant seventh chords the results are still more modern:



And now resolving these same chords in other octaves, "irregularly," we discover one of the most modern devices for startling effects in chromatic harmony, and a means constantly employed by the ultra-modern school, of which Strauss, Massenet and Saint-Saens, and Leoncavallo are conspicuous.



I know of no more startling, and at first hearing, barbaric successions than the following which occur in the prologue of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci:"



The three chords might be resolved in the same octave without surprise:



If the same methods be applied to ninth chords, and altered chords, modernity may be carried to an extreme. It is to be noted, however, that when startling effects are produced in modulation, the material used is generally simple. More examples of remote modulations are to be found in Wagner based on simple triads, than on dissonant chords. A good illustration of what we mean is the preceding from "Pagliacci."

Another method of employing modern chromatic harmony may be formulated thus: Any two chords which might occur in the same key may follow each other, even though there be no note in common, and this without regard to preceding harmonies. This is but another way of stating the rule found in any text book, that a triad in any degree of the scale may be succeeded by a triad or any other degree of the same scale.

The following chords are intolerable when all played successively. All that is claimed is that any two of the chords may succeed each other as they here stand. In passing to a new key by such means, the second chord would of course be followed by chords establishing the new key. Each chord should be counted twice—once in the old key, once in the new:



These two statements are so comprehensive as to include most of the chromatic harmony of the ultra-modern school.

In the following from Tannhäuser, there is a note common to the changing chords. If what has been explained has been thoroughly understood, no comments are necessary, as the example is comparatively simple.



A leap from Tannhäuser to Tristan would at first seem extreme, but we shall find the means employed the same, except that there are more resolutions in other octaves.

The following almost unearthly harmonies from Tristan—harmonies which express the mystery of night, the exquisite tenderness and voluptuous enthrallment of new-born, requited love, and contain withal a note of tragic prophecy:



when resolved in the same octave, cause no surprise, are cold, colorless and undramatic:



Here indeed may be realized that although there may be nothing new in Wagner—when reduced in this way—his genius declares itself in producing wholly new effects with old material. The two versions have no more in common than has a crawling caterpillar with a brilliant butterfly.

We reproduce the whole of the beautiful passage beginning in A flat. This gives as clearly as anything we recall in Wagner, a fair conception of his chromatic harmony. In all the other bits we have given, the chords, separated from their environment, lose much of their meaning.



If the student will play this passage till he becomes in a measure familiar with it, he will perhaps realize, as never before, the potentiality of chromatic harmony.

Here is a tonal expression of the most subtle, all-controlling emotion known to man. That it is more adequate, as it comes to us through shifting chromatic harmonies, wherein the tone-world is felt as a unit, not as an aggregation of parts, or "keys," is manifest.

We need not give other illustrations. The two formulas, added to those which may be found in any modern text book on harmony, will unravel most of the combinations which puzzle the student.

There is no mystic virtue in this chromatic harmony, nor will the ungracious goddess, because of the toil, come whis-

pering secrets to him who burrows through this modern complexity.

Theory is not art.

Many of the harmonies here discussed are barren and barbaric when reduced to text-book theory, but are suggestive and sufficient when chosen with artistic purpose.

Theory does not produce the artist. At best it but molds the means, so that the gods shall find that through which they may express themselves, more mobile, more mediumistic.

And finally, art comes not at the beck of him who mistakes taste for talent; she abides where she may. To her, virtue is not attractive, nor vice abhorrent. All is as naught, save the one indispensable factor through which she may filter her fine fancy.

AN ART SECRET.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

"A good listener is as rare as a good performer."

I sing of what chanced in a town by the sea,
Where, as everyone knows, the great earth's axletree,
In the midst of the Common may plainly be seen,
The center and hub of this mundane machine;
Where culture is common as grass on the green,
And the source and the symbol of brains is the bean.
I stood by the entrance to great Music Hall
And marked how the multitude pressed, one and all,
Through the close-crowded portal, as loath to be late;
For the clocks of the city were just striking eight.
How they jostled and struggled and elbowed along
To the window where tickets were dealt to the throng!
Where old Cerberus stood at a grating within,
As in tales of that underworld refuge of sin.
With a snap and a snarl he gave each the wrong seat,
And met all complaints with a temper as sweet
As the thrice-distilled essence of lemon or lime,
And with language not lightly transferred into rhyme.
It is said that he bites, so he's kept behind bars,
A precaution for which all give thanks to their stars,
Then with shove and with gasp, between curses and prayers,
They urge their slow way up the worn, winding stairs,
Where the fire-fiend waits, with a patience sublime,
Secure of his trap in the fullness of time.

Now a great curiosity seized me to know
Why this motley assembly was hurrying so,
And what they expected to see or to get,
That could possibly pay for such labor and fret.
So I took up my stand at the narrowest turn,
And inquired of each, as he passed me, to learn.
The time was so short, and the space was so scant,
That none, as they passed, with a push and a pant,
Had leisure or room for a proper excuse,
Or to formulate plausible fictions for use.
So, strange as it seems, I declare it, forsooth,
That all were surprised into telling the truth.

The first that came by, in this desperate race,
Was a corpulent fellow of rubicund face,

With pockets that cheerfully chinked as he ran,
 Withal a most pompous and well-to-do man.
 "Now why," I began, but he answered in haste,
 "Don't ask me, I swear it is none of my taste,
 But a noted pianist is up here to-day,
 As a sign-board for me and my wares, in my pay;
 I must see if he makes me a suitable ad,
 If the tone he produces is good or is bad,
 If he hits contract number of notes to the minute,
 In brief, I must know if he really is in it.
 He uses the Smithson piano, and so,
 Though I hate it like poison, I still have to go.
 His success with the public is profit for me,
 And business is business with all of us. See?"

Next came the professor, with goggles on nose,
 And a strong foreign accent wherever he goes,
 Which tells of three months on the continent spent,
 Where his English received such a permanent bent.
 "I come," he declared, in his quaint mongrel speech,
 "Pour voir if his movements are such as I teach,
 To find in his method quelque chose I can borrow,
 En bref, to get points for my pupils to-morrow;
 To show to the public mon grand interet
 Artistique, musicale, comme il faut, vous savais."
 The next, a fine lady of elegant mien,
 In glimmering jewels and soft silken sheen,
 Who languidly drawled as she passed, "Don't you know,
 To these classic recitals we all have to go.
 It's the thing in our set to attend in full dress,
 But I hope that the fad will be short, I confess.
 It's a terrible bore, I admit, honor bright,
 But Miss Moneybags gives a reception to-night,
 And one must be in shape to descant at one's ease,
 On the manner and costume of artists like these;
 And to mention, if wholly correct one would be,
 How much poorer they are than one heard in Paree."
 Then a know-it-all student, with the head very high,
 And a big roll of music, came scurrying by.
 "I promise great things in the world pianistic,
 And so I attend all these functions artistic,
 In part to encourage my colleagues and peers,
 At least those who will be such in a few years;
 And part to observe what I can of their ways,
 And copy that lofty indifference to praise,
 And to dream of the time when I stand in their shoes,
 And have more engagements than I can refuse.
 I know all the pieces he gives here to-day,
 Took them all long ago, and they're not hard to play.

I can beat him already in noise, I mean tone,
And my speed in the scales is as great as his own.
Hold on a few seasons till I graduate
And I'll show you a technique in octaves, just wait!"
So one with another they passed to the hall,
And no word about music I heard from them all;
No hint of the pleasure they hoped to obtain,
Or of aught which they sought for the heart or the brain.
No word of art's message to men in their need,
Only selfishness, vanity, folly and greed.
Oh, art desecrated! Oh, music dragged down
from thy heaven-kissed heights to be sent to the clown!
I turned with disgust from my post on the stair
And slowly descended in sullen despair.
When lo! in the corner the fire-fiend sat,
And made me a place at his side for a chat.
"Well met!" I exclaimed, "thou destroyer of breath!
Come, lend me the use of thy besom of death!
Here's a barn stuffed with vermin, from flooring to thatch,
Quick, kindle thy fires! Now's the chance, here's a match!"
But the fire-fiend laughed, as I raged ever louder,
"Why, man, keep your temper, they're not worth the powder.
For decades I've waited, my locks gray are turning,
And haven't yet caught here a crowd fit for burning.
Whist! someone is coming, I vanish from sight.
My time is not yet. It will come, though. Good-night!"
A country bred maiden; a seamstress by trade,
Beneath whose sad eyes toil had marked a deep shade,
In her plain woolen dress, and gloves often mended,
With slow weary step the long stairway ascended,
"Oh, has he begun? It's too bad if I'm late!
I walked all the way, and I sewed until eight.
I have paid my last cent for the ticket I bought,
And shall have to walk home. It was more than I thought.
But I could not have missed it, this glorious hour.
Such a program! Such playing! Such soul-stirring power!
I have heard him before, it was worth a month's toil.
It refreshes the spirit, as rain the parched soil.
Please, where can I hear best? I don't care to see.
I haven't a seat check. I bought a standee.
I'm fearfully tired, but that I don't mind.
It will all be forgotten. Thanks, you are so kind!"
I had shown her a seat, and I stood by the door,
To watch an effect I had witnessed before.
The prince of pianists sat stiff in his seat,
With a countenance telling of boredom complete.
He swept from the keyboard a deluge of sound,
As the wind through wet woods shakes the drops to the ground;

Flung handfuls of tone at the man with the pockets,
And showed the professor the latest sky-rockets;
Astonished the lady in jewels and silk
And won the applause of her shallow-brained ilk.
To the student he proved that as yet he had missed
That masterly magical turn of the wrist.
But he played without interest, feeling or life,
In fact as though music were dead as Lot's wife.
Yet see! of a sudden, a swift change comes o'er him,
Forgetting himself and the people before him,
His eyes newly kindled with lofty desire,
He plays as if music were rhythmical fire.
A strange vibrant something creeps into his tone,
As if sweet spirit voices were adding their own;
And even the hearts of that cold, callous crowd
Were stirred to their depths, as to genius they bowed.
What was it that warmed him like rich southern wine,
Which gave to his strains that new cadence divine?
That poor little stranger, untutored in art,
Was listening, rapt, from all self-hood apart.
He was feeling and playing for her, as I knew.
Her spirit responsive his sympathy drew,
By a power magnetic, unconscious, but strong;
As his soul spoke to hers, o'er the heads of the throng.
He never will know why his genius awoke
At that precise moment, and easily broke
Through the icy constraint which had bound him till then,
To make him, as artist, a god among men.
But reader, the secret to you I will tell,
One genuine listener alone wrought the spell.
The touch of that influence, subtle, but deep,
Aroused his best self from its world-weary sleep;
And showed him in art, and the joy he was giving
To one worthy heart, the true purpose of living.
If my moral is vague and still needs to be pointed,
I fear that my verse has been all too disjointed.
Quite simply, 'tis this way; the artist, you see,
After all is part human, he needs sympathy.
If it is of his best you demand in large measure,
Then show that you prize and are worthy the treasure.
He shrinks from bestowing his pearls upon swine,
Or wasting his fire upon icebergs. In fine,
Shall he stir your emotion, or move you to tears,
Then come to the hall with your heart in your ears.

MR. J. D. MEHAN UPON SCHOOL AND CHORUS SINGING.

Among the interesting experiments now being made in different parts of the country as to the best manner of dealing with children's voices in classes, that of Mr. J. D. Mehan, the celebrated voice master of Detroit, is one of the most interesting. He has now been at work for some time with a class of children, meeting every Saturday morning, by the term of ten weeks. The work is neither a speculation on the one hand nor a charity on the other; but more nearly a quasi self-supporting experiment, the problem being to find out what could be done with children's voices to remedy current defects of tone production and quality, and to lay a foundation of pure vocal habit upon which later a superstructure of real cultivation in singing can be placed without having to undo any part of what has been acquired with so much labor. Accordingly, a small fee is charged, which after various reductions now stands at fifty cents for ten lessons. When Mr. Mehan hears of some poor child desiring to come to the classes, but hindered for lack of money, he sends a ticket; and then he has an interesting way of offering prizes for essays apparently in no way connected with the proper work of the class, so that at the end there are a few bills left to be paid out of the private purse of the master who has already invested so much of time and good will.

Mr. Mehan's position with regard to singing as generally practiced in the school room is interesting as well as authoritative. He says: "Singing as usually conducted is a crime. The children use hard and unmusical tones, and by the time they are out of school they have acquired such habits that when they come to me for voice lessons at the age of sixteen or so it takes from one year to eighteen months merely to undo the bad habits which need not have been acquired. You will observe I am not now speaking of music. Whether they should or should not be taught music; and if music, how much the school ought to give them, I am not going to undertake to say.

This I leave for those wiser than myself. But I think it stands to reason that if they are going to sing at all in the school room, they ought first of all to be taught a few simple principles of correct tone-production, and that good habits should be diligently fostered."

"To what do you refer?" asked the scribe, "to breathing, vowel quality, agility, volume, or what?"



MR. J. D. MEHAN.

"When I say correct principles of tone-production I mean an easy management of the breath, free from all forcing or uncomfortable constraint, and above all, pure vowels. If you listen to the tones of most Americans in informal conversation you will hear harsh and nasal sounds, frequently to a degree absolutely offensive as well as unbecoming; and the result is that many are not able to command a suitable tone-quality

for expressing those elementary emotions of affection, reverence, and sympathetic intercourse, without the free and habitual experience and expression of which civilization becomes barren, and life not worth living."

"What is this, then," I asked, "but voice culture properly so called? And how can you expect to have this without costly special teachers? And do you believe that this sort of thing can be taught to whole school rooms full of pupils, even when you have your expensive special teachers?"

"You are asking me altogether too many questions at once," answered the patient teacher, "but if we take time enough we may arrive at them. Let us begin with your first question. It is voice culture, but not a culture of a specialized kind. It is merely the degree of voice culture which every civilized child ought to have in order that when he becomes mature and experiences the finer feelings which belong to culture, he will have a suitable medium through which to express himself. I see nothing unreasonable in our undertaking to do this much for every child in the public schools who is capable of taking it.

"Besides, we spend a great deal of money in the schools upon studies which have only a general relation to actual life, such for instance as Algebra, Philosophy, and the like. Would it not be better to make sure that such a pervading satisfaction as the habit of speaking with a soft, musical and heart-felt tone-quality be cultivated? For we must remember that every tone heard reacts upon the hearer, and while you are pleased when someone speaks to you with a mellow, musical and pure tone, you are acted upon unconsciously still more; you unconsciously try to speak with such a tone yourself. It is the instinct of common politeness, as when you raise your hat because some gentleman raises his to you.

"And to take your second question, whether this can be done without costly special teachers, I admit that it cannot be done without special teachers, as education now goes; but the cost need not be great, for when once a better ideal is set up, and a few elementary and easy exercises are given for promoting correct habits, the hearing of the children and the oversight of the teacher will promote better and better habits of speaking, to a degree which I would hardly have believed myself without this experience I have been having.

"And as to the question of quantity, I believe, I know even, that this sort of thing can be taught as well to an entire room full of children as to each alone, excepting in the cases of one or two very bad individuals, to whom a little private teaching may have to be given before they learn how to hear themselves, and how to set about a right method.

"As things now go, I do not believe that safe singing can be done in the school room without the supervision of special teachers, and if I had my way every one of them would be able to produce a pure and fine tone (whether of greater or less volume would not matter, but purity is within reach of every one); and they should also know the rationale of doing so, and be able to cause others to do so."

"What is your position," I asked, "with regard to children singing with expression, as it is called? Should it be done, and if so, to what extent? And how are you to cultivate the tempers of mind which according to Plato ought to be prepared in the child, if we do not sing besides the pleasant and cheerful songs, others also which are earnest, heroic, even grand?"

"We are speaking of children," he answered. "The child properly speaking has none of these mature and high-strung feelings which poets rave over, which in fact form the subject matter of poetry, and afford our operatic composers their greatest opportunities. The child is naïve, cheerful, rather quiet than the reverse, and above all optimistic. But of deep feeling and passion he has, or ought to have, no consciousness. And to call for these emotions which imply such extreme stretches of feeling, is a mistake; and if you permit the child to attempt to imitate the expression of feeling such as these, it will result in overtaxing the voice, and perhaps ruin it."

"How is this?" I asked, "what are we to do for music for children's songs if we are going to rule out everything which rises above a certain childlike impassivity of feeling?"

"We are going to cultivate a taste for song, pure and simple," he answered, "song not necessarily impassioned, but cheerful, sweet, and within the range of the child's voice." "By this I mean," he went on, "such melodies as some of those by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and other purely lyric writers. As for compass, when they go about it correctly, the child's voice has a high range. In my classes the children are able to take

a high B flat or C, with a soft, sweet, pure tone, without the slightest tendency to flat."

Here the conversation wandered off to the subject of oratorio singing and chorus singing in general with certain results. "For my part," Mr. Mehan went on, "I do not see where we are coming out in the matter of oratorio singing. While new works of this kind continue to be produced, there are very few choral societies, and still fewer of these societies which manage to make a show of existing, which contain singers capable of taking a living part in such work. Not alone is it true that choir singers cannot read music, as a rule, but still more true that the chorus is forced to depend upon a class of singers who not only cannot read music but also are untaught vocally, and so ineffective as to be absolutely incapable of grand vocal effects. To my mind the inefficiency of the singers is something painful, because it might be remedied by patience and good teaching. But to insist upon these singers trying to produce the volume and solidity of tone demanded by first-class oratorio effects, is nothing short of cruelty. In fact if I were a choral director I would be put to my wits end, unless I were to go to work and train up a choir out of new material."

Here the reporter interrupted in order to ask a question which he had long desired to ask of some able vocal teacher and practical man, namely: "What do you think, Mr. Mehan, of the propriety of forming a paid chorus for giving a series of oratorios every season?"

"It may come to that," he answered, "for a choir of selected voices, sixty strong, would produce far more effect than these aggregates of two or three hundred unprepared singers, such as you can hear in any large city. And if there were a salary attached to the work, no matter how small, there would be an inducement to earnest effort and suitable attendance; and the result would be that oratorio effects would be better realized and at far less trouble to the conductor."

"But," I answered, "would not this deprive our singers of the socializing culture of practice of choral music together?"

"Not necessarily," he answered. "We could have our singing societies and they could practice not necessarily whole oratorios, but such favorite parts of them as best suited the tastes of the singers. And at the same time every such society

ought to make vocal instruction a part of its work. By this I mean that every rehearsal ought to be devoted in part to a few simple exercises which would tend to strengthen the voice, improve the quality of tone, and not least important, conduce powerfully to the general health of the singers."

"What is this," I asked. "Has our singing society undergone a still farther transformation, not content with being simply a choir getting to be a sort of socializing force; and now again going beyond this and becoming a sort of sanitary influence. What is this which you are saying?"

"There is a way to do everything," he went on, "if only you can find it; and in the course of the thirty years I have been teaching I have discovered a few simple exercises which if regularly practiced will promote good vocal habits wonderfully; and I have found further that they almost take the place of physical exercise (perhaps I ought to say of other physical exercises) if properly done."

"But to return again to the point whence we started," he said, "I do not see anything chimerical in expecting sometime that singing will be done in the school room on a rational basis, and to the great gain of the child in the physical influence which the act of singing has, the educational influence of the right kind of songs, and a proper way of using the voice, from which later the child would develop into something still more musical; and occasionally we would be gratified by the appearance of voices far better than any that the world has yet known. For I hold that in the same way as psychology teaches us that so long as the brain of the average man contains myriads of brain cells which the individual will never develop into activity, so long may we expect the mental power of the race to increase as the brain is used more and more nearly to its full capacity under the influence of modern civilization; so the voice is in the same category. If the physical system were at its perfection, the mental poise perfect, and the vocal organs properly trained from childhood, sweet, resonant, pure and inspiring tones would be heard on every side; and now and then a veritable blossom of song, a voice as far transcending the average of the time as our Pattis and Nilssons now excel our average singers. This is the outlook as it presents itself to me."

MR. OTTO LOHSE.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

The subject of this sketch, Herr Otto Lohse, composer, pianist, conductor and musical director, is a strong example of modern versatile musicianship. Notwithstanding the short time of Herr Lohse's sojourn in the United States, he enjoys throughout this country, and particularly in New York, the distinction of having been quickly recognized as an important factor in the musical element of the eastern metropolis. This is indeed a source of great satisfaction, as Herr Lohse's merits and abilities have been recognized in Europe ere this, in the most flattering manner, and in the interest of musical art in this country it is sincerely to be hoped that he will continue to be appreciated for his artistic work. The rather disproportional number of orchestral organizations, which this country as yet must content itself with, rather hampers Mr. Lohse's ambition in that field, but it is only a question of short time when his name will be identified with some leading musical organization of this country.

Otto Lohse was born in Dresden, Saxony, in the second part of the current century, as the only son of a well-to-do merchant, who was the possessor of a very fine voice and of high musical attainments. The elder Lohse frequently uttered the desire for Otto to adopt the art of music as a profession. The latter heard this utterance so often that, when as yet quite young, he began to prepare himself for his future occupation and at the age of seven commenced the study of piano. Steadily working, he continued his study throughout his college years. With a keen presentiment, young Otto soon realized that, to be a thorough musician meant more than to have a tolerably good command of the keyboard. When fourteen years old he began the study of theory with Julius Rietz, and then added the study of an orchestral instrument, the 'cello, to his other studies, much to the chagrin of his piano instructor, Jean Louis Nicodé, who strongly urged the talented young artist to enter the career of a piano virtuoso.

Young Lohse could not agree to that step, as at that time, as well as now, the piano is to him but a means and not an end. Without neglecting the piano he practiced very diligently the 'cello, under Friedrich Gruetzmacher's superintendence, and progressed so rapidly that when but seventeen years of age he could become a member of the Dresden court orchestra. Now the ambitious lad had the most favorable oppor-



MR. OTTO LOHSE.

tunity to grow familiar with the workings (experiences) of an orchestral organization and with the total literature of opera. With genuine love and enthusiasm for the art of music, he watched the rehearsals and performances of the justly celebrated Dresden Court opera. To be an active member of a good orchestra has proven an absolute necessity (the first school) for every good conductor, and Mr. Lohse has often

expressed himself to the fact, that he thoroughly appreciates the benefits which he derived from his work in the orchestra.

When Mr. Lohse had firmly decided to become eventually a conductor, he engaged for that purpose in a more general thorough and far-reaching study of the orchestral and operatic literature. Under Felix Dräsecke he pursued his studies in composition, and the full course of the Royal Conservatory of Dresden was absorbed. As pianist he frequently appeared in concert in Dresden, and became thus quite a popular artist in his native city. In 1879 two good positions were offered him in foreign countries, one a professorship of piano playing at the Conservatory of Athens, Greece, the other a similar position with the Russian Imperial Society of Music at Wilna. Otto Lohse chose the latter locality and lived in that city until 1882, as conductor of the society and as a very successful professor of piano playing. Since 1882 Mr. Lohse lived in Riga, on the Baltic coast, and his name is strongly identified with the musical history of that city, as the founder of the "Wagner Verein" and the Russian Musical Society. He found an excellent field in that very musical city, and from personal observation I know of the appreciation and the esteem which he enjoyed during his stay in that city. In the year 1889 Otto Lohse was chosen first musical director of the Stadt theater of Riga, and four years he led the orchestra from the same desk which Richard Wagner himself had occupied many years previous.

In 1893 he was offered the position of first conductor of the Hamburg Stadt theater, which he accepted, after having assisted in 1886 and 1891 in the production of the Bayreuth Festspiel in connection with Weingaertner, Richard Strauss and Humperdinck. On account of having done much towards a fuller appreciation of Wagner's works in the eastern part of Europe, Otto Lohse had become persona grata with Mme. Cosima Wagner in Wahnfried. In 1894 Mr. Lohse conducted with rare success the German opera season in London, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. In London he met at a dinner, given by the German Club, Hans Richter, the world-renowned leader, who conducted at that time the London season of his famous concerts. After conversing for some time Richter learned from Lohse the fact that the latter had been a 'celloist in the Dresden Court Orchestra. Whereupon, heartily embracing Lohse, Richter exclaimed, "Thank God,

again a conductor who comes from the orchestra; they are always the best." (It might as well be stated that Richter played the French horn in the orchestra at Pest.)

The greatest triumph as an artist and the most complete happiness as a man, Otto Lohse enjoyed in 1895, in his marriage to Mme. Katharina (Lohse) Klafsky, the celebrated queen of song. This thoroughly congenial union had a sad termination last spring after the brief duration of eighteen months through the sudden death of the great singer. Both Mme. Lohse-Klafsky and her husband were members of the Damrosch Opera Company during the season of 1895-96. The former celebrated unheard of triumphs in her matchless impersonations of Wagnerian roles, for which nature had endowed her most lavishly. Herr Lohse, as associate conductor of the Damrosch Opera Company, sustained in America his justly merited reputation as one of the most competent operatic conductors of the day.

In November, 1896, Herr Lohse returned to America, in the supposition that this country would prove a good field for a competent musical director. He scored an extraordinary success last December as conductor of the compositions of his friend, the composer, Bruno Oscar Klein, at Carnegie Hall. As conductor of the Nordica Concert Company, during its recent visit in Chicago, he was greeted and welcomed most heartily by public and press alike. On March 1st Herr Lohse gave his own orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall, directing the following program with great success, and proving himself a most versatile conductor in his fine readings of classic and modern works:

Symphony, A major, Beethoven.

Concerto in G for violin (soloist, Gregorewitch), Bruch.

Overture, Sakuntala, Goldmark.

Nightingale for violin, Sarasate.

The Waterfay (first time in N. Y.), Dvorak.

As a composer, Mr. Lohse has been quite prolific. His three-act opera, "Der Prinz Wider Willen," had been performed shortly before his departure from Riga, with the most flattering success. Recently it has been accepted for performance at the Court Opera of Dresden, Germany, and the score will be published by Breitkopf and Hartel of Leipzig. Herr Lohse has written a large number of vocal, orchestral and

chamber works. His newest string quartet in E minor will be brought forward as the first novelty of the next season by the Spiering String Quartet of Chicago. At present Herr Lohse is occupied in his charming studio in New York in preparing singers for the stage, and particularly in teaching the proper conception, deliverance and interpretation of Wagnerian roles.

On account of his versatility and his many-sided capacity as musical director, conductor, pianist and composer, Herr Lohse is certainly a most welcome acquisition to the leading musical element of this country, and his influence is certain to make itself felt. His fondness for this country is probably best illustrated by the fact that he but recently refused the position of first musical director at one of the foremost stages of Germany, the opera of Frankfort on the Main, for the sake of establishing himself in this country, which always welcomes an honorable, deserving and capable artist.

Chicago, Ill.

PIANO TONE-COLOR FROM A PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL STANDPOINT.

BY R. H. STETSON.

The mechanical possibilities of tone-color in piano playing are soon enumerated:

1. Initial tone-color and voicing of piano. The initial tone of the piano, with the detail of mechanism for its production, does not enter strictly into the problem of varying tone-color in piano playing. But methods of voicing may give scope for tone effects if the timbre of the three or four registers of the piano compass is made different, or even contrasting, as is often done.

2. Stroke of hammer (affected by touch) alters the color of the tone in large degree. In the modern piano, with the large number of component overtones in every tone, the stroke of the hammer in setting the string in vibration may materially affect the manner in which the string breaks up into vibrations, i. e., produces overtones which determine tone-color. But the only possible variation is in the velocity of the blow. The path of the hammer and the point of impact are fixed; the weight of the hammer is constant; there is no connection between the finger of the player and the moving hammer at the point of impact. Hence, while a change in color is possible with a varying touch, an accompanying change in loudness is absolutely inevitable. No color variation without a dynamic variation.

3. Pedals. Of course, the 'jeu celeste' and other devices which modify the striking surface, change the timbre of the piano radically. But thus far, they play little part in piano expression, and do not seem to be in the line of development of the present instrument.

The damper pedal, by permitting the sympathetic vibration of other strings, which may re-enforce or interfere with the overtones of the vibrating string, or even produce chords with it, may change the coloring of the note struck. There is also the possibility of certain tricks of management whereby the

dampers come in contact with the string and modify the tone after being struck.

The soft pedal of the grand shifts the action so that the hammer strikes fewer strings; this changes the relation between the weight of the hammer and the resistance; the action, too, is seldom adjusted so that the strings are exactly struck by the worn creases of the felt surfaces. These two elements may produce a change in color as well as in loudness. Combinations of the two pedals offer possibilities just being realized.

Thus we may summarize the possibilities from a mechanical point of view:

1. Effects involving the initial tone and voicing of the piano.
2. Variations in color accompanying variations in loudness (i. e., variety of color dependent on dynamic change.)
3. Effects produced with the pedals.

To this may be added the great facility of the piano in varying combinations of notes, both:

1. In simultaneous combinations, chords, in which different dynamic treatment of the components of the chord is possible.
2. And in successions of notes, passages, in which the grouping and connection of neighboring notes may be altered by minute pauses between certain notes, and by use of the pedal.

It is worth while noticing the use which recent composers have made of effects involving the initial color and voicing of the piano. Schumann massed his notes in the center of the keyboard. Liszt wrote tenths and chord combinations before unused. Chopin got a graceful effect by delicate passages of single notes in upper treble against a color-contrasting accompaniment. Thalberg planted a melody firmly in the baritone, the most characteristic register of the piano, and wove contrasting arpeggios about it.

Perhaps the most striking illustrations of what has been done in the use of the initial tone resources of the developed piano may be seen in treatment for piano of the work of earlier composers, as in Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's songs. In the earlier phrases of the "Wanderer" he has obtained a tone effect not indicated by Schubert, by introducing running embellishments in the low bass which contrast in their muffled

hurry with the tone color of the upper parts. In the introductory passages of "Hark, Hark, the Lark," he has obtained remarkably suggestive tone effects by simply raising certain parts an octave. In the "Erlking" he individualizes and contrasts the different voices by giving them a different location on the keyboard, enlarging the compass of the melodies as a whole from two octaves to four. In the same work, it was his instrument, and not Schubert, that suggested the use throughout the first bit of elf-music of those long, shimmering, treble arpeggios. At every speech of the child, the right hand rushes up into the high treble in an effect which is neither dynamic or rhythmic, but tonic.

Variety of color dependent on dynamic change is the field of the latest study in piano technique. A melody is made to stand out, not only in dynamic contrast with its surroundings as it must, but at the same time a delicate touch may preserve throughout the melody a certain range of loudness within which the tones have a coloring which contrasts with the coloring of the accompaniment.

In polyphonic playing, each part may be individualized by being given a different range of loudness, and hence a different timbre.

Let those who insist that they can produce changes of tone-color without changes in the degree of loudness remember that loudness, even more than pitch, is a relative thing. How do they know that they do not have variations in loudness? After thousands of years of training, it is very unusual for the race to bring forth a person who has an ear for absolute pitch. There has never been any training for the discernment of differences of loudness. It is simply a scientific fact that there are no ears capable of discerning degrees of loudness. No one doubts that varying tone-color is produced, but only a series of dynameters affected by each hammer of the piano action could determine with any accuracy whether there was a concomitant dynamic variation.

Effects produced with the pedals, though easily noted and understood, are hard to define and classify. But there are many elements which enter into "tone-coloring at the piano" which are not matters of timbre at all. It may sound absurd to say that an important element in "orchestral effects" is strict takt-keeping. One of the characteristics of a good orchestra is the

precision with which the note enters on the beat. The chords are chords; there is no after-striking. A pianist who plays with a similar precision, whose chords move in masses, and whose part-playing in polyphonic work is characterized by strict takt-keeping in each part is doing not a little toward producing "orchestral effect."

The manner in which certain instruments sound above others in combinations may be imitated at the piano by dynamic discrimination. The time-worn device of doubling in octaves a trombone solo is sometimes justifiable. Dynamic individualization of parts so that every voice receives its peculiar power, distinct phrasing of each individual part, along with the fine sense which manages the whole effect so that the individual dynamic problems of each part may be solved without doing violence to the initial resources of the piano tone—these are all essential to tone-color.

One of the elements in the individuality of instruments which is often overlooked is not a matter of timbre at all. Every instrument has its own peculiar way of connecting and phrasing its notes, not only in large divisions, phrases and periods, but in the smallest figure. One feels instinctively, on seeing the notes, that a certain score is for the violin, flute, harp, or what not. It is here that the piano finds range for adopting effects, not of tone-color, but of effects always associated with tone-color, and which suggest it at once. The technique of the piano lends itself with great ease to such minute differences in the connections of notes. The slight pause between every note of the clarinet or flute, the arpeggio effects of the harp, the close legato or crisp staccato of the strings, the rapid appoggiatura effect of a violin chord of more than two notes—all these can be successfully imitated at the piano. By actual experiment, out of ninety people questioned, some fifty never recall a melody without associating it with a tone quality of some sort. In these days when tone quality is so easily recalled, any characteristic treatment of a part tends to call up tone quality which the hearer instinctively feels belongs with those peculiarities. Not that any pianist does or should attempt to definitely imitate any other instrument, but the variety and effectiveness of tone effects are suggested and directed by other instruments.

About the last thing which the piano can imitate in quality

is the singing voice; tone production, timbre, means of expression, are all different, and yet nothing is more common than to speak of a singing quality of touch at the piano. To some extent the phrase is justified. Long study of, and the constant influence of vocal works have led pianists to appreciate the peculiarities and beauties of vocal phrasing and note connection, and have enabled them to use them in piano melodies.

In considering this last element in piano tone effects, it is worth while to compare an effect in organ playing. Accent, strictly, is almost impossible to the organist. Yet, by careful phrasing, the management of little pauses and minute holds, he can produce rhythmic effects which suggest and replace accent. It may be fashionable, some day, to talk of organists as to whether or not they can produce "accent effects."

Another element in tone-coloring must not be overlooked. The personality of the player, his own feeling for expression, as expressed in his person contribute to the effect. Varieties of touch are essential to the production of the manifold dynamic differences and connective differences in note successions; but they also subserve another purpose. They are expressive gestures, and appeal to the audience as such. The face and torsal expression of a player have much to do with what we read into his playing. And these same variations of touch and gesture help the player to feel and express as far as is possible the effects in mind.

Listening to tone effects at the piano is more largely a matter of association than we think. If Liszt or Rubinstein could have committed the anachronism of playing before an audience of the days of Mozart and Beethoven, it is very doubtful whether they would have heard "tone effects from the piano such as they never dreamed of before." Very probably they would have heard no tone effects at all. They had had no training of a lifetime in orchestral tone effects; they had no associational material on which to draw.

It is not such a bare treatment of the subject as it looks, the reducing of tone effects (a better term, by the way, than "tone-coloring"), to self-deceptive association and the few mechanical possibilities herein enumerated. Remember that we see and hear not half of what we see and hear; all the rest is supplied from experience; imagination is at work in every simple act of perception. Association makes up half of life.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

The remarkable season of grand opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company, limited, came to an end March 20, with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Engel in the role of Juliet.

The repertory, from a box-office standpoint, had to be built around Mme. Calve's "Faust," "Carmen," and one performance of Boito's "Mefistofele," and one of Santuzza. These four impersonations occupied her twelve appearances. On several of these occasions she was supported by Mr. Jean de Reszke, twice as Faust and once as Don Jose; but at other times the tenor was Salignac or Cremonini. The other side of the repertory was built to bring Mr. Jean de Reszke in as many attractive roles as possible, since many supposed that this would be his last season here. He was heard, therefore, in the following parts: Raoul, Tristan, Le Cid, Lohengrin, Faust, Don Jose, Siegfried, Boito's Faust and Vasco da Gama in "L'Africaine." Of his singing more will be said later.

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There are several ways of regarding this repertory and the accompanying casts. Upon the one hand we had the Chicago orchestra, a chorus rather larger than usual and very competent, and an amplitude of resources upon the male side which made it possible to cast all the works in an unusually strong and even manner, always excepting, however, the tenor. Here it was either Mr. Jean de Reszke with his consummate but slightly conventional art, with his magnificent dressing, his great repose, but also his voice no longer quite what it used to be; or else the lighter voices and personalities of Cremonini and Salignac—both of whom are excellent tenors of the second and third classes. But upon the female side the casts were uneven. When it was Mme. Calve as Carmen or Marguerite there was a lyric impersonation of the very first order, which, while a work of great original genius upon the dramatic side, was also strong upon the vocal side, and altogether charming. The second roles, such as those of Martha in "Faust" and Siebel, were also filled admirably by Mme. Mantelli, Mlle. Olitzka, who had the heavy alto roles, has a large voice and

acts with great energy and zeal. The question of satisfaction in those works in which Mme. Litvinne had the leading roles is sooner settled. This admirable artist is an excellent and well-schooled dramatic soprano; but her voice is not of the requisite timbre for the American market at three dollars and a half per seat. This is all there is of it. You praise her; occasionally you admire her for a moment; but you do not care for her singing.

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The strength of the season, in an artistic sense, lay in the first presentation of Massenet's "Le Cid," in which Mr. Jean de Reszke has a brilliant role; a revival of Boito's "Mefistofele," given here but once previously, and that long ago under the leading of Max Strakosch; and Mr. Jean de Reszke's first appearance as Tristan and Siegfried, and his reappearance as Lohengrin. In all these roles, and particularly in those latest studied, Mr. de Reszke's art was of the most polished and well-schooled description. He learns his part thoroughly, works up the detail, knows his music so well as to be independent of the prompter and conductor, able to give others their cues if needed, and every detail is worked out with a finish which cannot enough be admired. With his distinguished proportions and muscular build he fills a heroic role in a way which rarely happens for a tenor, the tenor voice having a bad habit of incarnating itself in a male person rather under than over average size. I think the greatness of his art shows best of all in his Siegfried, which as a piece of dramatic work strikes me as about the best we are likely to see.

When Mr. Jean de Reszke sings he is still an artist to admire. While his voice has not now, and probably never did have, the full resonance of a tenor, it still has its high notes and its art; but the quality is no longer fresh. Tired with the hard work of a long season, the voice still farther strained by exertions made to conceal the difficulties of obtaining effects with it, and at times a complete abandonment to impassioned singing in long and straining passages, such as those in the last part of Tristan and places in Siegfried, it is altogether unlikely that this famous artist will remain upon the stage more than one, or at most two seasons longer.

When he leaves the stage he will have made for himself a great record. Born in 1852 (according to Riemann's diction-

ary, though many suppose he is older), he sang as baritone for ten years or more; then his voice was reconstructed as tenor, and since which he has attained a position extremely influential, both as singer, actor, and above all as diplomat, able to control things in the companies in which he plays. For the last two or three years his compensation has averaged higher than ever paid a tenor before. It has been stated in the newspapers that his honorarium amounts to twelve hundred and fifty dollars an appearance, with a further division of twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts above six thousand dollars, sometimes bringing his honorarium, it is said, up to the enviable total of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars a performance. This is something which Mr. de Reszke and his associates naturally contemplate in a *more* suave temper than does the manager. Upon which branch of the subject it is perhaps enough to state that on one *night* in Chicago when Mr. Jean de Reszke had a great role, the box office reported but sixteen hundred dollars, all told. When Mr. de Reszke had taken his twelve hundred and fifty dollars there were at least one thousand dollars more to go to other solo singers, six hundred to the orchestra, four hundred to the house, with untold additional sums to the chorus, managerial staff (no small item, where there is so much detail) and the manager. I am inclined to think that the limit of high salaries to singers has been reached, at least for the present.

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Upon the financial side a mistake was made in arranging the prices for the Chicago season. Fashion has long been restive at the habit of the Metropolitan company of coming here always in Lent, when grand opera is impossible in New York. Added to this, the prices of seats were raised to three dollars and a half for all the lower floor, whereas they never had before been so high by a half dollar. The management had also in previous seasons been suspected of standing in with speculators, in point of which it is said that last year the first comers at the box-office, at the opening of the box sale for the season, found all the seats upon the ground floor already marked off the diagram—speculators having been able to control the entire stock. This year owing to the absence of Melba, who has always been a great drawing card, the speculator prudently stood from under.

The local management was supposed to have arranged for the appearance of Melba later in the season. This probably impaired the business of the first week, which resulted in a loss of somewhere about twenty thousand dollars. Later on the business improved, but at the end of the second week it was a toss up whether the season would not be abandoned. The last two weeks were much better, and during the last week the experiment was made of reducing the prices to two dollars for the best seats—a price ample for the quality of stars offered. At these prices there were full nights when the receipts at the lowered prices aggregated more than eight thousand dollars—a sum which if maintained would have given a profitable business.

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It is difficult to account for the attempt to raise prices in Chicago, when the house is so much larger and more equitably seated than the opera houses where the company is in the habit of playing. In the auditorium the ground floor has about eighteen hundred seats, and the balcony an equal number. Some years ago Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck found himself able to give an opera festival, and to build for the two weeks' use an opera house at a cost of eighty thousand dollars; yet they presented Patti (costing about four thousand dollars a night) with the best seats at two dollars and a half. Probably the management was this year in doubt whether the prestige of raising prices would not go farther than the popularity of lowering them. Perhaps Mr. Grau knows his public better than a disinterested observer would suppose. If Mr. Milward Adams (manager of the Auditorium) had been consulted he would have said at once: "Gentlemen, unless you can bring a first rate drawing prima donna, it will be useless for you to attempt to give opera in Chicago this season with the times as they are, at the prices you have fixed."

* * *

But to return to the artistic aspects of the work. Best of everything in the season I place Mme. Calve's Marguerite, in the Gounod opera. In Boito's Marguerita she was equally good, but while her dramatic opportunities were better her opportunities as singer were not so good. I have never seen so beautiful an interpretation of Marguerite. Vocally and dramatically it was charming in the extreme. Next to this I

would place Mr. Jean de Reszke's Siegfried and Cid. Then the singing and acting combined of Mr. Edouard de Reszke, whose imposing voice and charming manhood make a total upon the stage which the generation will remember. Then the art of the handsome Plancon. Lassalle is no longer singing so well as formerly. There were several lesser singers whose art belongs to a high standard. I have mentioned the Mimi of Mr. Hubbenet, and to this I would add Mr. David Bispham's Alberic in "Siegfried," Kurneval and Telramond. These roles are rarely so well done, and never more artistically sung.

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Every time grand opera comes back the newspapers comment upon the appearance of the same old stand-byes of chorus singers, with their stolid peasant faces and brutal voices of fanciful but unknown amperes of volume. The question is always asked why younger and better looking singers are not taken. The answer is that in this country we have no class of young singers who will sing in the chorus for the sake of acquiring the business of the stage and hearing great artists and learning the operas from every side. In Italy there are such singers, and the chorus undergoes a competitive examination as to comeliness, the particularly unbecoming ones gradually being elbowed to the wall.

The work of these chorus singers is much more important than commonly known. They are expected to know the choruses of more than forty operas by heart, and to be able to go through the necessary stage business for them without rehearsal. Of course when the season is starting rehearsals are had, and whenever a new opera is put on. But after a first performance a full rehearsal rarely takes place. If new principals or new second parts are put in, the singers rehearse with the repetiteur or upon the front of the stage with the orchestra. When once the season opens there is no time to drill a chorus and prepare new works. Hence the old staggers are hired over and over again, because they are reliable.

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Something might be said of the conductors of the present season. There were three: Signor Mancinelli, Signor Bevilani and Mr. Anton Seidl. Signor Mancinelli is a good Italian conductor and a good composer, his opera of "Hero and Leander" being about to be produced in the season at Covent

Garden, in London. Signor Bevignani is an inefficient conductor, and it seems strange that he should be retained when his inefficiency is so notable. Mr. Anton Siedl is a great conductor, particularly of Wagnerian operas. His reading of "Tristan and Isolde" was most dramatic and inspiring. It was musical, dramatic, impassioned and sweeping. It was something to remember for years. His reading of "Lohengrin" was naturally less impassioned, but it was very elegant and refined; and his "Siegfried" splendid. The musicians in the orchestra found Mr. Seidl a very satisfactory conductor, and after one rehearsal he commanded their complete respect. Mr. Mancinelli, being unable to address them in German, they naturally regarded as less artistic. He had the indiscretion to employ English at rehearsals. It is evident upon the face of it that English is not adapted for controlling German musicians.

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There is one man in this combination whose acquaintance I would like to make. It is the head pin of all, he who makes the wheels go round—Mr. Maurice Grau. With an unpleasant deficit staring him in the face, with singers whom he knew as well as any one could tell him, were not always quite the ones he would have offered if he could; and with the multifarious business of a complicated enterprise of this kind I always found him a gentleman, and if close-mouthed none the less a clear-headed man of affairs. There is great ability in Mr. Grau; more than in any other opera manager I have ever met. While he lacks the every day affability of Colonel Mapleson, he has what Mapleson never had—a first rate business reliability. His yea is yea, and his nay is nay. And I sincerely hope that his lines will fall to him in pleasant places, and if he must lose money that it will be his own; for I believe him to be the kind of man who would rather lose his own money than that entrusted to him by another.

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With reference to the unfamiliar works produced, Boito's "Mefistofile" and Massenet's "Le Cid," many interesting things might be said if time permitted. Boito's "Mefistofile" consists of a series of detached pictures, following in general Goethe's "Faust" complete. The prologue consists of choruses of celestial spirits (unseen), while through a rift in the

clouds which conceal the entire stage, and brought out by strong light amid the gloom, stands Mefistofile, who in response to the sweet singing of the celestial spirits, unfolds his own disposition. The music is very strong, impassioned at times, the two strains of celestial sweetness and worship strongly contrasted with the mocking levity of Mefistofile. The orchestration is rich and masterly.

Act I, the story opens with the Sunday scene in the open square, the same where in the Gounod opera Faust first sees Marguerite. In the present case, however, Faust has not yet become young, and his conversation with Wagner is entirely lofty and philosophical. Mefistofile, in the guise of a gray friar, observes and follows him. Then we have the laboratory scene with the signing of the contract. In Act II, the garden scene, the love duets with Marguerite. In the second scene of this act the Witches' Sabbath, following Goethe. Everything weird, uncanny. Third act, the death of Marguerite beautiful music, fine opportunity for pathos. The second part opens with Act IV, the Classical Sabbath, in which figure Faust, Marguerite under the guise of Helen of Troy, with plenty of surroundings of a melodious and physically captivating character. Plenty of smooth music, which, however, has little to do with the story. Finally the Epilogue, the death of Faust, who, inspired by the singing of an unseen angel choir, seizes the sacred volume and pours out his newfound faith and penitence; and so the defeat of Mefistofile and the salvation of Faust—which was a good thing for him.

The work is thoroughly mystical, neither one thing nor another; it is, however, lovely music and likely to be spoken of as a master work long after Gounod's sweet and sensuous melody has been forgotten.

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Massenet's "Le Cid" is a work of entirely different nature. It is laid out with reference to spectacular displays, with certain strong possibilities in the way of love music, and the usual striving after impossibilities in the way of plot, the central stress in the present instance being the fact that the Cid has slain the father of Donna Chimene, whom he afterwards marries. As a book, the play is well made for the stage; the music is also clever—but never great. Massenet seems to have tried to outgrow his former bias towards sweet, sensuous, but in-

efficient melody and instrumentation, and here strives to be virile, with the result that he is mainly noisy, much given to brass and splendor. I doubt whether this work has any more of the root of everlasting endurance than the operas of Meyerbeer—which, as every one knows, no longer appeal to music lovers.

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In this connection I will mention that upon the evening of the only performance of "*L'Africaine*" I had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Godowsky, who had never happened to hear the work before. I was much interested in observing how extremely distasteful and hollow he found all this music—so stagey, so full of clap-trap, and so totally ineffective upon the present generation. Throughout the whole there is never a moment when the deeper springs of musical enjoyment are touched, or when the music brings a thrill to the spirit or even a tear to the eye. There are two deadly sins in opera. One is to be dull; the other to be ineffective. Meyerbeer excelled in both. And that is the reason why his great fame has suffered eclipse. All that he had of good, Wagner gathered up and carried off in "*Rienzi*" and "*Tannhauser*," while in "*Lohengrin*" he showed the more excellent way of genuine poetic beauty and pathos, even if there are here also quite a few moments of tedium. It is very difficult for any one to be grand and sublime upon a scale suitable to the wholesale trade. A few moments now and then are what we mostly find.

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But when it comes to an opera to stir the blood, why then we have to fall back upon Wagner's "*Tristan and Isolde*," which as read by Seidl and sung by artists like Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica, with such supports as Marie Brema, David Bispham, and Edouard de Reszke, makes an ensemble to stir the blood. Story, music and scene all combine with equal force to make a one, and that one the most blood-stirring opera of all. I well remember the terms in which Dudley Buck used to speak of this work, which he brought home with him new from Europe in 1868 or '69. He told me then that it was the greatest work ever written, and that the time would come when it would be sung to the delight of thousands, despite its then enormous difficulties. He was equally enthusiastic in favor of the "*Mastersingers*," declaring that it was

the greatest comedy which had ever been written, and that it was destined to last long. This, it will be remembered, was before any successful performances of these two works had been given. Each had been brought to a dress rehearsal by the indefatigable Hans von Buelow, at Munich.

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Speaking of the "Mastersingers," it was a great pity not to have had this work in the present season, inasmuch as in Mr. David Bispham they had a famous Beckmesser; unfortunately the Eva was lacking. The same difficulty prevented giving "Falstaff," the leading role of which has been probably as well illustrated by Mr. David Bispham as by any one, and sung perhaps better than by any one else.

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Wagner's "Siegfried" is not a work to give by itself alone. It ought to come in the regular series of the Ring. In that case the story and the recurrence of the leading motives impart certain reasons for its being, and excuse many passages which have little to do with the case. I am looking forward to the managing editor among managers who will boldly wield a blue pencil and condense the whole four operas of the Ring into two. It will then be a great and interesting story and at places there will be an appearance of movement. This, however, is an idea which as yet is a little premature. But what a lovely time such an iconoclastic editor will have with the critical old maids of the quill! He would have, in Mefistoflean parlance, a "newspaper sabbath."

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Just as the flowers of spring blossom and display their quiet beauty very close to the end of the mighty glacier, so the lower levels of the theatrical world have been enlivened all this time by light operas of many kinds and potencies. It has been a veritable carnival of light opera. Now with reference to this form of art, I hold it to be no less important than grand opera itself. While it is to be admired that Mr. Wagner conceived all this mighty story and music to carry it out, it is none the less worthy of admiration, or at least of approval, if Mr. Reginald de Koven or Victor Herbert, or John Phillip Sousa, assist the librettist in making two laughs grow where only one laugh grew before. Perhaps I am wrong as to the seed-planter for the laughs, and we would better credit Mr.

Harry B. Smith for the most of those which occur in the "Mandarin," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Serenade"—and there are a great many of them in all.

I heard "The Mandarin" twice, and it is very pleasing and amusing. I do not think I like the music quite as well as that of "Robin Hood"—though the technical art is improved. Mr. de Koven has the knack of making music which sounds probable—so probable that straightway one sets to trying to remember where he has heard it before. Enough in this instance that the music is pleasing and the work very amusing, even if distinctly suggestive of the Gilbert and Sullivan "Mikado."

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In my opinion the best light opera thus far is Mr. Victor Herbert's music to "The Serenade." This sprightly work was put on by the Bostonians during their second and third week at the Columbia, and attracted large and delighted audiences—not such overflowing business as followed Sousa's "El Capitan," but great business nevertheless. "The Serenade" is a more pretentious opera than "El Capitan," aiming at more distinctively musical effect. The arias are more elaborate, and in the second act there are several very beautiful numbers, and the whole moves on with charming lightness, readiness and chic. Then I find the orchestration remarkably well done, busy and sprightly without ever working hard, covering up the singers, or being tedious or dull.

The cast contained the regular members of the Bostonian company, except one new singer, a Miss Nielsen, who displayed a voice and other attractive qualities likely to make her a distinct success in light opera. The charming and jolly Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis had a nice part in which she made her usual stunning effect. Mr. Barnabee was very effective as the Duke, and Macdonald, Cowles, and others had opportunities. What pleased me best in this work was the suggestion that the gifted composer might later on write another opera equally bright and pleasing, but deeper and stronger still upon the musical side.

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We have also had a taste of something more serious in "Shamus O'Brien" at McVicker's theater, a romantic Irish opera, by Geo. H. Jessup and Mr. Villiers Standford. This

work attempts to construct a stage opera upon an Irish story of a century ago, and to have the entire musical flavor Irish—cadences, quaint melodic nuances, and all; yet also human, living and musical in the modern sense. This, I say, was the intention. When it comes to inquiring how fully the opera succeeds in carrying out such an undertaking I have to speak with caution. I heard it only once and came to it unprepared. My first feeling was one of disappointment at its difference from all the other light operas before the public. I recognized certain elements of strength, particularly in the singing of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, of whom Mr. Karleton Hackett wrote in his story of "American Singers in London." To me the uninteresting and dull-colored Irish costumes and scenes, without a single moment of bright color during the whole play, left an unfavorable impression. I find, however, that several musical friends of mine who heard the opera two or three times liked it more and more. Mr. L. L. Sharp, manager of McVicker's, was enthusiastic in praise of it; and Mr. O'Sullivan also said that the work improved very much by repeated hearings. It would seem, therefore, that my impressions must have been wrong. At any rate the work did a good business—which is one good point. I cannot help thinking, however, that either a little less consistency in the scenic handling or else a little more genuine pathos in the music would have made the success of the opera more certain.

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In another part of this issue will be found particulars of the grand festival proposed in connection with the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, in New York, June 24 to 28.

There are three classes of attractions: First, discussions and papers upon three subjects, music in colleges, choral music, and school music. The committee of college music is made up of a very strong selection of practical and distinguished musical educators, and if these men do not arrive at ideas and suggestions of practical weight it will be useless to attempt anything along these lines in any English-speaking community. Much the same is to be said of the other two departments of discussion, and I shall expect this meeting to bring out more thought than has ever been brought out at any other musical gathering in this country.

The second great department is the performance of prize compositions, particulars of which were given in MUSIC for March. Among the compositions offered for these prizes there ought to be good ones, particularly that now America contains so many musicians who have musical ideas and works for which they cannot obtain a hearing. The third great attraction is a festival performance of "Elijah," I believe it is, on Sunday, and a church service with all known wrinkles of ritual and organ mastership. The attractiveness of this part of the program will depend somewhat upon the weather—New York in June being a period in human affairs when temperature controls ideality to a degree entirely unworthy the sons and daughters of art. But we shall see.

In addition to this a great exposition of the music trade is undertaken, at which all sorts of educational apparatus, music stools, practice machines and the like, will be upon exhibition.

One thing at least can be said, namely, that the program committee in this instance and President Herbert W. Greene have displayed vast energy and enterprise in trying to do something. The National Association is on trial. The question before the house is, What can it do? Nobody knows. These gentlemen have undertaken to give at least a tentative answer. They deserve the support and good-will of every practical teacher.

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Here is a program of a little piano recital which Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave March 25, in Recital Hall, before the conservatory audience:

1. Davidsbündlertänze, Schumann.
2. Sonata in B minor, Chopin.
3. Au bord d'un Source, Liszt. Eclogue, Liszt. Ballade in A flat, Chopin. Polonaise in A flat, Chopin.
4. Overture to "Tannhauser," arranged by Liszt.

The Davidsbündlertänze of Schumann are rarely played, but they are very musical. The Tannhauser is one of the most difficult piano solos on record.

TWO AMERICAN TONE POEMS.

BY MARIE BENEDICT.

If still there are doubters of the latent power of the piano-forte to enhance and intensify the thought beauty of poetry, they should hear and study Ferdinand Dewey's transcription of the Bourdillon couplet, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and Edward Baxter Perry's interpretation in tone of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Æolian Harp Song."

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of a bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Thus wrote Bourdillon; and more completely than any of its numerous transcribers to music has Mr. Dewey realized the tonal moods and colorings which speak the pathos and beauty of the thoughts within the lines.

The dreamy introduction, with its changeful, shadowy harmonies, and its elusive hints of melody. The murmuring accompaniment, itself half song, whose soft, harmonic tints throw into relief the beauty of the melody which floats above it. The trio, with its questioning chords, and its star sparkling measures; suggesting the comment from a judge of Illinois, "I can never hear the nocturne without thinking of Tenyson's lines"—

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads
Rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid."

The closing phrases, seeming to reiterate the words, "When love is done," as they fade slowly into silence. There is not

a line of the work that refuses a charm for either student or listener.

For the "Aeolienne" we are partially indebted to an incident in the life of Siddartha, the Buddha, as narrated by Arnold; partially only, for the composer, who has inimitably mirrored the thought in his music, was necessary to the realization of this priceless addition to American literature of the piano-forte.

It had been foretold of the prince, Siddartha, that he would be either the greatest teacher that the world had known, or the most powerful ruler in the history of the country. His father, the king, thinking only of the extension of his dominions, and the strengthening of his dynasty, determined to realize the latter alternative. He therefore sought, by every means, to keep from the boy and youth all knowledge of the world's suffering and pain; to show him only the joyous side of life. To this end, when the prince was grown to manhood, he built for him, at the feet of the Himalayas, a marble pleasure house of exquisite design; filling its courts and halls with everything that art and nature could devise to enchain his thought and fancy; and, if he left it for a brief visit to the neighboring town, ordering that everything suggesting poverty, or suffering of any sort, should be hidden from sight until the drive of the heir presumptive was over.

In this ideal retreat Siddartha lived and loved, with his wife, "the sweet Yasodhara," until the darker facts of life crept upon him by different avenues, one of which was the song of the winds.

"But once they placed a stringed gourd upon the sill. There where the wind could wander o'er its notes, and play at will. Sweet music makes the wind on silver strings, and those who lay around heard only that; but Prince Siddartha heard the Devas play; and to his ear they sang such words as these":

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life:
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go.
We are, as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this,
But life's way is the wind's way; all these things
Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings."

It is the sentiment, rather than the literal words of this poem, which Mr. Perry has embodied in his "Aeolienne," and never did music speak with more sympathetic sadness "the great world truth" of suffering. The wind music is beautifully suggested by the long, sweeping arpeggios of the accompaniment. In the introduction we seem actually to hear its first gentle stirrings, followed by momentary silence, as if Aeolus paused to listen to the effect of his magic power, before persuading the sound-thoughts again to audible life. Then a gradually fuller and more continuous wind song, until the constant play of the accompaniment is reached, where the long sound waves rise and fall, now above, and now below the melody, until we may fancy it speaking from the very center of the wind harp tones.

Once a number of the repertoire, the "Aeolienne" will never be willingly given up by any lover of the beautiful.

AN EVENING WITH CHOPIN.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.—No. 6.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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PROGRAM I. (Easy.)

Polonaise in A major, opus 40, No. 1.
Polonaise in C sharp minor, opus 26, No. 1.
Preludes: Opus 28. No. 4, E minor.
 No. 6, B minor.
 No. 7, A major.
 No. 9, E major.
Prelude in D flat, opus 28, No. 15.
Waltz in C sharp minor, opus 64.
Waltz in D flat, opus 64, No. 1.
Nocturne in E flat, opus 9, No. 2.
Waltz in A flat, opus 42.

PROGRAM II. (More difficult.)

Polonaise in A major.
Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp minor, opus 66.
Scherzo in B flat minor, opus 31.
Nocturne in E flat major, opus 9, No. 2.
Nocturne in G major, opus 37, No. 2.
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.

PROGRAM III. (Still more difficult.)

Etudes: Opus 10, No. 1, C major.
 No. 2, A minor.
 No. 3, E major.
 No. 4, C sharp minor.
 No. 5, G flat (black key.)
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.
Romanza from 1st Concerto, in E minor. (Reinecke's arrangement, or with second piano.)

Impromptu in A flat, opus 29.

Nocturne in D flat, opus 27, No. 2.

Polonaise in A flat, opus 53.

In order to fully understand the individuality and genius of Frédéric François Chopin (1809-1849) it would be necessary to study his work from three standpoints. First, naturally, for what it is in and of itself, the moods, the qualities of style, the peculiar individuality of his musical thought; second, with reference to the modification of pianoforte style inaugurated by this gifted genius—modifications which while having their source in certain improvements of the mechanism of the pianoforte made immediately before Chopin began to write, would not have come so soon but for his genius and insight; and, third, to study the relation of this master in his style of musical ideas and working out, his fancy, his imagination, his representation of many sides of human nature, to the music of the other composers of the romantic school, and especially with that of Mendelssohn and Schumann, whose compositions were produced contemporaneously with those of Chopin. To cover all this ground is naturally impossible in one, two, or even in several evenings, wherefore I shall confine myself in the present program to illustrating a few of the characteristic individualities of Chopin, and the essential features of his style. There are difficulties in doing this adequately, arising from the fact that as piano virtuoso Chopin when fully expressing himself did so without regard for the convenience of imperfectly trained hands upon the pianoforte. Hence the works of his which represent his genius at its best are mostly too difficult for any but very accomplished players.

In recognition of this difficulty I have made three programs, each more difficult than the preceding, of which the student may make his choice, since the qualities are mainly the same in all, excepting that his complete treatment of the pianoforte is more perfectly illustrated in the more difficult examples of his style. These, I may add, are no longer the utmost limit of pianoforte difficulty, as they were at the time when written; later writers have passed considerably beyond even the most difficult works of Chopin. But for pianists in general some of the Chopin works still remain along the farthest borders of their art.

The most striking peculiarities of Chopin's style are perhaps the following: First, melodiousness, combined with a certain melancholy, almost morbid mood; second, pleasing running work, especially for the right hand, generally overlying an entirely simple bass, or a bass essentially simple upon the harmonic side, but broken or modified so as to conceal this fact from the superficial observer. All his later life Chopin was an invalid or semi-invalid, and much of his music illustrates a certain feverishness and morbidness of temperament. An example of this is found in the Sonata in B minor, where the first movement is entirely in this complexion.

The originality of Chopin shows best perhaps in his Polonaises.

Ballades, Preludes, and Nocturnes. Practically he may be said to have invented the polonaise, the nocturne and the ballade. The Preludes are short pieces of marked originality and expression, which have always seemed to me like chips struck off in working at something else. Very likely they may have been beginnings of larger works, which never got themselves completed. Possibly they may have never been intended to reach any larger dimensions than those in which we find them. First, then, of his polonaises.

The Polonaise, as perfected by Chopin, is a composition in 3-4 measure, having really six beats to the measure, arranged in three twos; the second of these six beats is divided, and there is an extra accent upon the fifth.

Moreover, this rhythm must be kept quite strictly, like a march, for a march the polonaise is in its general characteristics rather than a dance properly so called. The fanciful description of the polonaise given by Liszt in his memoir of Chopin may be taken as in the main correct. He says:

"While listening to some of the polonaises of Chopin we can almost catch the firm, nay the more than firm, the heavy, resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unblenching courage.

The progress of the music suggests to our imagination such magnificent groups as were designed by Paul Veronese, robed in the rich costume of days long past; we see passing at intervals before us brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery, soft and flexible sabres, hanging sleeves gracefully thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long and undulating fringes, close chemisettes, rustling trains, stomachers embroidered with pearls, head-dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, light slippers rich in amber, gloves perfumed with the luxurious attar of the harems."

The delicacy of Chopin's playing is traditional, but Liszt is authority for the statement that Chopin was fond of hearing his larger and more heroic works played with a power of which he himself was incapable. It is related by some one, whose name I have for the moment forgotten, that upon one occasion a very talented young pianist called upon Chopin and being invited to play did so, the great polonaise in A flat being the matter. Excited by the work and the presence of the author, and full of the heroic spirit of the work, he broke several hammers—an occurrence quite common in heavy playing in those days. Naturally the young man was extremely mortified at this and endeavored to apologize over and over again. But the composer cut him short. "Say not a word," said he; "if I had your strength I would break every hammer in the piano, when I played that piece." This may be one of those "ben trovato" anecdotes which if not true ought to be.

Both the polonaises upon the first program illustrate the breadth,

impassioned force, and vigor of Chopin's idea to a marked degree, as well perhaps as anything he ever composed. The first, commonly known as the "military" polonaise, is one of those pompous pieces which inevitably suggest some kind of great ceremonial. The movement begins in stately march-like rhythmic swing, and goes on with interruptions of brilliant effect, as if where the cannon and drums add their noisy emphasis. The pomp resumes its march, but presently gives place to a middle part, a trio. This, again, is in the key of D major, with a great swinging melody like a trumpet, the military rhythm going on uninterruptedly below. At length the original movement is resumed and presently the end. In all it is a matter of pomp, brilliant ceremony, stately march, like some national festival.

The second polonaise is of a wholly different character. The expression is even more forcible than that of the first, but the character is different. It is now as if one remembered some of the heroes of Poland. With what fervor enters the leading subject (first four measures)! It is complete in itself. Then comes a softer and more capricious melody, but little more heroic than a nocturne. The second principal idea (measure 25) is mystical, as if some kind of ceremonial were being conducted. The rhythm goes on, but softly and with interruptions. At length the principal idea again. Now comes the middle piece, in the key of D flat—a beautiful melody, one of the finest of all of Chopin, supported upon very delicate and sensitively changing harmonies, full of chromatic and enharmonic modulation. After this a second idea, in which two voices carry on the interest. The upper, a soprano, the lower a baritone or tenor, and they have a sort of dialogue (measure 66). Then the soft melody again. In the first editions of this work the "da capo" was not marked, and for about forty years critics gave themselves headaches in trying to explain why Chopin invented a new form of this anomalous construction. A first part in the key of C sharp minor; a second part in the key of D flat major. "Where," they asked, "was the unity?" And by way of emphasis they spelled the word Unity with a capital initial. At last, however, some Solomon among editors affixed the missing letters "D. C." and behold we had our Unity all right. It was simply a case of a middle piece in the major key of the same tonic, with the notation changed enharmonically for the sake of simplicity, the key of D flat being for the majority of players easier to read than that of C sharp major.

The Preludes which follow represent individual moods. The first, in E minor, consists of a slow melody, almost stationary, while against the long tones a chord accompaniment softly pulsates, the harmonies shifting chromatically.

The second, No. 6, in B minor, has a lovely melodic idea in the bass, while the right hand carries a soft harmony and a slow pulsation in the upper voice. The impression of the whole is most mysterious, melancholy and tender.

No. 7, in A major, is one of the preludes which seems as if it

might have been a beginning for a longer composition, perhaps a slow waltz.

No. 9, in E major, a very grave, serious, organ-like movement, in which massive, tremendous chord-successions march onward to a climax through unheard of modulations. This piece, by the way, has been arranged for organ very effectively by A. W. Gottschalg. In playing it the slow movement, the sustained and deep melody, and the steady rhythm all require careful attention.

The Prelude in D flat represents a larger flight of the Chopin fancy. It begins with a lovely melody, like a nocturne. This exquisite melody gives place to a somewhat broken part in the key of C sharp minor, in which the remarkable thing is the incessant repetition of the note G sharp. This continues in eighth note motion throughout all the measures of this part of the work. It can only be made tolerable by careful observance of the "sotto voce" at beginning and gradually increasing in power up to the fortissimo in the 40th measure. Again it subsides into pianissimo and again the crescendo. Finally the original melody in D flat is resumed, and with what grateful sweetness! And the piece is carried through to the close.

The Waltzes of Chopin are not to be taken too seriously. They are salon music, but of a particularly pleasing character. One of the most charming, although a small one, is that in C sharp minor, which is built upon three leading motives. First the motive of two measures which opens the work; then the little passage of eighth notes which answers it; and finally the running work beginning in measure 33. Farther along there is a melody in D flat which stands in place of a trio. It is a sentimental and lovely melody. The effect of the whole is light, capricious, and musical.

Following this is the little waltz in D flat, opus 64, so often heard, and so many times built over in all sorts of double notes, thirds, sixths, etc. It illustrates the knack which Chopin had of developing a pleasing whole out of very slight materials. Observe the extreme simplicity of the bass.

The name Nocturne was invented by John Field, who wrote twelve pieces with this title (the remaining ones of the twenty usually printed were named by the publishers) which are in effect sonnets; little lyric pieces, of greater or less depth, having the general type of a song without words, but preferably of a melancholy or tender character, and the form of a melody with accompaniment. Chopin took up this form and greatly ennobled it. His nocturnes are vastly more beautiful and original than those of Field; they have greater variety, deeper tenderness, and in every way are more distinguished and characteristic. The little nocturne in E flat, opus 9, is one which is now very generally played upon every sort of instrument capable of singing a soprano melody.

The waltz which concludes the first program, is of a more brilliant character than the two little ones earlier upon the last. It begins, after the introduction, with a double rhythm, the right hand

playing a melody in double measure while the left hand goes on in triple rhythm. It has to be played with brilliancy, the left hand quite crisp and clear, but light; the right hand rather brilliantly. The syncopation gives place to agreeable running work for the right hand, and this again to another subject in double notes, a very earnest melody. A little later there is another short melody and the double note subject returns, and so again all the material over again.

The space to which these remarks have been extended precludes making suitable analyses of the pieces upon the other programs, wherefore they must wait until another time. Much of a suitable nature can be found concerning them in the first volume of my "How to Understand Music."

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

THE NINETEENTH CONVENTION OF THE M. T. N. A.

The executive committee of the Music Teachers' National Association is rapidly maturing plans for by far the most pretentious gathering that any such association has ever held.

The nineteenth convention will be held at the Grand Central Palace, Lexington avenue and Forty-third street, New York City, June 24th to 28th, inclusive. Three or more sessions will be held daily, covering concerts, church services, musical exposition, business meetings and excursions, making eighteen meetings in all. The committee says:

"The Grand Central Palace, which becomes the possession of the association during the convention, is the largest exhibition building in the country. The main hall can accommodate 7,000, or can be adapted to smaller meetings. Smaller halls for essays, discussions and special meetings are under the same roof. Space for musical exhibit, amounting to nearly four acres, is there. Restaurant, business offices, waiting rooms and elevators are in the building and are ours. By covered bridge we connect with the Grand Central R. R. Station (into which the New York Central & Hudson River, the Harlem and N. Y., N. H. and Hartford Railroads bring their passengers), and the elevated railroad. A roof-garden surmounts the edifice. Easy of access from all parts of the city. Located in excellent boarding and hotel district."

Among the things which are promised to be done is a performance of an oratorio by first-class soloists, chorus and orchestra, specimen church services and Sunday concerts, prize works by American composers, orchestral concert directed by noted conductors, recitals upon the organ, piano, and elaborate conferences upon three subjects, as follows:

"Methods of Public School Training and Popular Sight Singing Class."

"Music as a Department in the University and College."

"Methods and Results in Music Schools."

Among the incidental advantages offered are excursions by boat through New York Bay into the Atlantic Ocean, to Long Branch and up the Hudson River to West Point. The list of prizes for new works was published in a previous issue of this magazine.

In conjunction with the convention proper an exposition of the music trades is being arranged, intended for the representation of musical instruments, musical books, journals, and all sorts of educational and artistic apparatus. The complete circular of this department will be found in another place.

The most important work of the meeting, aside from the routine of the convention and the general invention of working plans for subsequent years, will be done under the three important heads already mentioned above.

The committee on music in the college and university consists of the following members:

Prof. Allen, Beloit College.
Prof. Blodgett, Smith College.
Prof. Clarke, University of Pennsylvania.
Prof. Dickinson, Oberlin College.
Prof. Hall, Union Theological Seminary.
Mr. Krehbell, N. Y. Tribune.
Mr. Mathews, MUSIC Magazine.
Prof. Pratt, Hartford Theological Seminary.
Prof. Riggs, Auburn Theological Seminary.
Prof. Stanley, Michigan University.

The general work of formulating this part of the meeting is in charge of Prof. George C. Gow, of Vassar College. As soon as the preliminary designs are published, we shall present them to the readers.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

The rather elusive Dutch pianist has been heard quite a good deal in the East, and of a recent recital of his at Utica, N. Y., the Herald says many complimentary things, some of the best being the following:

"Martinus Sieveking, the pianist, who gave a recital in Association hall last evening, under the auspices of the Utica school of music, was a revelation. An artist of such superior talent in his line has never before been heard in Utica. Even the most exacting critics were astounded at the breadth of his power, which combines a perfect knowledge and control of the most modern technique, and a soul which understands the deepest poetry of music, and can interpret it to the listener. These two qualities make him the great artist he is. Sieveking's power is more strongly marked in the finer and more delicate compositions, where he brings out the poetry of music with a finish and beauty that is as wonderful as it is perfect.

"Sieveking was warmly greeted when he entered. Without any of the mannerisms which often distinguish the artistic genius, he unaffectedly took a place at the piano and began Beethoven's moonlight sonata. Before he had finished the first part he had captivated the audience. The most striking quality of his playing first noted was his wonderful singing legato, peculiarly his own, and never before so perfectly realized by any pianist. The allegro he played very slowly, with grace and simplicity. The third part he rendered with a power and brilliancy that was overwhelming, and at the conclusion he was forced to repeatedly bow his acknowledgments for an encore that ought to have made the heart of any man beat with pride.

"Sieveking's own compositions were two gems of music-poetry. The first was the composer's impression of Millet's famous painting. The distant bells of the church and the peasants at work in their field prelude the striking of the noon hour from the great bell of the church. This part, in which the bass repeats twelve times, was very beautiful, bringing out a succession of modern chords, striking in originality and beauty. The last two chords are elezens, and Sieveking is probably the only pianist who can play them. Sieveking's second composition was a pastoral study of forest sounds, very delicately rendered.

"In an interview Mr. Sieveking paid a high compliment to Dr. William Mason, the American music teacher, after the concert. 'I would rather study one month under Mason,' he said, 'than a year under Leschetitzke, or any other teacher.'"

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER AT PITTSBURG, PA.

Mr. Frederic Archer seems to be doing a strong musical work in his varied capacities as organist and orchestral director at Pittsburg. The one hundredth free organ recital, given January 16th, 1897, was celebrated with a very handsome souvenir pamphlet, giving a brief sketch of this distinguished artist, pictures and specifications of the organ, and a complete list of the works played. It would be a very handy thing for any organist desiring a convenient list of organ music. Not only did Mr. Archer play these one hundred recitals, but it seems that he actually has people to hear them, one recital being mentioned when there were twenty-five hundred people in the hall. No programs of the orchestral work have lately been received, but it is probable that they are constructed with taste and discretion. There is some criticism upon Mr. Archer as orchestral director, in the press and in private musical circles; but this is no more than befalls every musician who makes any particular mark in a community.

WILLARD R. PATTEN'S "ISAIAH" AGAIN.

Mr. Patten's oratorio of "Isalah" was given a second time in Minneapolis, at the Plymouth Church, March 3d, with solo artist from the city, except Mr. Carberry, from Chicago. An organ accompaniment was used. The church was crowded and the work was highly appreciated. Mr. Patten now contemplates revising the orchestration and giving the work in several cities, preparatory to its publication in complete form. It is a good idea and ought to succeed.

MR. SHERWOOD AND THE PIANO-MAKERS.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1897.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

I was much pleased with your interesting article upon the career of the distinguished American pianist, Mr. William H. Sherwood, who is entitled to the double honor of being a sort of pioneer in

America, and also an artist of such attainments that he would be a distinguished figure anywhere. What you say about the standard of music which Mr. Sherwood has always maintained in his programs quite agrees with my own observations, for I am proud to count myself among those solid friends of Mr. Sherwood who, having been first taken by the talent of the curly-headed boy, have gone on becoming more and more appreciative of his art as he has matured and broadened.

What I wished to take exception to in your article is that passage where you say that Mr. Sherwood has never been backed and pushed "by a first-class piano house." I suppose you had in mind the idea (in which I entirely agree with you) that Mr. Sherwood has never been pushed by a piano house in the same sense as the Steinways have pushed Paderewski and would have pushed Rosenthal but for his unfortunate illness. But there is something to be said on the other side. During his long and distinguished professional career Mr. Sherwood has played the Henry F. Miller piano, the Mason and Hamlin, the Chickering and the Knabe. All of these, I am sure you agree with me, are first-class pianos made by first-class houses. It is possible you were not aware that all these houses have spent quite an amount of money in providing him with pianos at his recitals—pianos and men to take care of them. That Mr. Sherwood has also expended a great deal of piano-playing art in "advertising" these makers is quite true. But it remains that a piano house which undertakes to furnish a grand piano in good condition for concerts, ranging from Eastport, Me., to Los Angeles, California, and Portland, Oregon, undertakes a pretty large and expensive contract, whether you describe it as a "push" or "pull." As Mr. Sherwood has repeatedly praised the artistic character of the pianos he has used under these contracts, I take it for granted that this is conclusive as to their value to his career, since in the nature of the case an artist undertaking to play a recital before an audience is very much at the mercy of his instrument, and without satisfactory tonal qualities in it, he cannot possibly make either reputation or local success.

Another point in your article where I think an injustice (unintentional) was done Mr. Sherwood's career, is where you imply that he has not often played with orchestra. Mr. Sherwood was the first pianist to play with the Boston orchestra, under Henschel; and he has played repeatedly with the Harvard Musical association under Carl Zerrahn, with the Boston symphony under Henschel, as already mentioned, and under Gericke, Nikisch, Kneisel, and in two concert tours with the Boston Festival orchestra under Mollenhauer, several times with the Berliner Symphony Kapell, and in many other first class German orchestras, several engagements of this sort being abandoned last year in order to permit his resuming his duties with the Chicago Conservatory. His playing with Mr. Thomas began at the Centennial, in 1876, and the Chicago World's Fair was one of the latest. That he has not been heard more frequently must be referred to "piano politics", most likely. Do you not think so?

Hoping you will pardon me these corrections in your very interesting sketch, I am, respectfully,
Piano Amateur.

(Note.—In this connection anyone interested in providing series of recitals would do well to send to Mr. Sherwood for a copy of the new circular which the Knabe house has just issued concerning him. It is a brilliant and honorable career which is there to be read between the lines. Ed. of MUSIC.)

MR. GEO. W. CHADWICK AT THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.

As a result of personal differences, and perhaps of progress in general, a new director has been appointed at the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. Geo. W. Chadwick, the well-known composer and energetic musician. The retiring director, Mr. Carl Faelten, has been practically director of the institution since about 1890. His management was at first advantageous to the standard of scholarship in the school, raising it perceptibly; later, however, it became more lax, and was much criticised for laxity. Of the new director, the Boston Herald says:

"Mr. George W. Chadwick, who succeeds Mr. Carl Faelten, is a native of Lowell, a member of a family long settled in this country. In his musical education he has had the highest advantages, having spent several years under such masters as Jadassohn and Reinecke, at Leipzig, and under Rheinberger at Munich. Mr. Chadwick's experience as a teacher covers a period of twenty years, during a large part of which he has been connected with the New England Conservatory. He is at present organist and choir director of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church.

"Mr. Chadwick is well known as a conductor and a composer. For several years he has been the conductor of the musical festivals at Springfield, and has also conducted performances of his own works for the Handel and Haydn and other large musical societies. As a composer, he is known abroad as well as at home. He has written several symphonies, overtures, some chamber music, and many songs, also organ and pianoforte music. He was the composer of the music to the dedication ode for the opening of the World's Fair, and was the winner of the \$1,000 prize for the best composition by an American composer, offered by the National Conservatory of New York two years ago."

MUSIC IN UNIVERSITIES.

Everything goes to show the more earnest and intelligent spirit in which music is being handled in all the leading American educational centers. Every few months MUSIC gives one or more carefully written articles showing the existing range of music study in some one or more universities, to such a degree that the files of MUSIC are the most convenient and complete repertory of informa-

tion upon this subject. To the close observer the programs and schemes of lectures and recitals actually given, or in course of giving, are among the most important and suggestive of side-lights upon what is actually being done.

Here, for instance, comes a most extraordinary series of "Programs of Vesper Services, Historically Arranged," given in University Hall, at Ann Arbor, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4:10 p. m., from March 2d to April 15th, 1897. The first program is entitled "Early Italian," and the names upon it are Palestrina (Prelude, Capriccio in C; Introlit, "O Lord, my God;" sentence, "Along the Mountain Track of Time"), Stradella and Frescobaldi.

The second service is entitled "Early English," and the composers represented are Gibbons, Tallis, Farrant, and Purcell. The third is "German," Bach the composer, and the works represented the Christmas Oratorio, the Pfingst cantata, and some organ music. The next German program is devoted entirely to Handel, another to Haydn, one to Mozart, one to Beethoven and Schubert, another to Spohr, Von Weber and Schumann, and one to Mendelssohn. In the French school Gounod has an entire service. The modern English and American schools have entire programs. The object of the series is stated to illustrate the development of sacred music, and by the employment of the chorus of the university, with solo talent and organ, it is altogether likely that nothing of the sort upon a scale of similar magnitude and comprehensiveness and taste has been undertaken anywhere. Certainly not in America. Those interested in this kind of work, and choir leaders generally in search of representative selections, would do well to write to Professor Stanley for a copy of the programs. In addition to these purely church services the series contains also several recital programs still further illustrating the idea underlying the series. It is not clear whether these recitals are given in connection with the vesper service or later.

At Beloit, Wis., February 23, Professor B. D. Allen, director of the music department, gave a lecture on Handel, illustrated by the overture to "Samson," for organ, a Saraband for violin, two movements of the Sonata in A, for violin, and the fifth organ concerto, and two airs for voice, "Honor and Arms," and "The Trumpet Shall Sound."

In this connection it is pleasant to note the frequent recurrence of artist recitals before conservatories of music in towns not generally known as possessing such institutions. For example, there is the King Conservatory at San Jose, California, an institution having apparently a full graduating course, its own buildings including a hall fifty feet by seventy, two stories high, plenty of studios, etc. Here Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler played a splendid program some time ago, as also did the celebrated violinist Ysaye.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

Sir—The February number of MUSIC contains a communication from Mr. Arthur Weld of such a nature as to justify me in replying to it. He has, I think, indulged in wholly uncalled for remarks of a personal nature, which in nowise bear upon the truth or correctness of my views. Judging from the tenor of his remarks, he would attempt to create the implication that I was actuated by personal vanity in the use of certain initials, which denote a degree received from a leading university. It may have lent an air of smartness to his communication, but in no way was it essential to his "perplexity" and call for enlightenment. Some people are apt to make the mistake of accounting ridicule as criticism.

The offending passage is that I said, "Triple rhythm generally lacks the strength and dignity of duple." Then he cites a number of instances of compositions in triple rhythm, and calls upon me to tell him "wherein the following numbers lack either strength or dignity." Judging from the ironical nature of his remarks I must doubt if Mr. Weld believes me capable of affording him enlightenment. I would call attention to two facts which he must have overlooked. First, that the offending passage was the conclusion of some remarks upon the meter of the text of songs; that attention had been called to the fact that cases occur in which the composer has the choice between duple and triple rhythm, in which case the character of the text must be the basis of decision. The statement depended entirely upon the fact that a choice was to be made between two rhythms, either of which was musically available, the decision concerning the matter of suitably representing the character of the text. No absolute statement was made. I did not say that triple rhythm lacks strength and dignity, but that it does not equal the strength and dignity of duple. It is a statement of comparison.

The examples Mr. Weld has adduced are all by the great masters of composition, and what do we expect of genius and of masters but a power to transcend the abilities of the mass, even to rise superior to rules and invest what they do with the strongest and most enduring qualities. I would also call Mr. Weld's attention to the fact that I said, "generally lacks." I hope I have aided him in overcoming his perplexity. He has certainly misapprehended me. In concluding I wish to assure him that I disdain any idea of attempting to pose as an authority on song composition. My writing was to give a statement of what seemed to me the praxis of the best masters of song writing as disclosed by an analysis of their works. Song is composite, and the two elements, text and music, reciprocally modify each other to the result that both demand careful study in "the making of a song."

"A Writer Called Baltzell."

Reading, Pa., February 27, 1897.

REMARKABLE CONCERT BY MR. EMIL LIEBLING.

March 24th Mr. Emil Liebling gave a concert in Kimball hall, with a program as unique in quality as it was remarkable for the

success with which it was carried out. Opening with the Grieg sonata for piano and 'cello, played by Messrs. Liebling and Franz Wagner, it went on with the Scherzo from the Litolff Concerto, opus 106, by Miss Jennie E. Munn, the Brahms Variations upon a Theme from Handel, played by Mr. Adolf Brune, a composite number by Miss Maude Jennings (Gavotte and Variations by Rameau, Serenade and Elfentanz by Liebling, and Liszt's Campanella), the whole concluding with the first movement of the Tschalkowsky concerto, by Miss Myrtle Fisher. Mr. Liebling played the second piano parts. There were songs by Mme. De Pasquall. The playing was remarkable for that of students, and young girls at that. There are few piano teachers anywhere able to make a similar showing. The audience was large and very fine.

MUSIC IN ST. PETERSBURGH UNIVERSITY.

Some months ago mention was made of the remarkable work carried on in the University of St. Petersburg, in Russia, by Mr. Hlavach, the celebrated composer and virtuoso. From a copy of the St. Petersburg "Yegednevnaja Gaseta Looch" (Daily Gazette) it seems that the work is going on splendidly. During the present season seventeen concerts have been given. About four hundred students have taken part, of whom one hundred and fifty are in the orchestra and two hundred and fifty in the chorus. Seventeen concerts have been given, and a good classical repertory of orchestral works performed, with quite a creditable representation of the modern school. The chorus, also, has done some very important work. Best of all, the concerts have so well been managed that more than forty thousand roubles have been realized, all of which is devoted to assisting needy students. Taking it for all in all, this seems to us a very remarkable showing.

MINOR MENTION.

At Northampton, Mass., the Columbia Chorus gave a concert in which the first part consisted of "The Song of the Bell," but with whose music the program neglects to state. The second part contained also two choruses, "Lift Up Your Heads" from the "Messiah," and the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The remaining numbers were solos. There was an orchestra of twenty pieces, and as the names of the performers were printed in the bill it is possible that they were all local players—which would be an encouraging sign, if true. The chorus is of somewhat unusual proportions, having twenty-two first sopranos, ten altos, eight tenors and five basses. The gentlemen of the town of Northampton, Mass., need to be aroused; thirteen gentlemen to thirty-three ladies is not a healthy proportion—even in Massachusetts. The Columbia Chorus is directed by Miss von Mitzlaff.

MR. XAVER SOHARWENKA.

By way of frontispiece we give a portrait of Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, whose opera of "Mataswintha" was given on the evening of April 1st by the Damrosch company, at the Metropolitan opera house, New York. The composer himself conducted and the audience was large, fashionable and indulgent—not to say enthusiastic. The work is said to be in a style somewhat resembling that of Wagner, and in the next issue of MUSIC copious extracts from the critical notices will be given, the date of performance being too late for this issue.

LEIPSIC NOTES.

At the sixteenth Gewandhaus the program consisted of the Beethoven first symphony, eighth symphony in F major, Schumann's concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra (played by Mr. Paderewski), four pieces from the Ballet, "Die Rebe" by Rubinstein; Paderewski's Polish Fantasia; and the Overture to "Oberon."

Paderewski made his usual effects and was obliged to give an additional piece, "The Erl King." This was his first appearance in the Gewandhaus. Of course the sympathy between the solo artist and conductor Nikisch and the orchestra was something delightful.

At the seventeenth concert the program was for organ with chorus and orchestra. It contained: Mendelssohn's organ sonata upon the chorale "Vater unser in Himmelreich," played by Mr. Homeyer; "Sylvesterglocken," a secular requiem (poem by Max Kalbeck) by Hans Koessler (first time). It is for solo, chorus, orchestra and organ. Stanchen for alto solo and female chorus, Schubert, instrumented by Carl Reinecke; Four Serious Songs for bass voice. Brahms, sung by Dr. Felix Kraus, from Vienna; To Deum for solo, chorus and orchestra and organ, by Anton Brueckner (first time). The latter work is very elaborate in its working out. It made a profound impression.

MINOR MENTION.

The Denver (Colorado) Philharmonic Society gave its first concert lately. It is a male chorus with the usual retinue of associate members devoted to proficiency in male chorus music. On this occasion everything seems to have been done in fine style, the concert taking place at the Brown Palace Hotel. Among the part-songs were compositions by Lloyd, De Koven, Strelezki, Neidlinger and Kern. Mrs. Smitsaert was pianist, and she played "March Wind," "Moto Perpetuo" and "Wild Chase" by MacDowell, and "Caprice Russe" by Rubinstein. There were also violin and soprano solos.

As an illustration of the kind of thing which is being done all over the country in the way of recitals representing a single composer, we may mention a Raff recital given at Memphis, Tenn., by

Messrs. Hunter and Just, two members of the faculty of the music school there. The program contained the March movement from the "Leonore" symphony for eight hands upon the piano, Concerto in B minor for violin, with piano accompaniment, Suite in E minor, opus 72, for piano, Suite in A major, opus 210, for violin and piano, and Sonata in E minor, opus 73, for violin and piano. Surely an important program, even if very long.

A Kansas Musical Jubilee is to be held at Hutchinson May 19 to 21. There will be competitions for prizes, the adjudication of which will be conducted by Messrs. Frederic W. Root in the vocal department and Mr. Allan H. Spencer in the instrumental side. Both gentlemen will lecture and give recitals. At a similar jubilee about two years ago Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck was adjudicator, and his report covered an entire page in the local newspapers. Among the contests are those for harp, 'cello, orchestra, piano solo, solos for all classes of voices, etc.

An interesting Scandinavian program was given by the Ladies' Afternoon Musicales Society at Danbury, Conn., Feb. 25. The composers and selections were these: Grieg, chorus "At the Cloister Gate," songs "Sunshine," "Autumn's Storm" and the piano duet "Peer Gynt" and "The Bridal Procession;" Lassen, chorus "My Golden Haired Lassie;" Gade, chorus "Approach of Spring." There were also Norwegian songs and an eight hand arrangement of Soderman's "Wedding March." The chorus director was Mrs. Wardmel.

At one of her recent recitals Mme. Szumowska-Adamowsky introduced that brilliant piece of short but sonorous duration, Dr. William Mason's Toccata. The New York Evening Post says of it:

"A piece which gave much pleasure and called out warm applause was Dr. William Mason's 'Toccata,' a sort of concert etude, which is not only extremely brilliant and effective but has, like Chopin's etudes, genuine musical worth. It is a piece that Paderewski ought to add to his repertory."

Miss Mary Wood Chase gave a piano recital in Terre Haute March 12th, with a program of selections from Schumann, Brahms and Schubert. According to the local papers she made a distinguished success. The Express says that "no pianist has ever played in Terre Haute who was so entirely satisfactory in every respect.

Mr. Albert Howard Garrett gave a song recital in Isabella Hall Feb. 16th, with a long and remarkably fine program from Wagner, Brahms, and many others.

According to the Cedar Rapids papers a boy named Claude Saner awakened great interest by singing for the principal singers in the recent opera season.

Those having in charge the preparation of programs for musical lectures, for musical clubs and the like, will do well to write to Dr. John C. Griggs of the Metropolitan College of Music, New York, for the program of a remarkable lecture course given in that institution this year.

A creditable performance of Rosenia Seatmater was recently given at Santa Barbara, Cal., under the direction of Conductor Schuy.

There is reason to think that Prof. F. A. Parker is doing good work in the music department of Wisconsin University. Among the many interesting things done this winter was a strong performance of Handel's Messiah, which was heard by an audience of more than 2,000.

A very pleasant contest was given under the direction of Miss C. M. Belcher March 3rd at Irvington, New Jersey.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"My pupil has finished your Graded Studies, Vol. I., and Wohlfahrt's Duets. I am beginning your Studies, Grade II. Would you advise me to use any other book in connection with it, as, for instance, a book of exercise for the fingers? I. L. M."

I would advise to use the Mason's two-finger exercises and begin the arpeggios. Follow the instructions in the book in regard to the arpeggios and give them at first by rote.

"In our conservatory we feel the need of a good work analyzing classical music. Something that we could glean ideas from, or rather read extracts from, in preparing what are called lecture programs, for use in the conservatory recitals. We are trying to cultivate our pupils and their parents to understand and enjoy good music, and we find that a short explanation of each piece interests them and assists in following the composer's thought. I think if you have published anything of the kind it would be very good indeed. (I remember hearing of you many years ago in this kind of work.) Will you kindly tell me where I could get your works; also any others that would assist us, and greatly oblige. V. E. R."

The list of Musical Evenings now running in MUSIC I think you will find advantageous, and aside from that you will find a great deal of matter in the first volume of my How to Understand Music, which we furnish at \$1.50, postpaid. The latter work is almost the only one which contains musical analyses and explanations in a musical form, that is, in a spirit congenial to the mood in which you would enjoy the works. It is the great difficulty of musical analysis that the more you analyze the less you enjoy. I have in preparation a smaller book of the same sort devoted to certain standard symphonies and overtures, and the classical repertoire is now being treated in the program notes of the Chicago orchestra and of the Boston orchestra. The former are done by Mr. Arthur Mees, with a great deal of knowledge and industry, the latter by Mr. Apthorp, who is one of the best writers on music we have. You might also find some assistance in Mr. Krehbiel's How to Listen to Music, but for the particular purposes you mention I think the sources above specified, and the articles on individual works which from time to time appear in this magazine, will be your most available assistance. W. S. B. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

GUIDE THROUGH THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC. For Vocal and Instrumental Students. By John A. Broekhoven. The John Church Company. Square octavo cloth, 130 pages, with music blank pages interleaved.

This book is intended as a practical text-book for teachers, to cover the ground of musical notation, dictation exercises, signatures, and chords. It is intended to take the place of all manuals of musical theory for piano and vocal students, and to give therewith a sufficient practical drill in writing music to fix in the pupil's mind the theories and facts of notation gone over. The plan is of obvious utility, and carried out with the care which distinguishes the elementary work of this author. In spite of this care certain small carelessnesses of terminology still remain and should be done away with. Mr. Broekhoven is undoubtedly a musician who recognizes that everything appertaining to music is capable of being defined in terms of sound. Still he cannot quite disabuse himself of certain colloquialisms which still remain to confuse the young theorist. For instance he defines a Fifth as an interval "from any tone to any tone represented five degrees higher." Now a fifth is a fifth whether represented or not and the nature of the fifth is invariably to be determined from its sound, either as it stands, or as it is used. A musical ear would never be at fault in a fifth of whatever kind correctly used and resolved, if resolution it needed. So too he defines interval as "the distance between tones represented on different degrees of the staff," whereas an interval is difference of pitch, whether the tones be written on different degrees of the staff or upon the same. Is it not an interval from C to C sharp? These are small faults, but they are faults which might well be spared. Time was when musical text-books were full of them. Mr. Broekhoven retains only a few of them. So for instance, "the tone of any scale changed in pitch by means of a chromatic sign (sharp or flat) is called a chromatic tone." This account of the chromatic is wholly insufficient and misleading. It conveys the fact but purely in its visual aspect. A chromatic tone is to be distinguished by ear, as easily as a color by the eye, and Mr. Broekhoven knows how; why not tell the student? What is a chromatic tone but a tone intervening between the diatonic tones of the key?

Mr. Broekhoven still retains a few other forms of statement which are not quite true. For instance, he says that the staff consists of "five horizontal lines with their intervening spaces." Now the horizontal position of the staff is wholly an accident of holding the book; and the staff certainly has six spaces before any additions are made to it, as the late careful teacher, Dr. Geo. F. Root, showed over and over again.

Again, one would suppose that a better definition of melody might be found or invented than "a succession of single tones formed according to the principles of accent, tonality and rhythm." The facts are as here stated, but why not go further and say that a melody is a tone-succession expressing a complete musical idea? If some one asks what is a complete musical idea, then we will get back at him with our accent, tonality and rhythm—still leaving the essential thing unmentioned and undefined—namely the "idea," for it is this content which determines a succession of single tones to be a melody.

When all criticisms of this kind have been made, we still have a very handy and practical book, which many teachers will heartily thank the author and publisher for. And not least for the sake of the blank lines of music paper for writing exercises.

THE RISEN CHRIST. Anthem for Easter. By Leslie Watson. White, Smith Music Pub. Co. 15 cents.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Anthem for Quartette Choirs. By Leslie F. Watson. 16 cents.

These two pieces by Mr. Leslie F. Watson are well worthy the attention of choirs desiring fresh effects attained with moderate difficulty. They are written with organ accompaniment and the vocal effects are many of them impressive. In one or two places Mr. Watson seems still to linger in the lap of the six-four a little longer than is musically becoming. These, however, would not be noticed by hearers unless extremely critical. There is one place at the words "we bless thee" where at the word "we" the counter-point has G flat while the voices start upon F. Mr. Watson has more confidence in choir singers than the present writer. He is to be congratulated upon being still disillusioned. On the whole these anthems are likely to have a large use.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION. "With Hands Upraised to Bless." Hymn Anthem for Quartette and Chorus. By Philo A. Otis.

A well-written anthem, with considerable part-work for voices rising to a grand climax at the close. A good, practical anthem.

(From Breitkopf & Hartel, New York.)

THE TECHNICS OF PIANOFORTE-PLAYING. By Heinrich Germer, op. 28. Four grades.

This system of technics, by the well-known editor, Herman Germer, follows largely the well-established German lines. In the first course are exercises for single fingers, with more or less other fingers held down, in short an entire five-finger apparatus, and the elementary treatment of the scales and arpeggios. In the second course, double touches, chords and chromatics of different sorts are introduced.

In the third still more difficult forms and so also in the fourth. The books would occupy about two grades each, supposing the entire course to be completed in eight grades. For all those who consider

the German system of technics satisfactory, this set of books will be most convenient and pleasant. According to American ideas, however, it leaves several things to be desired, viz., some adequate training in tone production and a development of the rhythmic sense through the rhythmic treatment of the exercises.

JOYFUL WANDERING. Fr. Damm, op. 46.

A pleasing piece of the fourth grade, only two pages long, something like a song without words with a quasi-march movement.

RICORDO. Alex von Fielitz, op. 7.

A very pretty romance, available in the fourth grade; a short piece modern in spirit, pretty melody, nice modulations. Well worthy the attention of teachers.

DARING CHILD. Alb. Foerster, op. 96, No. 8.

A pretty piece with finger running work for the right hand. Available in the second grade.

LITTLE RECRUIT. Alb. Foerster, op. 96, No. 4.

Very pleasing and musical. Easily available in the third grade, possibly in the second.

(From Clayton F. Summy Company.)

THE TRIFLER. By Nellie Bangs Skelton.

Pleasing finger piece; popular style; third grade.

GREETING. Otto Pfefferkorn.

Sentimental romance; melody in soprano and baritone. Fourth grade.

TRUMPET FLOWERS. Mrs. Crosby Adams.

Very pleasing little piece for beginners, early part of the second grade. Melody in the left hand.

SHEPHERD'S SONG. Mrs. Crosby Adams.

Second grade. Melody in the right hand. Musical, and cleverly done. A little awkward for small hands.

BARCAROLLE. Piano-duet, for beginners. Mrs. Crosby Adams.

A very easy primo, slow notes in octaves. Rocking accompaniment; for teacher and pupil.

DAS RATHSEL. (The Riddle). Jessie L. Gaynor.

An expressive and musical song, distinguished for tenderness and sincerity.

SPRING SONG. Jessie L. Gaynor.

One of the most pleasing productions of that very musical writer, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor; sprightly melody, very lively accompaniment, musical modulations—something which deserves to be widely known.

(From the B. F. Wood Music Co.)

ETUDE, op. 36.

VALSE, op. 36.

CONSOLATION. A. Arensky.

These pieces by a modern Russian writer are remarkably worthy the attention of teachers. The Valse is very musical, advanced fourth grade. Thoroughly modern, but at the same time pleasing. The Etude contains a melody for the left hand with rapid scale running work for the right hand; an excellent study for finger work and expression. In the later part of the piece the left hand has some very rapid running work. Sixth grade. Consolation is a somewhat sentimental, nocturne-like piece, apparently in 6-8 measure, but really in a combination of rhythms of such a disturbing character that Mr. Christiani would probably have desired it marked 3-4. Excellent study for rhythm and expression, and very fascinating.

VALSE, op. 10.

PRELUDE.

POLICHINELLE, op. 3. S. Rachmaninoff.

The Valse by Rachmaninoff in the key of A is very pleasing. Advanced fourth grade. The Prelude has a heavy melody in the bass, chords above. Extremely modern and pompous; a softer middle part with melody in the soprano. An excellent study for heavy chord playing and pedal effects. Sixth grade. The Polichinelle is bright and very original, also difficult. Would probably make a good concert piece.

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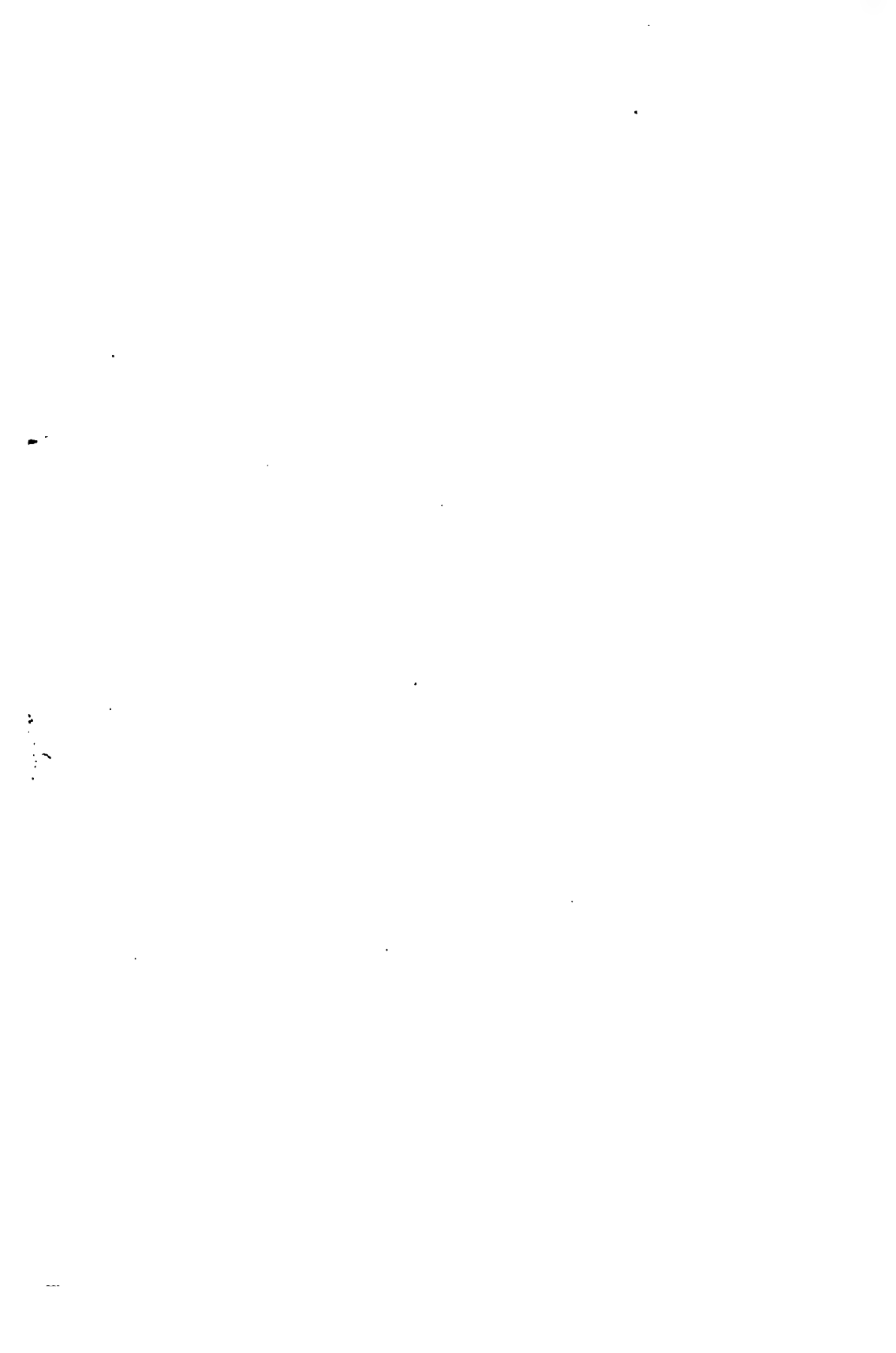
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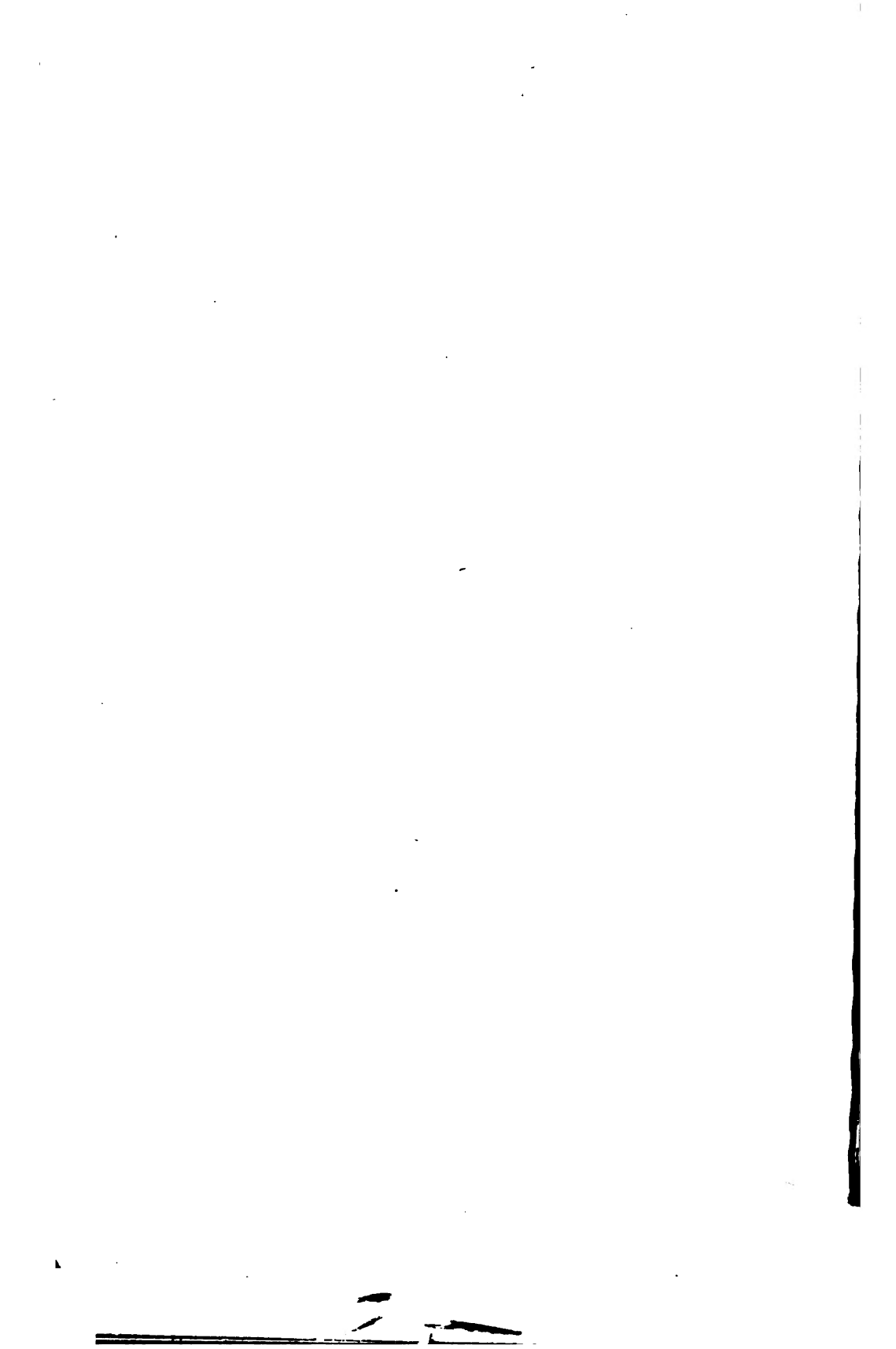
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